SEPTEMBER
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TWICE A MONTH

Adventure

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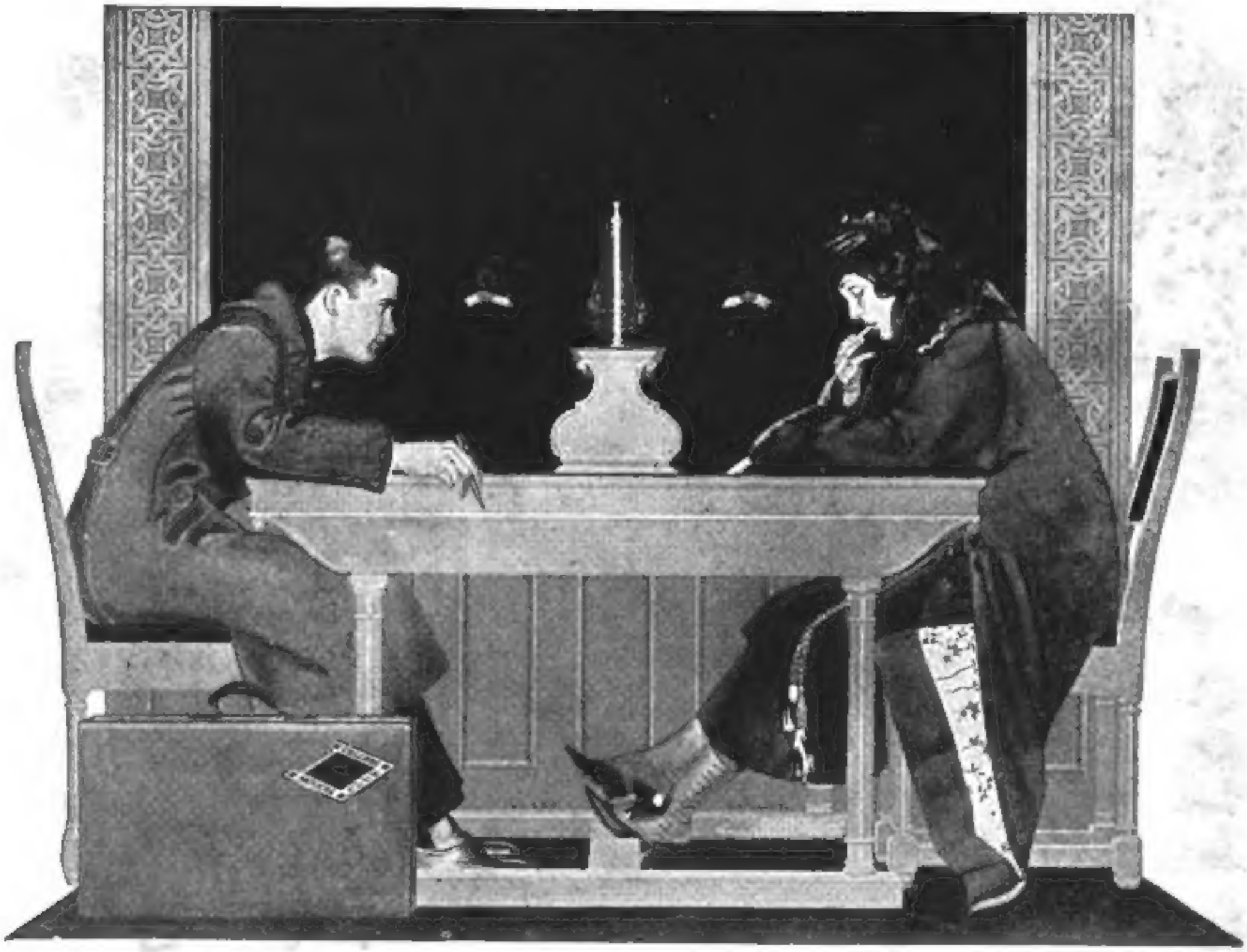

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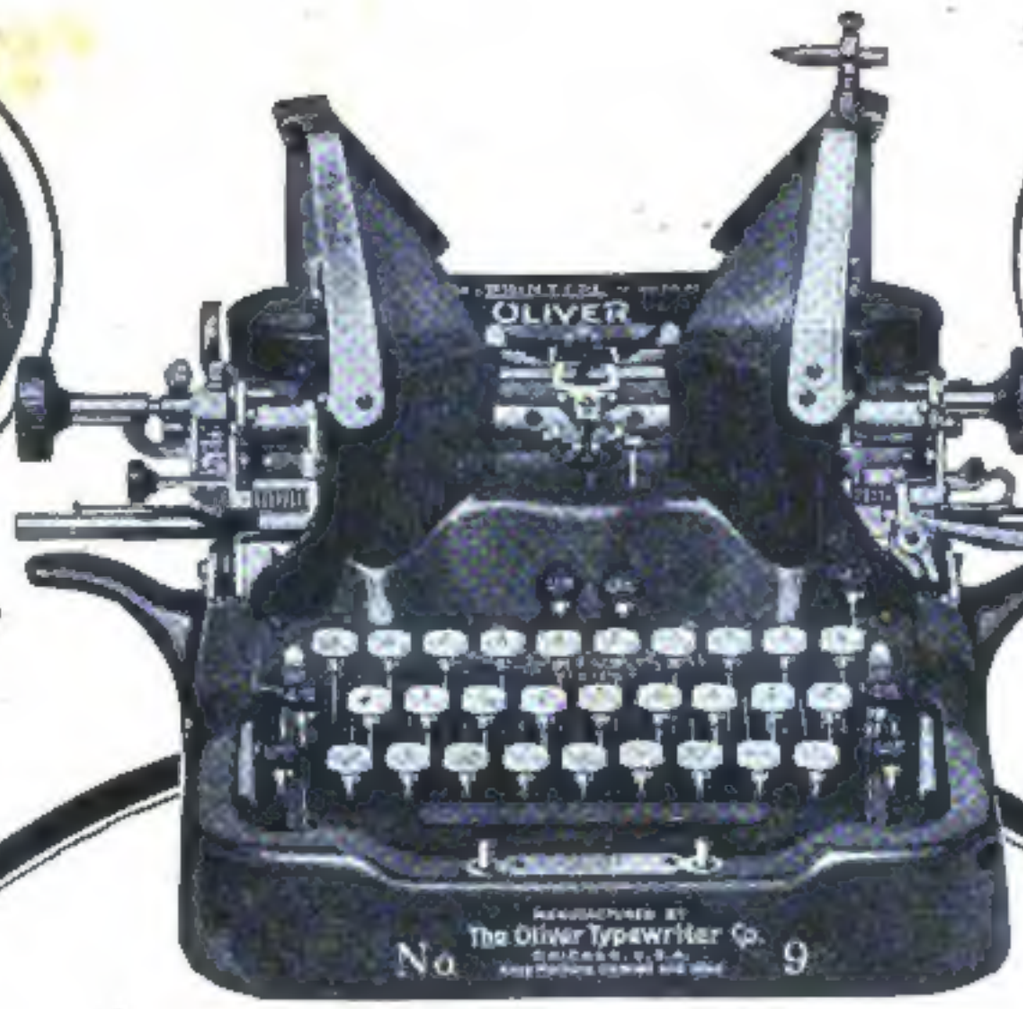

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Sept. 18th, 1921

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Volume 30
Number 6

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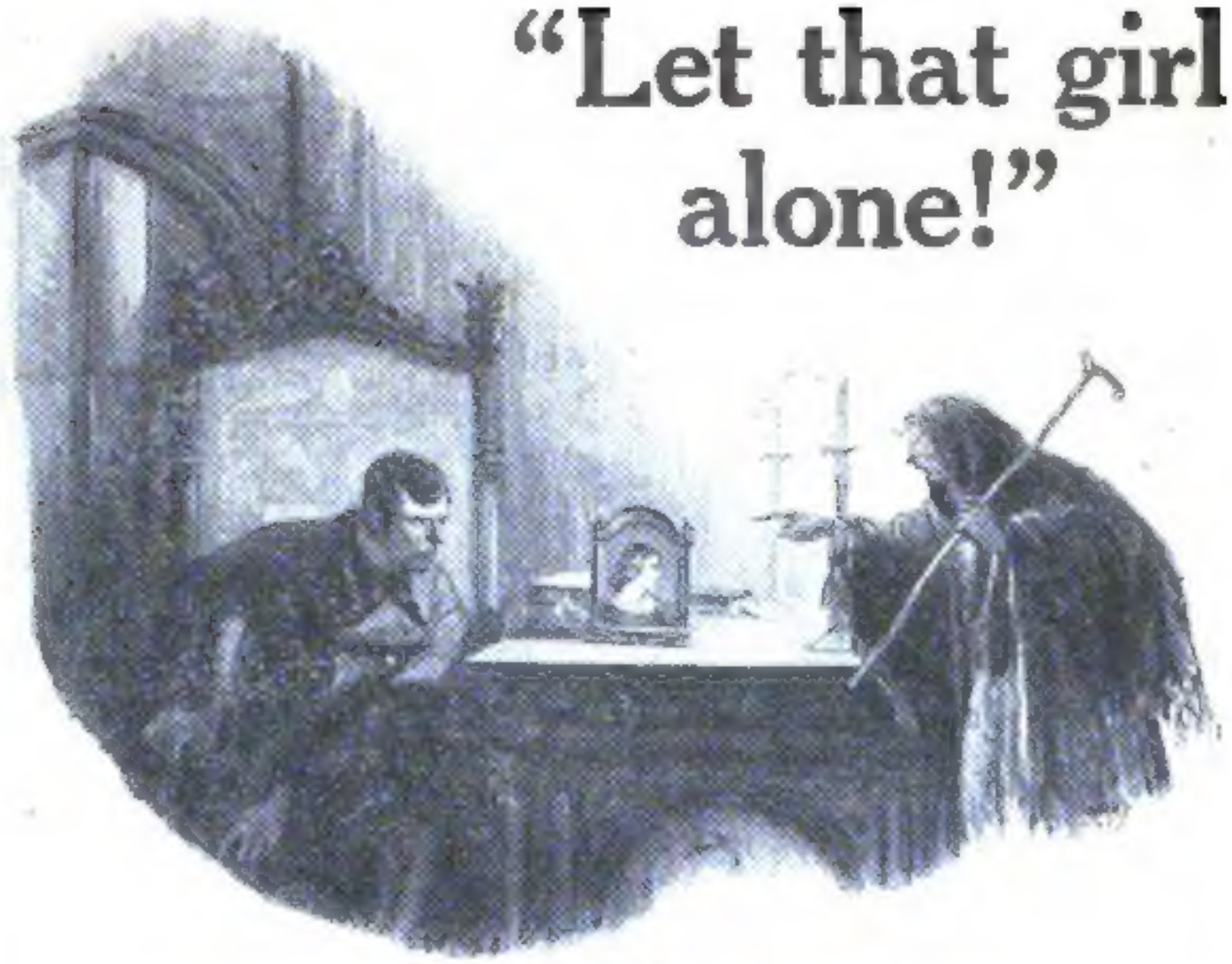

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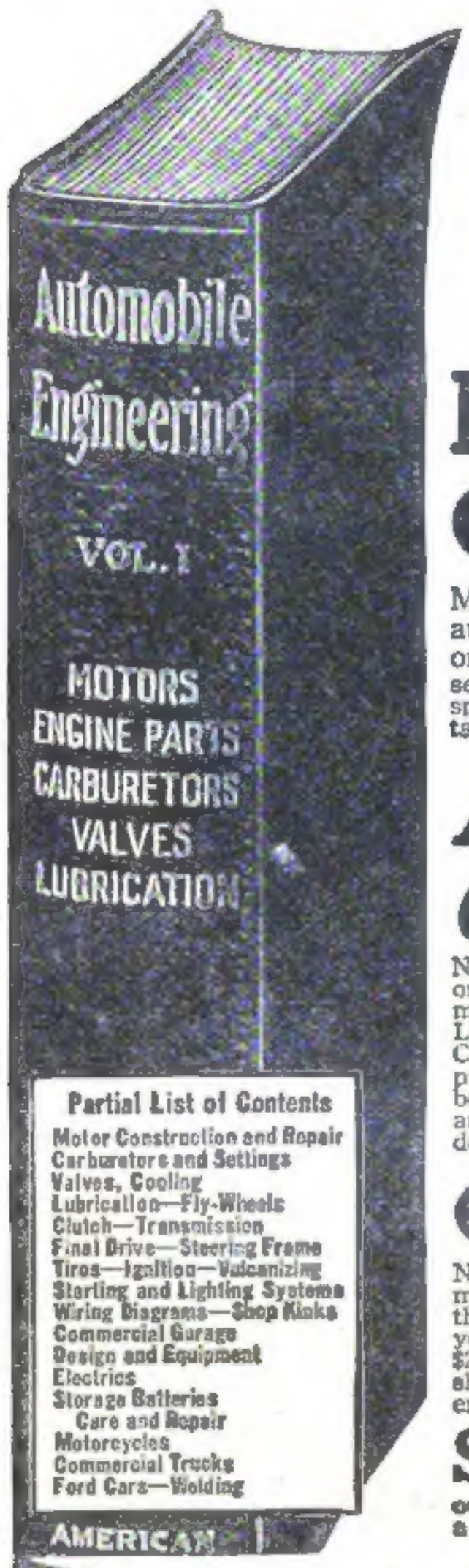

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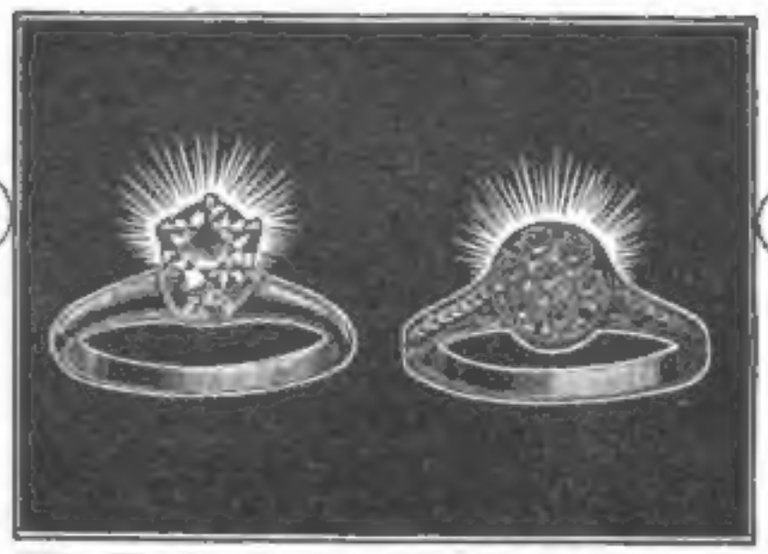

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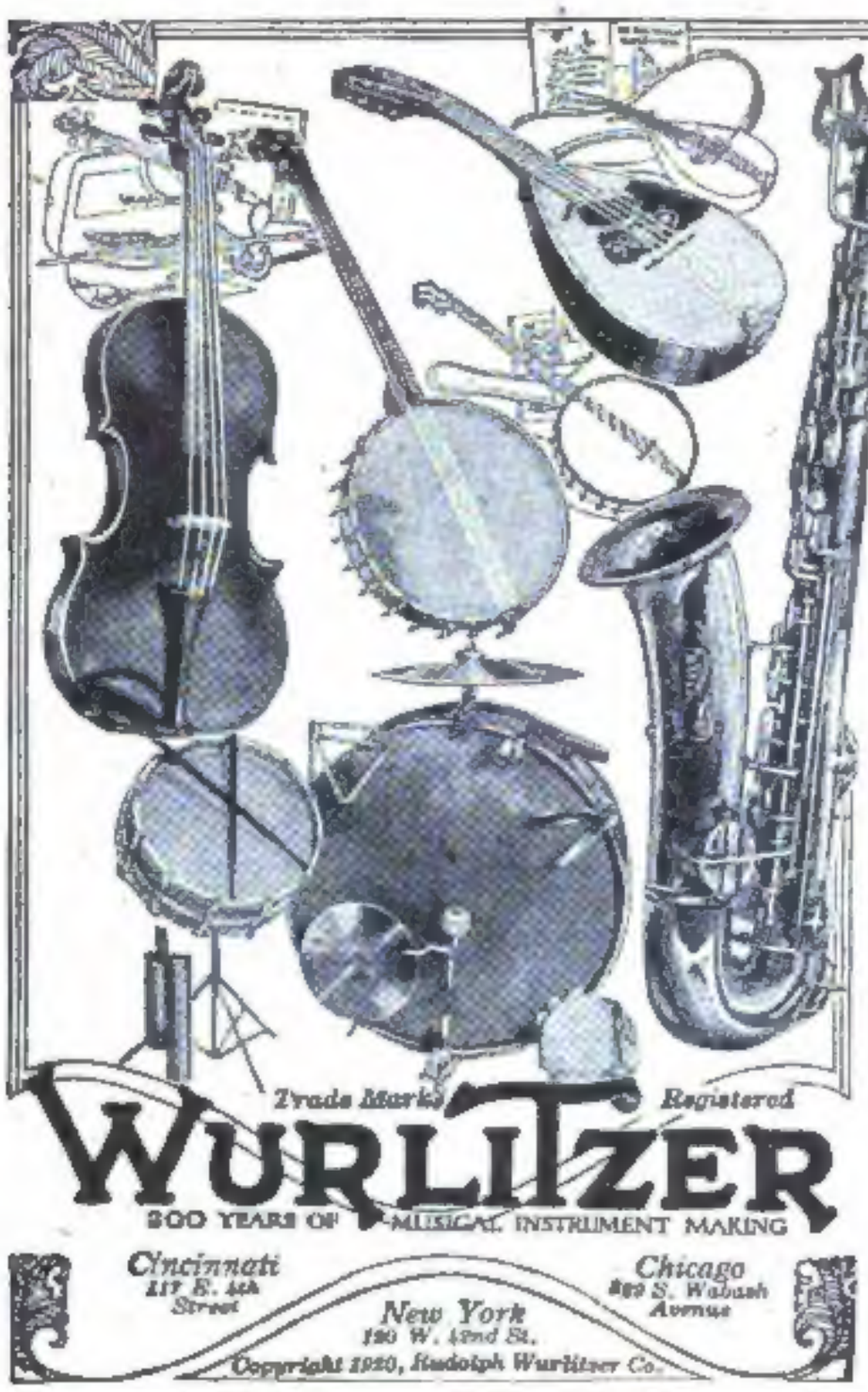
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Contents for Mid-September, 1921, Issue

The Other Side of Beyond *A Complete Novel* . . . . Stephen Chalmers 3
Mysteries of the unknown New World.

"Find the Man" . . . . . R. T. M. Scott 77
A deadly stranger among New York gunmen.

The Coconut Grenadiers . . . . . E. O. Foster 84
"*Privit Morey*, the pair o' thim," spring a new one on the Filipinos.

The Tyrant Saurian . . . . . Paul L. Anderson 90
Before man was, there was terror.

The King of Spades . . . . . Frank H. Shaw 94
Fate plays the hole card.

Ebenezer Denny *A Man of 1776* . . . . . Hugh Pendexter 103

The Doom Trail *A Five-Part Story Part IV* . . . . Arthur D. Howden Smith 104
The Iroquois steel themselves for war.

Balin'-Wire *Poem* . . . . . Earl H. Emmons 133

The Turtle and the Jack-Rabbit *An Adventure of* Tackline Brady Stanley S. Schnetzler 134
Gobs pull a lusty oar, and *Tackline* pulls some strategy.

The Clew on Queen's Hill . . . . . Robert J. Horton 141
Boyer, man-hunter, gets on the trail of the stage-coach robbers.

**Occasionally one of our stories will be called an "Off-the-Trail" story, a warning that it is in some way different from the usual magazine stories, perhaps a little different, perhaps a good deal. It may violate a canon of literature or a custom of magazines, or merely be different from the type usually found in this magazine. The difference may lie in unusual theme, material, ending, or manner of telling. No question of relative merit is involved.*

(Continued on next page)

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Lord Julian's Mission *A Tale of the Brethren of the Main* . . **Rafael Sabatini** 151
Touching a pirate's honor.

The Lost Range *Poem* . . . . . **Henry Herbert Knibbs** 162

The Flight of the Yellow Owl . . . . . **Kenneth Gilbert** 163
Dope from nowhere.

Rra Bolei* *An Off-the-Trail Story* . . . . . **Crosbie Garstin** 171
Witch-doctor against trooper. (**See note at foot of first contents page.*)

Ballad of Fragrances *Poem* . . . . . **Archie Austin Coates** 176

The Camp-Fire A free-to-all meeting-place for readers, writers and adventurers 177

Various Practical Services Free to Any Reader 184

Ask Adventure 185

Weapons, Past and Present 186

Fishing in North America 186

Lost Trails 191

The Trail Ahead 192

Headings . . . . . **George M. Richards**

Cover Design . . . . . **E. D. Welden**

IN THE depths of the South American jungle three ex-Army men seek a white man, believed to be held captive by the Red Bones—a tribe of cannibals who paint their bodies like skeletons and eat the hands and feet of their enemies. "THE PATHLESS TRAIL," a four-part story by Arthur O. Friel, begins in the next issue.

AT FIRST the range scoffs at a sailor in the saddle, and troubles fall heavily upon the grim captain who dares to command a ranch. But the silent captain is a strong captain and deadly. "THE SILENT CAPTAIN," a complete novelette by E. S. Pladwell, in the next issue.

Other stories in the next issue are forecast on the last page of this one.

Adventure Three Times a Month

AS A RESULT of the vote by our readers, *Adventure* is going to appear three times a month, beginning with the October issues (on the stands in September). The dates are the 10th, 20th and 30th. Remember them. (No extra charge on current unexpired subscriptions.)

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The Other Side of Beyond

A Complete Novel

by

STEPHEN CHALMERS

Author of "Ghost-Pipes," "The Rabbit," etc.

(Extracts from the Narrative of Francis Sparrow, Scrivener to Sir Walter Raleigh, Selected from the Original and Edited.)

Budleigh, Devonshire, 1637.

MY SON tells me that, being skilled in the use of the gray goose-quill, I ought to extend the notes I made while in Guiana, so that the matters of which they treat may not be lost to memory or their shape distorted by time and that imagination of men, which, when it fails a connecting link, is prone to forge one.

Also, my son declares—and I do agree with him—that the urge which made Master Hugh Godwin and me so employ our twenty-one years among the Orenoqueponi is the same that has made the Anglo-Saxon people great.

It is like to a duty, then, to leave such record of our doings as may inspire in our descendants a proper pride in that curious urge, to the end that it may survive in our race as a blood-warming flame, until there shall remain no spot on the habitable globe and no sea in all the world where our feet have not beaten a path or our keels plowed a furrow—aye, even to the other side of beyond.

For, an you think upon the matter, it was this same fever of conquest which urged our earliest explorers forth. Not all Saxon were they, and I should be the last to claim more than their fair share of credit for those of my blood.

But where so many of other races fared forth with some other end to achieve—such as conversion of the heathen to the Church, or to find favor—through gold—of their sovereigns, or to pursue fountains of youth, lost cities and other things entrancing though usually mythical—we Anglo-Saxons, no matter if we did have some nominal objective in view, were inspired in the first place only by that curious urge of which I have made mention—the desire to know what is on the other side of the next hill, what lies beyond the visible horizon.

Mark you, I do not withhold full honor from such as the Genoese Christopher, although he toiled—or thought he did—for Holy Church, or Ponce de Leon, or Hernando de Soto, or Vasquez de Coronado, or Balboa and others of Latin hue.

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Such as I have named were, among a host who labored frankly for personal gain, adventurers extraordinary, men whom Fate, I am tempted sometimes to think, inadvertently let be born under foreign skies. They were Saxons at heart, those I have mentioned. Of Cortez, Pizarro, and their kind, I am silent.

And so—to my story.

But that you may understand it the better—you who may not read it till long after I am here to answer questions—know that I am a scrivener, Francis Sparrow by name; not one ever greatly desirous of violence of adventure, being more bent to books and the written record of others' adventuring. In this world each man hath his place; and this was mine.

But that I was skilled with the quill and modestly versed in books drew me to the attention of that worthy gentleman, Sir Walter Raleigh, who often came to my father's bookstall in the Churchyard of St. Paul's and there frequently spent many hours at a time browsing among what he termed "the whispering shadows of dead men," hunting, as he sometimes playfully remarked, "for a possible jewel in the dungheap."

For Sir Walter loved such things, as did my father. He, humble bookseller though he was, loved as he was, in turn respected by this noble gentleman, for that they both loved the same things. My father would rather sell to Sir Walter Raleigh a tattered copy of Virgil for a groat—ay, and spend an hour over the bargain—than some illuminated missal for a purse of guineas to a fat upstart who knew only that the possession of such a thing swelled his vain self-esteem.

Not that Raleigh, mind you, was ever thrifty, but it delighted him—and my father—to bargain for the true gems of the bookstall and secure them at the least possible cost. It was a kind of game. And often when he paid a shilling for some well-thumbed product of dead genius he would leave the change of the gold piece he proffered, for "the lad."

I was the lad—then. But as I grew up and my father fell sickly it was my good fortune to attend upon Sir Walter. Presently I was in his employ in my spare hours, copying some of his own writings for him. Mine was the hand, but his the brain, which gave to the world many of those pages on divers matters with which name and the world's literature are equa enriched.

So accustomed to my offices as amanu sis did he become that—my father hav died in the meantime—when Sir Walter forth on that first voyage to Guiana I was his company.

THERE was another aboard wh name and employ I would do well mention at once—Master Hu Godwin, himself in a not dissimilar offi He was map-maker to Sir Walter and hours were fully occupied in those da when seas, islands and even contine challenged record upon our charts.

I have said that I was bent to boo and there I draw my own likeness. Imag ation does not greatly err in picturing me slight of build, almost meager of frame, w no great physical strength at that tir averse to rude violence, yet—God helpi me—no coward.

Godwin was my very opposite physical though in common matters we enjoy common tastes and swiftly became cl friends. He was large and fair-haired a a good Anglo-Saxon lad to look up Full of animal spirits, he was, by the sa token, given at intervals to moods; but r unpleasantly often.

We were both of an age—barely eight at the time—and Sir Walter, who ever c ried a kindly bearing toward us, wo laughingly speak of me as his "tongu Master Hugh as his "eyes," and both of together as his "memory."

And he had good need of all three in two. Nightly on the voyage he review the day's progress and I wrote it out on parchment, while on another piece Hu Godwin created with his ruler and co passes and crayons, seas and islands a coast-lines, furbishing the drawings w dolphins and blowing whales and lit ships and, later, palm-trees and feathe savages in canoes.

Now, I do not flourish this goose-q upon a record of that voyage.

The notes I made then at Sir Walt dictation he, himself, later enlarged i that great narrative, "The Discovery Guiana," which he addressed to Qu Elizabeth, hoping thereby to win her proval and support in a second voyage.

I come presently to mine own story, wh

is also Hugh Godwin's; but in the meantime review a little of other history as a sort of explanatory foreword.

I did not return to England with Sir Walter Raleigh that time, nor did Master Godwin, the map-maker; and it was twenty-one long years before either of us looked upon Raleigh's face again—a face gray with his sorrows as his head was white with years, suffering and disappointment. For in the meantime, our queen—for reasons every man opinioneth to his own satisfaction—held him to her side in England, ever promising support of a second venture, but postponing the fulfilment.

And then, when she died and the Scotchman came to the throne of England, my noble patron was imprisoned in the Tower of London, from which he was released after twelve years to make that second voyage to Guiana. From the latter Sir Walter gained nothing and lost all, but through it I was rescued from the jungle wilderness after twenty-one years therein.

Of what became of Master Hugh Godwin you shall presently be informed. I was carried home to England where, in advanced middle age, I would add a modest page to the history of Anglo-Saxon emprise.

DURING these twenty-one years Godwin and I saw no white men, excepting in the latter period when we had our troubles with the Spanish explorers, and in the second year of our sojourn among the Orenoqueponi when a company of English adventurers—mainly rascals and malcontents of Sir Walter's earlier crew—sought to steal a march upon him while he petitioned her Majesty.

They came up the Orinoco in boats to take gold from that "shining mountain" which Raleigh had reported finding.

With them in their ship, *Fearless*, came Taruma, nephew and heir of Topiawari, King of the Aromaia, with whom we lived. In the previous year Sir Walter had left Godwin and me with King Topiawari as hostages for the safety of Prince Taruma, whom Raleigh had taken to England that he might see, and be shown in, the court of Queen Elizabeth.

Topiawari had died of old age but a short while before Taruma's return, so that this royal youth came back to find himself King of the Aromaia.

He was our good friend and Sir Walter's stanch ally. While pretending all courtesy to the rascally crew of the *Fearless* who sought to steal the fruits of Raleigh's labors, he did nothing actually to further their ends. Neither did Godwin or I. At the same time neither we nor King Taruma practised any offensive measures, leaving the vices of that company and the deadly nature of the river to combat their evil intent.

Only two survivors of that company, I have since learned, returned to England alive, and that with but a few samples of a metal which, after all their sufferings, was found to be *madre del oro*, or "fool's gold."

During the next eighteen years the Aromaia, as this tribe of the Orenoqueponi called itself, dwelled in peace and happiness under the gentle and wise rule of King Taruma, whose guests Hugh Godwin and I continued to be.

With the coming of each Winter season we looked for the promised return of Sir Walter Raleigh in whose service we had spent year after year, exploring, writing and charting.

We had heard from members of the *Fearless's* crew something of the difficulties which beset Sir Walter in England; the queen's curious indecision regarding his presence or absence; the bitter opposition of my lord of Essex and a host of smaller enemies who, in jealousy, no doubt, tried to cast doubt upon the truth of his discovery narrative.

Thus it did not surprize us at first that his ships did not come. But then as years went by and we still found ourselves cut off from our country and kin, and dwelling among virtual savages, it began to dawn upon us that Sir Walter must be dead.

After ten years of vain waiting we decided that this must be the fact of the matter. Remember, we were completely isolated from the old world. After ten years we did not know who was now sovereign of England, if indeed England were still England and not now a province of Spain.

We knew nothing—except that Sir Walter Raleigh had not returned and that between us and our native land stretched leagues upon leagues of river and ocean with a labyrinth of jungle and delta and swamp which barred our escape more effectually than did the open sea beyond.

Not that we thought in terms of escape—only that we were Englishmen and yearned

for sight of our own people; for Taruma, the king, was a comrade to us and we sat in his most secret councils. He had learned—in England, and, later, with our help—to speak English, and we soon acquired the Arawak tongue.

Also, we were adopted by the Aromaia.

In fact, once we had given up all hope of ever seeing Sir Walter or England again, we became as the natives themselves, dressing the same and living in like manner with them.

Indeed, although it was impossible that we should ever forget we were Englishmen, in time we might have lost our English tongue through disuse but that Taruma spoke it, and when we three—the King, Godwin and I—were together and no others present, it was understood that our speech should be English.

"For in that language you think, my brothers," Taruma would say in his eloquently simple way, "and I would be as close to you as that."

During these long years Godwin and I accomplished much good work. We did not abandon the task which Sir Walter had allotted when he left us. The charting of the land and the writing of observations thereon, he said would be an employ of usefulness in hours that might otherwise hang heavy upon us as hostages.

We thoroughly explored as much of the region in and surrounding Taruma's kingdom as we could, or dared attempt. In all these expeditions we could command as many of Taruma's people as we wished to have. But for the most part Godwin and I traveled alone together, although sometimes with our favorite guide, Burani, or even the king himself.

Sic! Even the king was our guide at times. For Taruma's experience with the court of Queen Elizabeth had produced in him a curious distaste for royal pomp and state. He was happiest, I am sure, when he was deep in the Guiana jungles or high on her great mountains with Godwin and me——none of us clad in more than a breechclout of lace-bark with a jaguar skin about the shoulders when the air was chill.

Once, I remember, Taruma, King of the Aromaia, stood silent for a while on a ledge of rock jutting from a mountain peak, while, in a sheltered hollow behind, Godwin and I were making fire.

It was the hour of sundown. The valleys were filled with purple shadows, but the eastern peaks were still aglow with red-gold light. From a great distance below came the deep, booming roar of the falls of the Caroni. Taruma, who had been brooding awhile, suddenly laughed and waved his long spear out over the abyss of his great world.

"*Ezrabeta cassipuna acarewana!* Elizabeth is a great queen!" he said. "She has many great things at her command. But Taruma, King of Aromaia—he has all this!"

Yet one of the most sacred things in the possession of this same Taruma was an English shilling with Elizabeth's image on it. Godwin, however, always held that Taruma's reverence for this fetish was simply born of the fact that it was Sir Walter Raleigh who had given it to him.

In these expeditions we—not always, not even often, accompanied by Taruma, or Burani, or any of the Aromaia—explored many places and set our minds at rest about many things which had puzzled or aroused the curiosity of earlier explorers, such as——

But of these matters in proper order.

II

Morequito, April, 1605.

[redacted] WE DEBATED the matter late into the night while the king slept. We would keep no secrets from our good comrade, Taruma, but that we are Englishmen and it ill-behooves such to speak openly before one of other blood of the human frailties of our own people.

For Taruma, King of the Aromaia, believes that the Great White Queen is superhuman and infallible, and doubtless he imagines the lords and courtiers surrounding her are equally of noble character with Sir Walter Raleigh—the *Capuaralli* who is enshrined in his simple, brave, honest heart, not as a god but as a man.

We have reached this conclusion, Master Godwin and I—that our captain is no more. Therefore we expect never to see Plymouth Bay again and even must make the best of our situation, thus cast away in the jungles of Guiana among a people who are savages in that their ways are not our ways yet have many to commend them to our respect.

So our dilemma might be worse. In these ten years we have come to feel that that which must probably be our home until the

end of our days is by no means an undesirable place in which to live and die, that we love, as we are loved by, the Aromaia, and that so long as the king, our brother Taruma, lives and exercises his wise, gentle influence over these people, we should indeed be poor in spirit not to be grateful to God that we are not more evilly cast.

Last night Godwin and I reviewed our labors in these ten years and agreed that we should continue them, even to taking larger risks than heretofore, inasmuch as we are no longer beholden with our lives' safety—though would God we were—to our dear captain, and for that, being possessed by a growing curiosity anent many things, we risk nothing but our lives in gratifying it.

Probably we shall lose our lives. But what then? We must die some time, and the jaguar, the serpent and the poisoned *arora* of enemy tribes lie as much within a stone's throw of this village of Morequito as they do in the unvisited places beyond.

On the other hand we may gain much. Together—I with my skins and reeds and writing juices and my comrade with his pigments and skill in limning—together we may leave a record of our discoveries and observations which may be of some service to after-comers and at least leave the world an iota richer in knowledge than we found it.

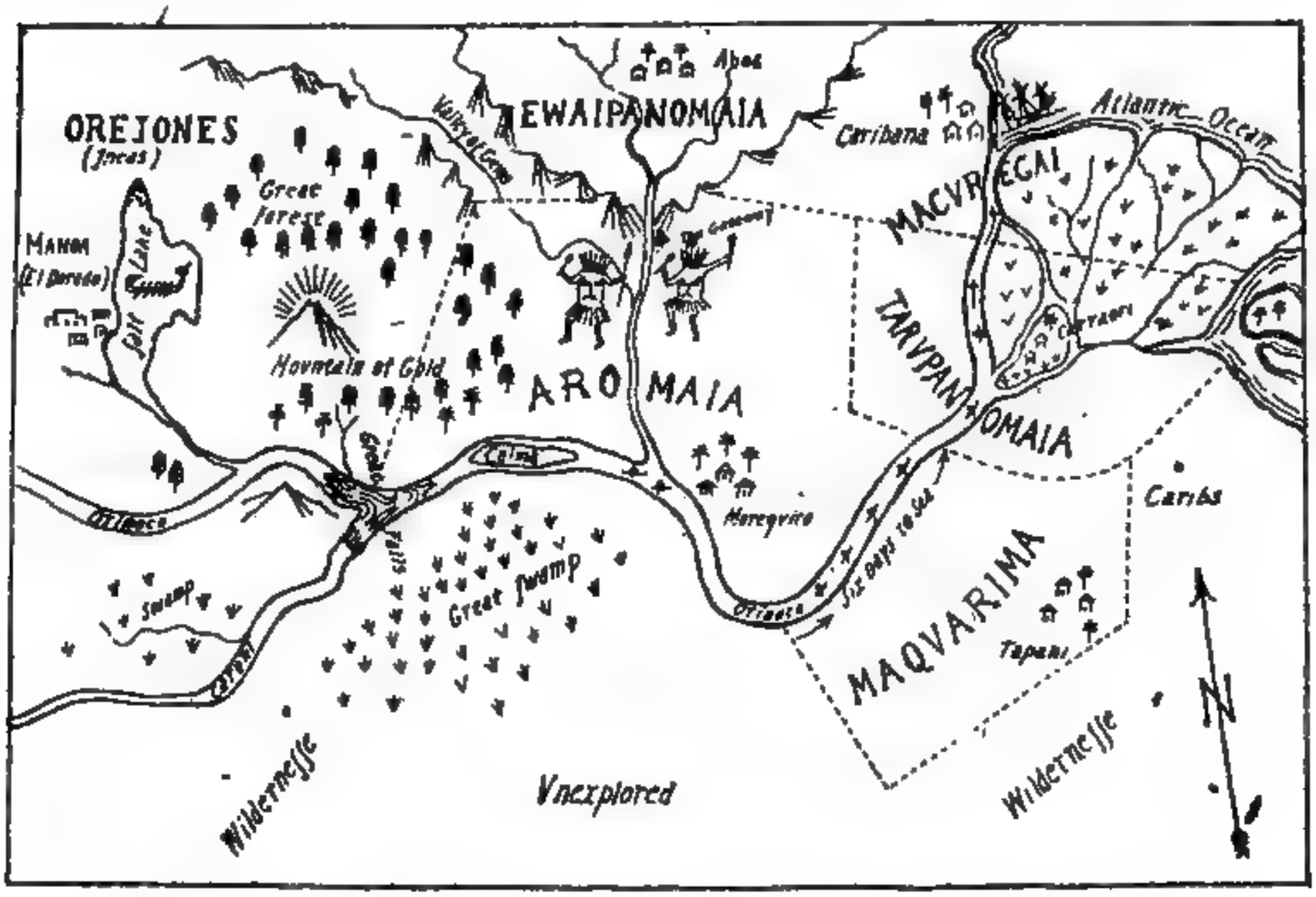
These plans, then, we have laid and things agreed upon:

First: Believing this to be the Spring of the year, we shall declare the month April, and upon that arbitrary basis Master Godwin shall carefully keep a calendar of days, not so much that one day differs from another with us, but that we may have a proper conception of the passage of the years. Thus we shall observe birthdays, holidays and Christian feast-days to lend color to our calendar, even though we may not celebrate with any degree of accuracy as to time.

Second: We shall endeavor, as time and conditions offer opportunity, to set at rest our curiosity and that which has itched so many previous explorers concerning such things as——

(*a*) El Dorado, for the which Sir Walter sought.
(*b*) The Mountain of Gold, which Sir Walter saw afar.
(*c*) The Valley of Gems, of which we personally have some report.
(*d*) Concerning the Isle of Amazons, which we have already identified by the name of Carraori and its queen as one Aterima.
(*e*) And such matters as the reported existence of a tribe of headless people, called the *Ewaipanoma*, a tribe of long-eared people called the *Orejones*, a village of Incas supposedly survivors escaped from the despotism of the Spaniard, Pizarro, *et cetera*.

And third: To be contented with our lot, grateful that we are alive and in good health, and live each day for itself, ever in the love and fear of God.



CHIEF LOCALITIES IN THE COUNTRY WHICH MASTERS GODWIN AND SPARROW EXPLORED

III

September 17, 1607.

WE HAVE this day returned secretly in a *canoa* from the island of Carraori where we seized opportunity to observe the tribe of so-called Amazons and their customs.

In a few days the warriors of the Aromaia will return from Carraori, the Love-Moon being at an end. It is our hope that, having escaped observation during our secret expedition, news that we, also, have been absent in the meantime may not escape.

Only our brother, King Taruma, and our guide, Burani, know that though we sallied forth ostensibly to explore the Valley of the Dead we did not go there, but to Carraori. But our secret is safe with Burani, who may or may not be half-witted, and our comrade, the king.

The latter, by his rank, may not be chosen in the mating and therefore remains at Morequito during the Love-Moon of the Amazons. Furthermore, Taruma, who is full of wisdom despite his youth, has often declared to us in private that the mating system of the Amazons of Carraori is contrary to natural laws and that, therefore, in time the custom must end, defeating itself.

Concerning these Amazons—erroneously so-called: They were first discovered, or by hearsay reported, by early Spanish explorers who named them "Amazon" women because they thought the many branching tributaries of the Orinoco delta connected with the greater Amazon system.

The Genoese Columbus makes mention of them from report. Many later explorers from Spain sought to find them or place their habitat, but with little success. Either they failed to find them, or, finding them indeed, were massacred to a man. At least, none ever returned who could truthfully say that he had looked upon the faces of these strange women.

It is therefore an achievement of which Master Godwin and I have fair reason to be proud, although the things that we saw enacted on that isle of Carraori have left us filled with a mingling of marvel and horror.

It was Taruma who first revealed to us the actual existence and habitat of this tribe of women, also the reason for their isolation. Later he gave us true directions toward reaching the island; the which we did with the aid of that strange Indian, Burani.

This much we learned from Tarun Many years before—several hundreds pr ably—these women were of the Taru noma, a warlike tribe of the middle reac of the Orinoco. Their ancestral enem were the Macuregai, a Carib people inhal ing the sea-coast and the lower delta. T Tarupanoma ever held in check the peated attempts of the Macuregai to asce the river and overspread the better la farther up.

So far, so plausible. Here now enters touch of mythology which has confused many in considering the merely half-lege ary history of these peoples. I write down as I heard it, making no comm thereon, save that the incredible here m be well attributed to those superstiti which, where the written word is lacki gather a sounding veracity with time.

The chief of the Tarupanoma became old to lead his warriors and the rulership the tribe fell upon his only son, a beauti youth who was a dreamer. His name v Himairo. It is still said of him that he loved, and was beloved of Nature that bi came at his call and the jaguar fed out of hand.

In the meantime the Macuregai prep ing for war, Himairo was called upon lead the warriors of the Tarupanoma to sist invasion. Himairo, to whom war v an abhorrent thing, demurred; but yield to his father's command and hearing him jeered by the warriors, he took upon h self to learn and excel in the arts of warfa The which he did so swiftly that aged w riors marveled.

In a short space of time there was n could drive a spear or an arrow with grea force and precision than this youth who l been a dreamer.

Then, instead of laying an ambush the Macuregai, he planned to descend u their villages in the delta's month. This did; and great warriors praised the seem astuteness of the strategy. The Macure were taken by surprize.

Yet, not taking advantage of this surpr and slaying the tribe ere it awoke to enemy's unexpected presence, Hima walked alone into the house of their ki Caribana, and discoursing to him of senseless futility of neighbors warring wi out cease, debated with him terms of pe

So great was Caribana's surprize—a mayhap thankfulness that his enemy

thus generously bent—that he agreed to Himairo's suggested terms. Whereupon, the covenant made, after a great feast in which both sides joined, the Tarupanoma departed for their villages.

But the elder chiefs and warriors were enraged and ashamed and among them concerted to tell the aged king that his son had sued for peace "because he was a coward at heart."

The which they did, and so reported.

The king, hearing, and for the moment believing, took the spear from his son's hand and slew him with it, the shaft passing through the body and transfixing the latter to the ground.

When the aged king of the Tarupanoma, stricken with remorse that he had slain his beautiful son, wrenched the spear from the body, the earth which the spearhead had gored gave forth an upbubbling of water, the which to this day is held in reverence for that it has healing properties and is said to be the blood of Himairo, Prince of Peace.

Yet the wrath of the spirits descended upon the tribe. A plague which was sent among the Tarupanoma slew them as if they were poisoned flies. The Macuregai, hearing of their enemy's weakened condition, broke the covenant of Himairo and prepared to ascend the river and fall upon the Tarupanoma.

THE aged king, dying of years and remorse, sought to save his people. He bade the warriors take and hide away the women and children of the tribe. If, as he feared, the warriors were annihilated, at least the Macuregai would return without their women as spoils of victory.

Upon an island—one of the thousands that are in this great river—the women and children were placed. Then the warriors returned to face the enemy.

The men of the Tarupanoma were annihilated. Not one was left. But the Macuregai were unable to find the women. They did not discover their whereabouts until after such time as necessity had made the tribe of women, even as Master Hugh Godwin, map-maker, and I, Francis Sparrow, scrivener, beheld it not many days ago.

Left upon their own resources, with no men to husband their affairs, the women of need had recourse to those pursuits which ordinarily are left to men. They made their own laws, tilled their own lands with implements of their own fashioning, and even became practised in the use of arms.

After several generations the female children of these women became physically superior to their mothers, and the male children, neglected, degenerated as time passed.

But the continuance of the race and the Amazons' curious custom to this end so itched the curiosity of Master Godwin and me that finally we determined to ascertain for ourselves the truth of this and of other reports we had heard.

THE isle of Carraori lies among the sidewaters of the upper delta, about midway between the kingdom of the Aromaia and the lands of the Macuregai at the river-mouth. We reached it by *canoa* in four days through the efficiency of our guide, Burani.

We were fortunate in Burani. King Taruma, while in sympathy with our emprise, could not accompany us, and it would have been unwise to command a guide from among his warriors, who themselves hold the custom of the Amazons in deep respect.

For ourselves to accompany the men of the Aromaia on their love pilgrimage was out of the question at this time, although later—now that we are becoming as the Aromaia themselves—we may be permitted the privilege.

Burani is of no tribe, although of the general Orenoqueponi. Of mixed blood, apparently he is an outcast of that kind which elects to be so. Ever he travels alone, owing allegiance to no king, paying his respects to all, and considered harmless for that he is, or pretends to be, half-witted. As all the Orenoqueponi consider the insane under the direct influence of the spirits—their gods—Burani is privileged.

Neither Godwin nor I consider Burani in the least mentally afflicted, but merely that he is a strange lone Indian who loves solitude when solitude happens to be his choice. He is pleased to have human company at such times as he is pleased not to ignore it.

Under the influence of the sweet but fiery and potent liquor of the Orenoqueponi he can even be genial.

In appearance he is tall and large-boned. His withered, weather-tanned flesh lends him an air of uncertain age. He may be very old; he does not know himself. He wears only a breech-clout of some animal's skin and an arrow-quiver slung about his

scrawny shoulders. His hair is long, matted and unkempt. On the trail he has much in common with the wilderness and the wild things therein.

Carrying with us, other than our Indian weapons, only the pistols and some powder—a keg of which, with sufficient lead for ball, Sir Walter had left with us, and which we have ever used sparingly—we left Morequito the day following the departure of the young men of Aromaia. We did not travel fast lest we overtake them.

These young warriors did not go forth upon this excursion with the joyous air that might be expected, but in all sobriety, although it was noticeable that they were well-groomed in appearance, their bodies smooth and sleek, their black hair washed and held tightly back by fillets of a yellow metal which may or may not have been gold.

Their feather head-dresses were new, also their arrows, the featherings of the latter being stained with the gayest colorings, as if the shafts were more for the eyes than lethal use.

Master Godwin, whose curiosity in all matters is insatiable, asked Burani if always it was the Aromaia tribe from whom the Amazons chose their consorts. Burani did not answer at once, seeming not to have heard. But some time later he said, as if replying to a question put but a moment before:

"No, *acarewana*—not always. But the men of the Aromaia are comely. The Macuregai are beasts. The Ewaipanoma are without heads. The Orejones mate only among themselves and dwell far distant."

"But their own men—of the Tarupanoma?"

"They are the 'women' of the tribe," said Burani with an odd chuckle which was a characteristic.

Godwin endeavored to draw more information from the strange old Indian, but the guide appeared to find sudden diversion in a number of monkeys which, keeping pace with the *canoa* by swinging rapidly from tree to tree on either side of the waterway chattered greatly among themselves as if discussing our presence and likely business there.

Burani presently chattered back at them; whereupon it would indeed seem they understood, for presently they directed their fierce argument entirely at him.

On the afternoon of the fourth day of our descent of the river Burani deliberately grounded the prow of the *canoa* upon a soft, muddy bank which was completely encompassed overhead and around by dense jungle growth. But that we had previously been threading for hours a fairly wide waterway which, branching from the main river to the north, bore southward, then west and now seemed to be heading toward the north and the main stream again, we should not have dreamed that the muddy bank was an island; at least one to be identified from any other in that labyrinth.

"Carraori," said Burani.

But presently, drawing up the *canoa* and pressing through the mangroves which hemmed the waters everywhere, we came out on firm ground.

This rose in a gradual incline, green with grass and clear of ranker vegetation. There were many trees, however; notably palms and great patches of a high scrub that was alive with a kind of game-bird like to a small partridge and an occasional deer not as big as our English fallow, but not timid.

Godwin and I had observed many islands like this in the Orinoco, where it seems the river-washings of centuries have piled higher and packed the earth until, by the drainings from the sloped elevations, they have become as firm earth capable of nourishing hardwood growths and supporting permanent animal life.

We made no attempt to explore at this time, fearing discovery. But Burani—wishing no doubt, to stay our curiosity by partly appeasing it—informed us that it was a large island containing numerous blind valleys. These we later determined as ancient river-courses, the ends of which had been blocked by washings, the lakes thus formed within gradually drying up.

THE village of the Amazons, Burani said, was not far from where we were, but facing downstream to where the old waterway again joined with the main river. That point of the island—at the confluence—was the only one which an enemy could approach in large force or in large *canoas*, the other approaches being temporary channels, ever shifting and full of shallows and rapids.

The Valley of the Moon, as Burani musically called the place of the ceremonies,

was more to the north of us and to the west of the village. As soon as it was night, Burani assured us, we would move from our hiding in this desolate part of the isle and see these things for ourselves.

Shortly before sundown the Indian disappeared, but returned ere it was quite dark. He reported that all things were as he had expected to find them. The men of the Aromaia were in the Amazon village, where many huts had been prepared for them. In these they were closely housed together, the Amazons as yet invisible, they also being housed separately.

When the moon rose the Amazons and the men of the Aromaia would come forth and travel—still separately—to the Valley of the Moon. There for the first time the Amazons would look upon the faces of their guests.

The space between sundown and moonrise was very brief. Down in the west a golden effulgence faded into a crimson afterglow. Down over this crept a veil of violet deepening to purple. In the middle ground dusk threatened to become utter darkness. But then the stars which had begun to twinkle boldly overhead paled a little, and out of the east came an increasing radiance. Presently a rim of white fire silhouetted the high ground of the island's center and rose like a silvery bubble. This soon detached itself from the earth and floated upward into the deep blue space.

"It is the Love-Moon," said Burani, rising to his feet and beckoning us to follow him.

About an hour afterward, Burani, whom we had followed through brush on our hands and knees, or rapidly crossing a clear space at a run, halted us in the shelter of some scrub trees on an elevation looking down into a smooth, green valley—a mere shallow groove between low hills.

The full moon was very bright, so clear was the air and cloudless the sky.

"They come now," said Burani.

We heard a sound of singing, as the Orenoqueponi sing—a high-pitched, not unpleasant, keening. Then we saw, like a moving, gray snake in the shadows of the valley bottom, a procession emerging from a darker mass which we took to be the village.

There were no lights either in the village or carried by the procession; but presently as the column moved obliquely toward us, ascending the hill by some path not as yet visible to our eyes, the people composing it came into the moonlight.

We were not so greatly surprized as we might have been had we stumbled upon this scene without being prepared for the like of that which we beheld.

First there came, walking alone, a very massive woman whose height as well as general appearance of warrior strength was exaggerated by a head-dress of upright feathers and a great shield which she carried in one hand, with a tall spear in the other.

Her torso was covered with a kind of half-mail reaching from her thighs to her breasts. The latter were covered by circular plates of a metal which shone yellow in the moonlight. This metal we did not suppose to be gold, for experience in these many years has taught us that much of what looks like the precious ore in use among the Orenoqueponi is not so, or of alloyed quality.

After the tall Amazon walked, four abreast, about twelve rows of women warriors of similar type, if not so massive. Then came four rows of women not in warlike accouterment and pacing in a manner which suggested the lesser energies of age.

Their position in the procession implied that they were persons to whom much respect was accorded. We were not mistaken in believing them to be in some high advisory capacity to the Amazon ruler.

This personage followed behind the elder women, but did not walk. Aterima, as we had previously learned she was named, was borne in a kind of chair with poles extending before and behind and bearing down upon the shoulders of eight men, none of whom was remarkable in any way, being mere serfs, probably.

We could not see the queen clearly at this time, as she sat back in the chair and the ornamentations of a canopy hid her face.

Close behind her marched another company of Amazons in half-armor, bearing shields and spears.

Then came about a hundred maidens, who were very pleasing to the eye in their grass-plaited kirtles, grass-woven, grass-bound sandals, their long black hair plaited into ropes secured with metal bands, and about their otherwise naked torsos veils, or what the Spaniards call *mantillas*, of that material which we at once knew to be the cloth made from a certain bark, beaten, stretched and bleached—the lace-bark.

It was these maidens who continuously uttered that high-pitched but not unpleasant singing, or crying.

THEY were followed by a very large company of the armed women warriors, after whom came the men of the Aromaia. These, to our surprize and not a little amusement—considering that they were guests—occupied no honored place in the procession.

They were without weapons of any sort, walked in silence and with an air of timidity curiously in contrast with the bold, martial bearing of the rearguard of Amazons.

The procession then tailed off in a straggling of older women, veritable hags, men of various ages, and boys; these appearing to be—the males, at least—camp-followers or servants to their superiors.

As the procession seemed to be coming directly toward us Master Godwin and I thought it advisable to change our positions, lest we be discovered; but Burani bade us remain where we were.

He had foreseen their course accurately, for they passed about ten rods below us, climbing an invisible path which brought them to the top of the ridge some twenty-five rods to our left.

Presently they disappeared down the other side, descending, as we supposed, into another of those smooth, shallow valleys which were doubtless grooved by the great river at some time and then closed by its own silt.

When it was safe to emerge from our hiding Burani led the way. On this island, as elsewhere in our wanderings with him from time to time, he seemed as thoroughly familiar with ground and direction as some wild animal of these regions, having no need of previous familiarity with his surroundings to set his course to any point at any time of the day or night.

Yet on this occasion he did know the island by previous familiarity and brought us by a rough but shorter way to that point of Carraori which is called the Valley of the Moon. We found another hiding-place, of hiding and vantage, this time much nearer the scene which we were presently to witness—almost before the ceremonial procession had reached the spot.

The moon by this time was quite high and lighted up the scene almost as if it were daytime and the sun shining through a mist.

THE Valley of the Moon had apparently been prepared for the occasion. All up and down the pretty vale the slopes were dotted with huts of palm-fronds and saplings bound with lianas. The lowest part of the valley flanked by this village on the two hillsides was thus a wide-open avenue, down the middle of which flowed a stream.

This stream was apparently from a spring for the water had not that sluggish, oily glow of the river-water, but sparkled like clear gems tossed in moonlight.

Directly beneath us the avenue was widened by the setting-back of a few more pretentious structures—probably for the use of the queen and her elder women—a kind of open circle, or *plaza*.

Here the procession halted, Aterima's chair being set overlooking the circle from the upper edge of the farther slope. About her grouped the elder women, seemingly her council, or parliament. To the right of the queen and council were grouped the maidens and to Aterima's left the men of the Aromaia.

The open space between was apparently to be the arena of the ceremonies. Master Godwin and I could not have chosen better vantage to oversee them.

The whole grouping was completely surrounded by a double line of armed Amazons while outside of that bulwark the men and boys of the tribe, urged by the old hags were set to work building fires and cooking food and carrying water.

While observing all these things that might later write them down against the still possible day when English eyes might read, I was startled by the voice of Master Godwin at my shoulder, saying—and in no guarded whisper:

"Look ye there, Francis! Saw ye ever such a woman as that?"

Burani's sinewy hand clutched at his shoulder in warning.

"Hush!" I bade, fearful of discovery.

But when I looked where his finger pointed straight at the figure of Queen Aterima, whose face was now clearly revealed by the light from the numerous fires which were beginning to blaze. I was not nearly so startled as my comrade, who has ever been an admirer of female beauty, to which I am ordinarily but respectful.

Yet I will admit that my blood thrilled warmer in that moment, for she was indeed good to look upon.

Surprize, however, was greater in me in that moment than thrill of beauty; for Aterima was not like to what other things had led me to expect in her.

She was not large, not even as large as any of the average Amazons. Indeed, she seemed a diminutive person compared with that stalwart woman-warrior who had led the procession and now stood near the queen, awaiting her pleasure.

And she was fairer, too, than the rest of the Tarupanoma—not fair as we English use the term when speaking of women or of coloring, but of a rich golden-brown complexion where the rest of the tribe were of a swarthiness deepening even to blackness. And I could have sworn—though mayhap it was the gleam of firelight—that her hair was not black, not even brown, but had a touch of copper in it, such as many of the Castilian women have.

She had a small head and a small neck and small hands; yet these were set upon a body which was deeply womanly and rich with curving fulness, such characteristics as I have observed in all well-bred animals of the human as well as other species.

"She is not of the Tarupanoma, or any of the Orenqueponi!" muttered Master Godwin, speaking Aromaia, from which Burani may have judged that a question was directed to him.

That strange Indian did not reply at once, but after a while said:

"Nay, *acarewana*. She is of the sea-born."

And that was all; for Burani sharply commanded Master Hugh be silent when he craved further information.

THE ceremonies, in the meantime, had begun with hardly any preliminary. At a gesture from Queen Aterima the tall captain of the Amazons stepped forward and touched one of the maidens with her spear. The maiden immediately came into the center of the arena and stood with eyes downcast. She was a comely wench.

The Amazon captain then signaled to the men of the Aromaia who, as if previously instructed, fell into single file and performed around the edge of the arena what in England we were wont to call the "lockstep."

Many of them—such as doubtless liked the maiden's appearance—kept their faces turned toward her while others—who doubtless were less partial—kept their faces averted.

The maiden herself did not appear to lift her eyes, but I have no doubt that nothing escaped her and that, without seeming to do so, she carefully studied the faces that were turned to her and decided secretly which of those in whose sight she found favor should find favor in hers.

Thus the men filed around while the maidens uttered their high-pitched singing. At the third circling there seemed to be a growing excitement, as at the last lap of some contest, and the singing grew louder.

As presently became clear to us, the maiden must choose before the third circling is done, else she will have refused; for the which there is dire penalty.

She suddenly moved swiftly from the center of the arena and touched a handsome youth of Taruma's people with her hand. At once the movement stopped. There was much smiling and laughing and pleasant banter as the youth took her by the hand, led her before Queen Aterima, and there together they bowed their heads.

Aterima smiled, nodded her head and waved them aside, after which the Amazon captain touched a second maiden with her spear; and a similar performance was gone through.

"What think you, comrade Hugh?" I whispered, myself much interested in this novel giving and taking in wedlock.

He did not answer. I turned to look at him. He lay flat on the ground by my side and the light of the moon and the flickerings of the firelight on his face revealed a strangely soft expression. And his eyes were fixed, not upon the actual scene of the choosing, but upon the face of Aterima.

SOME hours we lay there watching the strange spectacle in which, as presently came to me, there was some tragedy as well as much comedy.

It appeared to me that often the Aromaia warrior chosen was indifferent to the honor paid him, even when the maiden in whose eyes he found favor was of great beauty. For these women are indeed comely. But more often there was marked hesitancy on the part of the maiden, who made her choice, it seemed to me sometimes, with a heavy heart.

Could it be that the heart of the youth of Aromaia was already in the keeping of

some maiden of his own tribe, back there in Taruma's kingdom? Could it be that, despite the custom to which she was trained in Carraori, the woman-heart of the maid shrank from the suggestion of coercion in love's choice? Or that her heart yearned to one of Carraori's scorned youth?

I found myself thinking of Taruma's words. He, youthful king though he be, comes of a line of wise men, of whom his uncle, Sir Walter's great friend, Topiawari, was perhaps the wisest. This mating system of the Tarupanoma of Carraori, Topiawari had said, was contrary to natural laws and in time the custom must end, defeating itself, and the tribe die out or be absorbed.

Then there were many of the men of the Aromaia who, having beheld the beauty of Aterima, averted their faces from the maidens who entered the choosing circle. It might be that the queen was also expected to make choice—although on this point and the manner of it I have as yet no knowledge—and there were those who hoped to find favor of Aterima. Possibly this thought, as an explanation of the prolonged indifference of some of the Aromaia, was engendered in me by the behavior of Master Godwin. He, I observed, never let his gaze wander for a moment from the lovely, gentle face of the Amazon queen.

Whether there was to be any such royal choosing of a consort by the queen herself we were not fated to learn that night. Such a thing may have taken place after we fled—a flight precipitated by the rashness of my comrade.

There was a maiden summoned to the open circle who took her place with very downcast mien. As the circling of the remaining unchosen of the Aromaia began she kept her eyes steadfastly upon the ground and there was that in her whole bearing which informed me that her attitude was not coyly assumed, that indeed her heart was in revolt against the necessity of choosing a consort under compulsion.

Thrice the circling was made. Several faces were turned invitingly toward the maid, but she paid no heed. There was a whispering among the elder women grouped about Aterima. The queen herself looked a little anxious.

The third circling ended. The singing ceased. The maiden had not chosen. She stood there with her head bowed, her face stamped with utter despair and her hands clasped tightly before her.

One of the elder women cried a single sharp word, which was clearly a command to choose. Instead of obeying, the maiden turned and threw herself at the feet of Aterima and babbled forth some plea amid incoherent sobbing.

I could not distinguish the words for the reason, and also that the language of the Tarupanoma, while resembling, varies much from that of the Aromaia. But as clearly as if she had spoken the English of my own native Budleigh it came to me that she loved elsewhere and wished to keep her heart and body for that one so favored and who, apparently, was not of the circle.

The elder women's faces grew stern with contempt and anger. Aterima looked upon the sobbing maid. The queen's countenance was wrought with anxiety and, I thought, a slight softening of sympathy.

Then the unexpected thing happened which nearly cost us our lives.

Through the double ranks of the armed Amazons circling the scene plunged a slender lad of about the maiden's own age. He was clad only in a loin-cloth, sandals and the long black hair which fell about his shoulders. He was a beautiful lad.

He flashed like an arrow to the maiden's side, caught her to him with his left arm and, raising his right, began an impassioned appeal to the queen.

But scarce had he uttered a dozen words before the Amazon captain tore him from the maiden and, before our eyes, drove her long spear through the lad's breast.

There was a momentary buzz of excitement; but little more. It was as if such a scene were not without many a precedent. The cold eyes of the elder women were fixed upon the maiden, who flung herself, sobbing, upon the corpse of the despised youth of her own tribe to whom she had been unwise enough to give her affection.

QUEEN ATERIMA, her face drawn with pain, was staring at the pathetic lovers. And I think Hugh Godwin was staring at Aterima at this moment.

My comrade made a strange hissing noise through his teeth. I turned quickly to him, having heard that noise before. He was fumbling at the pistol-belt which he ever wore beneath his Indian garb.

"By th' Lord, they shall not!" I heard him say.

I glanced swiftly at the scene below in order to learn what so perturbed Master Godwin. It could hardly be the matter of the lad. He was already dead.

Then I saw and understood. Queen Aterima had averted her face and covered her eyes with a slender arm. The elder women, amid a great hush, were looking on grimly. The maiden was prostrated, sobbing, over the body of her lover. Above her towered the Amazon captain with a great spear uplifted to strike.

Comprehension flashed upon me at once. I turned and prepared to fling myself upon Master Godwin. Nothing he or any of us might do could ever save the maid. Indeed even as I turned, a sudden sigh as of some tense situation ended told me that the spear had fallen and the maiden had paid the penalty of disobedience to the tribe's most rigid law.

But in that instant, while the spear hung in midair, Godwin had drawn and cocked the pistol. Burani and I fell upon his leveled arm about the same time. Whether it was the violence of our attack or that his finger had already pressed the trigger, I do not know; but the pistol exploded.

Next moment, the heavy discharge of the weapon bringing Godwin to his senses, we were running pellmell down the hill into that valley where first we had viewed the procession.

We had left the Valley of the Moon in an uproar. That we were now pursued was clear from the occasional arrows which fell about us, even if we had not been able to see the figures of the Amazon guards leaping among the brush, prodding with their spears in the hope of bringing us from covert.

But Burani, himself squirming forward like some serpent of the delta, again served us well. Thrice we were all but discovered and I could have shot down an Amazon almost pointblank; but fear to reveal our nearness to the rest of the huntresses and mayhap some remembrance that these, after all, were women and not to be shot down—at least by men—stayed my hand.

Which was well; for an hour later Burani rose from a pool of scum and mud which told us we were again in the morass close to one of the waterways. He stood still for a moment, scenting for direction like some wild creature in its natural element. We could hear no more sounds of pursuit, although we knew it was still being pressed on the firmer ground beyond the mangrove belt.

Around us was utter blackness, save for occasional patches of blue sky sprinked with stars visible over our heads beyond openings of the dense tangle of jungle-growth. The whole labyrinth roared with the cataract-like sound of millions of night insects and reptiles, with ever and anon the curious grunting croak of an alligator.

Burani presently spoke with that odd chuckle in his voice. He pointed straight into the utter blackness before us.

"*Acarewanas*—the *canoa* is there."

WE MADE an uneventful return to Morequito in a little over four days, during which my comrade, Godwin—perhaps ashamed of his rashness, or disappointed that he had failed in his purpose—was strangely silent.

IV

November 20, 1608.

GODWIN being exceedingly restless and dissatisfied save when in some diversion engaging him in physical activity, we decided to start an expedition to that "shining mountain" which Raleigh saw in the distance, the same which the crew of the *Fearless*, later reaching, reported as "a mountain of solid gold" from the which they returned with their ship's boats laden with yellow ore.

Burani not being with the Aromaia at this time—he has not been at Morequito in many months—we were of a mind to travel without guide, as the distance was computed not great and beset by no more than the common dangers of the jungle with which we are ourselves familiar.

But our delight was great when the king himself, our brother and comrade, Taruma, modestly hinted that he would find pleasure in accompanying us if so be we thought he would not be an intruder. This was his manner of broaching the plan, for he is exceeding modest despite that he is a king having power of life and death over us as well as his people.

So, as we have done often before and hope we may do again, we three—King Taruma, Master Hugh Godwin and myself, Francis Sparrow—set out from Morequito

in a *canoa*, carrying with us naught but our spears, bows and quivers, our jaguar mantles against the chill of nights, and Godwin and I with our pistols.

The government of the Aromaia and of Morequito was temporarily left in the hands of an elder chief, one Barualli.

Once Morequito was left behind the mantle of kingship fell from Taruma. He became again our loving and lovable comrade, an agreeable mingling of the simple savage with yet a traveled understanding of our English ways, morals and manner of thought.

Indeed, had it not been for the rich mahogany hue of his skin, his deep, soft, melancholy eyes and an almost contemptuous disregard for some things that are wont to reveal the traits of a white man, he might have been but a third in a party of three adventurers faring forth in search of interest and enjoyment on the other side of beyond.

Our course lay up the River Caroni, which enters the main river a little above Morequito. Paddling until well past noon we came to the Island of Caima, which is not far below the falls of the Caroni. On this island, the afternoon advancing, we decided to camp for the night.

About sundown Taruma, who had gone off alone with his bow and quiver to hunt the high ground of the island, returned with a small deer which he had killed with a single arrow.

We made a hearty feast that night and afterward talked together until quite late. Taruma, the weight of kingship temporarily lain aside, was in a happy humor.

He told us many things that night about his people and other peoples of the Orenoqueponi, their customs and beliefs and superstitions—many held so secret that hitherto they have escaped us; and particularly did he tell us more of the Amazon women. To the latter relation I observed that my comrade Godwin listened with close attention.

What Taruma told us further of this tribe of women, and particularly that relating to the queen, Aterima, I shall set down as matter separate.

The night upon the Isle of Caima was passed in unusual comfort for this region. Caima is excellently dry, being naturally drained on all side of its central elevation, and is remarkably free from those insect pests of the less advantageously situate lands of the lower river and the mainland. We slept comfortably and without watching, and awoke from restful slumber in clean, cool air to find ourselves in a very paradise on earth.

The morning was crisp and bright, with a slight dew upon the grass and foliage which made all things sparkle in the sunlight as if jeweled. The light jungle of Caima rang with the chirruping of birds, the garrulous but not unpleasant chatter of parrots and the bickering of troops of monkeys.

Master Godwin, who confesses to have done a little poaching in England when a lad, was much inflated this morning that overnight he had trapped an *agouti* in a small pit-trap of his own devising. We made our morning meal of this animal, the flesh of which is very delicate, reserving the choicest cuts of Taruma's venison for our nooning. It grieved us to abandon the rest of the good meat. Not that we feared a scarcity of game farther on, but our mode of travel precludes over-burdening.

It is supposedly from this isle of Caima that Sir Walter saw the "shining mountain" at an estimated distance of twenty-five leagues to the northwest. Taruma advised us to look for it from the island's high ground a little before sunrise, for a reason presently made clear.

THE mountain has gained its name among the natives from the fact that it shines like a hill which is internally afire and glowing hot just at that hour when the sun, not yet visible in the east to one standing on low ground, yet strikes the higher elevations to the west.

Kissing the so-called mountain of gold, the yellow ore of the latter catches the light and glistens, the more markedly in that the eminence stands out upon surroundings which are yet in the purple shadows of gloaming.

So we were little put to it to identify Raleigh's mountain, which, however, Master Godwin charted more west than north-west. Sir Walter may have been purposely inaccurate in his description of direction, and I remember that he made no mention to me of Caima as his point of observation.

To us that morning, the mountain, some twenty or thirty leagues directly west, presented all the appearance of a hill covered with a hoarfrost, tinted yellow.

After our morning meal upon *agouti*

flesh we resumed our *canoa* and paddled a short distance until the cataract of the Caroni compelled us to land and conceal our light craft in the jungle against our return.

The rest of our journey was to be afoot, the river continuing in the general direction of our course but so winding and so flanked by swamps that we agreed it would be more advantageous to pursue our path directly through the jungle upon firm ground.

The which we did, leisurely proceeding and making camp about half-way, as we judged, to the mountain.

There were reasons for this leisurely progress; mainly the need of caution, for Taruma gave us to understand that here we were between two possibilities of danger.

The Orejones, those people of whom we had heard as having long ears, were believed to dwell on the other side of the shining mountain and of a surety must range around its base. Then, too, the country to our right—that is, to the north—was said to be the habitat of those monstrous and probably imaginary people who have no heads—the Ewaipanoma.

Yet we saw no sign of human or half-human life, perhaps because here we were in disputed territory, such as naturally becomes no man's land. Though inspiring, it was forbidding enough to account for the absence of any of the Orenoqueponi.

It was the most primeval country we had yet seen in Guiana—a place of dense jungles, frightsome ravines, sheer precipices and great waterfalls dropping into plains that were more or less swampy. But on firmer ground the hardwood trees of mahogany and the red *Santa Maria* grew of tremendous height and girth.

The underbrush was a dense, almost impassable tangle of tropic vegetation laced with lianas. Here I beheld ferns that grew as tall as trees. Animal, insect and reptile life was abundant, and everywhere in the interstices of the jungle were glossy cobwebs where crouched, or dangled, spiders of all sizes and hues.

Concerning these latter, Master Godwin may or may not have had an escape from death by poison bite. He was walking ahead of Taruma, myself coming on behind, when he stopped and cried out in admiration of a blossoming plant hanging from the crotch of a tree.

It had a gorgeous, deep purple corolla in the heart of which nestled a stamen and pistil of velvety black and gold.

"Saw ye ever an orchid like that!" cried Godwin, his eye for color leaping to the sight.

He reached forth to take it in his hand for better study. But ere he could touch it Taruma struck up his arm with his spear-shaft. At the same time the stamen and pistil detached themselves from the flower and out from the corolla crawled a wonderfully hued and no doubt hideously-minded spider which, when its legs were unfolded, was of no ordinary proportions.

It may have been a harmless creature, but it is a maxim with me in the matter of reptiles and insects, that the more nature disguises with pleasing colors the more venomous the wearer.

DURING our march that day we passed several of the "red-water" pools of which report was brought by earlier explorers, particularly the crew of the *Fearless*, one of whose number died a dreadful death from drinking thereof. Taruma declared that the water was safe to drink, even good, around the hour of meridian—that is, after the sun has shone upon it for some hours—but that between sundown and sunrise it was even as the deadliest poison.

While this may be but another superstition of the natives, Godwin and I decided not to proceed too far in the gratification of mere curiosity.

It was necessary for one of us to stand guard that night in our camp. This we did by turn, keeping up a merry blaze to discourage jaguars and other prowling animals. Although we could hear many in the brush and occasionally see their eyes glowing like embers outside the halo of light, none approached nearer and the night passed without matter for record.

Before sunrise on the second day from Morequito we pressed on in the same westerly direction. In the afternoon we came out upon clear ground covered with wire-grass and sparsely treed. This land sloped gradually upward to the base of the shining mountain, which then rose more or less precipitously, for the most part treeless and rock-ribbed.

Now, it is a peculiarity of mine own people that while we may think the arranged objective our sole aim and end in travel, it is not so, but the going and coming and the

things that happen by the way; even as I have heard those who follow the angler's art say it is not all of angling to catch fishes and that—as some one has remarked somewhere—the lure is in "the beautiful places fishes dwell in."

Thus, our nominal objective, the mountain of gold, was not of first importance to us who could not profit by the possession of gold, but only in that we might satisfy our curiosity with regard to the actual existence of that which might have made fortune and favor for our dear captain, Sir Walter.

Yet it would be a task for one better informed than I on the tricks human nature plays upon a man to set forth our emotions on this day when we came to the face of the mountain and beheld that of which it was mainly composed.

We learned many years ago from those of the *Fearless* who returned down the river in boats laden nigh to the gunwales—aye, nigher than was sane or safe—how that this mountain was for the most part a mass of solid gold from which the broken pieces alone—boulders and stones—were rich enough to endow the kings of earth with more of the precious metal than they could ever use.

We were not prepared, however, to discover by evidence of our own eyes that this was the case. Yet not an outcropping rock, not a boulder, stone, or even pebble, but was stained with lumps or veins or colorings of yellow metal.

It was a thing that stupefied by the immensity of its possibilities of wealth, power and comfort to us poor castaways were we ever able to return to England with even as much of it as we could carry on our persons.

Godwin and I stared at each other, and, in that moment, that which had become dulled with the passage of years leaped into searing flame again. My heart sickened for dear England—England as it would be with wealth untold at my command.

My comrade, from his silence and the whiteness of his strained face, must have been suffering a similar vision.

Only Taruma was unmoved. Leaving us there together he took his spear and went back into the jungle and toward the river to hunt for food.

When he was gone, my comrade, who had been staring at the glistening face of that mountain while in his right hand he held a broken piece of stone all yellow with that metal, suddenly let the rock fall to the ground, fell upon his knees and—there is no reason why I should not set this down now—burst into a fierce sobbing, or rather a kind of incoherence of bitter rage.

I think this Tantalus-like agony struck my comrade more poignantly than it did me, whose main idea of achieved luxury is, after all, merely the possession of rare and fine books.

TARUMA returned in the late dusk with two large fish which he had speared in a deep pool under a waterfall. These he prepared for our evening meal. But I ate little, as did my comrade, Godwin. We sat about the camp-fire that night in moody silence. Taruma, perhaps understanding, did not intrude upon our mood.

We retired early; that is, Taruma and I did, Godwin having offered to remain awake on guard, no doubt finding sleep impossible, as presently did I.

About the middle of the night I relieved Master Hugh, and myself sat by the fire for many hours, thinking of many things, but particularly of the good—or was it the evil?—which the possession of much gold brings.

About the hour when the skies lighten in the east I was startled to find Master Godwin standing beside me. He was staring at the fire with very strained eyes, and when he spoke his voice was husky.

"The light is coming, Francis," he said. "Rouse Taruma and let us be gone from this place."

After a meal upon what remained of the fish we left the clearing in more or less silence, Taruma leading the way in an easterly direction.

By traveling faster than we had come we made the falls of the Caroni in the late afternoon. Finding the *canoa* we dropped down the river to Caima, where at the end of our pressed march we again camped. It was only then that the cloud of depression lifted from us white men, and Taruma smiled when he saw that we were ourselves again.

On the following day we returned to Morequito, where I set down these notes while the matter of them is fresh in my mind.

V

Caima, November 16, 1608.

UNDER this place and date, although I write later at Morequito, I set down the more important of those things Taruma related by our camp-fire on the island that night concerning the Amazons and their queen, Aterima. I record but the main facts, and these briefly.

It appears that the ceremonies of the Love-Moon are observed annually; but those who participate one year need not again choose a consort for three years. She must, however, do so within four years.

She may choose the same consort, which Godwin and I are agreed makes for some semblance of morality in their procedure. In large number of cases the woman does so choose, and if the man of her heart be not present one year, and she yearns to this previous consort, the leeway of four years allows ample time for this reunion.

But it is not always the same male tribe which is invited to participate in the annual ceremony. This in order that no one tribe shall gain an ascendancy of influence through blood-ties with the Amazons.

Thus, at the time of our secret visit to Carraori, the Aromaia were the guests. This year the Aromaia were not invited, but, so we heard from Taruma, the Maquarima people from farther south. Perhaps next year—at least within four years—the Aromaia will be the favored tribe once more, and those women who learned to love truly their Aromaia consorts of last year may have opportunity to welcome the same again.

And thus, despite the seeming evil of the system, even among these people it is possible for a woman to cleave unto one man, so long as she fulfills the law of the tribe; of which hereafter.

The birth of a female child makes an Amazon woman eligible for warriorship in the tribe, and she is given the spear and shield of her rank when no longer her presence is required in nursing her offspring.

A male child does not make an Amazon mother eligible for warriorship, and the said male child, born to serfdom, is brought up by the men and the old women, while the mother shall again choose a consort, until such time as she shall be the mother of two daughters.

The birth of two female children exempts an Amazon woman from further obligation to child-bearing; and she is then a full warrior.

Refusal to bear children is punishable by death; barrenness by domestic servitude to the tribe.

The tribe is ruled by a royal line of women, of which at present Aterima is the reigning queen. Her power, however, is not absolute, the laws being made by the Council of Elder Women and nominally approved by Aterima.

The queen is supposed to choose a consort, but within no set limit of time. There appears to be no law among the Amazons which compels her to choose, but there is no precedent of any ruler who neglected to provide for the succession. Queen Aterima, who is said to be now in her twentieth year, is expected to choose a consort presently.

THESE are the additional facts concerning the Amazons which we have learned since our visit to Carraori.

Master Godwin, that night at Caima when Taruma related these things, questioned the young king much concerning Queen Aterima, particularly touching her fairness of skin. His belief that she is not of the Tarupanoma, or at least carries in her veins some other and fairer blood, was confirmed by Taruma.

"Her mother's father was him that was called the Sea-Born," said Taruma. "She herself is called Aterima, the Sea-Born."

"That is like to what Burani said!" cried Master Godwin, greatly excited. "Who was her mother's father?"

"Many floods ago—many Winters, as my brothers would say—there came among the Orenoqueponi a Spaniard, named *U-an*," said Taruma. "He had fled from the chief of his company, which came to explore the great river. I was not born then, but my uncle, King Topiawari, who was very old when he died, saw this man and often spoke of him."

"Juan Martinez!" I cried, remembering something.

Taruma glanced quickly at me and with some surprize.

"Even so. That was the name, which the Aromaia tongue refuses. Did my brother, Esaparra, know this man?"

"Nay, Taruma. Like yourself, I was unborn when he died. But of this man—if it be the same—I know something, the

which I gleaned from an old writing which Sir Walter Raleigh found somewhere and brought to me that I might make a fairer copy.

"This Juan Martinez," I told Taruma, while my comrade Godwin listened intently, "was master of munitions to Diego Ordas, a Spaniard who brought an expedition to this Guiana, searching to find gold. Martinez quarreled with his captain, as you have truly said, Taruma, and left the company, traveling the river alone in a *canoa* and exploring in his own interest."

"He was a brave man!" muttered Godwin.

"Even so, Godawí," said Taruma quietly. "So my uncle, the ancient Topiawari, spoke of him."

"What he actually found, where he went, what he saw and what he but imagined, none may say," I continued. "The writing which Sir Walter brought me to copy purported to be a confession writ down by a monk of Puerto Rico, at which place this Juan Martinez, dying, gave it.

"He claimed to have visited a city of gold called Manoa, the which he said was El Dorado, for that its streets were paved with golden slabs, the humblest utensils made of gold, and he saw golden ingots lying in heaps like they were so many blocks of wood.

"Also, he did make mention of the Orejones, or long-eared people, and of a tribe called the Ewaipanoma, which were a people without heads; and he also spoke of the Amazons, though I do not have in mind that he said he had visited them."

"Even so he did," said Taruma, "for of a truth it is the same man. How he escaped capture by the Macuregai or some of the other Orenoqueponi, or death through the many perils of the river, does not touch my understanding. But he was a brave man, as Godawí rightly says; and the gods, whether they be of the white man or the dark, look with favor upon the brave.

"So then he must be the same who went with the warriors of the Aromaia to the moon of the Amazons and was there chosen by the mother of Aterima's mother; the which was then queen. Afterward, this *U-an* went away, perhaps seeking again his own people beyond the sea from which he came. Aterima, the Sea-Born, is his daughter's daughter and queen of the Tarupanoma whom my brothers call the Amazons."

This was all I learned at this time, and the night had grown late. Yet ere I slept my comrade, Master Hugh, who had lingered by the fire after us, came and touched me on the arm.

"See that your memory serves you, Master Sparrow," he said, "so that you may write down this matter in particular."

The which I have done.

VI

February 10, 1609.

EACH day it becomes increasingly necessary to find new matter to save Master Godwin from the indifference and lassitude which seem to drag upon him these many months.

I do not rightly know what ails him, although I grow more of the opinion that his mind dwells much upon our native England; but, remembering the compact we made when we decided that our lot must be cast here for the remainder of our days, he will not open his lips to me concerning these longings.

During the past fifteen days we both have had enough, God wot, to occupy our thoughts. Yet I do believe Godwin has already forgot our adventure with the Ewaipanoma; for my comrade—at the moment of my making these notes on the supposedly headless people—lies near me, flat on his back in the shade of a giant *ceiba* tree, his hands clasped under his head, and his eyes, unseeing, staring at the blue blankness of sky-patches between the foliage.

Presently he may turn to that small task which I suggested as an idle hour's employ—to make a drawing from memory of the strange figures we saw upon the rock at the edge of the Ewaipanoma country, the same to illustrate my written observations on the people themselves.

Before relating what befell us—know that there has never been any definite thing said, let alone recorded, concerning the Ewaipanoma.

No white men up to this writing can be said positively to have seen even one of the headless people, although I do remember that the rascally crew of the *Fearless* made report as they returned down the river that they had been attacked by "hordes" of them and that one of their company, Bulkhead Gorges by name, wounded an

Ewaipanoma with his pistol; but though they found a trail of blood they found not the body.

The reason I think they saw no such curious people and that the pistol ball found another mark, is that the guide whom Taruma graciously allowed them—one of the Aromaia—returned alone to Morequito and mortally wounded in the back from a gunshot. Dying, he declared the white men had shot him while he was reconnoitering to learn, if possible, the cause of the alarm which they had attributed to the proximity of headless men.

It was this poor requital of courtesy which so angered King Taruma that, upon the return of the *Fearless* crew down the river, he put out his war *canoas* and told the white men that he would take them all prisoners if they did not yield up the miscreant who fired the shot.

When they refused, Taruma ordered his warriors to shoot upon them with arrows. The which they did, killing several; but the adventurers replied with guns, pistols and a small carronade they carried, using broken ore for shot.

At the end of a disastrous fight the surviving white men escaped down the river in their remaining boats; and thus Godwin and I lost an opportunity to return to England, although at the time we would not have advantaged ourselves, as but a year had passed since Sir Walter's departure and we were still confident of his speedy return.

So that, as I think the men of the *Fearless* indeed killed the Aromaia guide and thought they had wounded one of the headless men, their tale of having seen "hordes" of the Ewaipanoma is not worthy of credence.

No other white man has ever reported having seen, though many have heard, of this people. I do recall setting down for Sir Walter some notes concerning them—rumors of such a tribe. And I think some mention of hearsay is recorded by that Spaniard, Juan Martinez, who detached himself from the Ordas expedition after a quarrel with his captain; but whether he claimed to have seen or heard of the Ewaipanoma I do not remember at this time.

And I am convinced, from certain other things, that the good Juan was not generally zealous for exactitude in matters of fact.

But real or imaginary, the Ewaipanoma tradition has ever been held in the greatest dread by the Orenoqueponi. Like most uncivilized peoples they are firm believers in supernatural things of the most appalling order.

They can not conceive of a God who is all kindness and mercy; and whatever that is dreadful happens in their lives and is not readily explainable, is at once attributed to the malignity of evil spirits.

The Ewaipanoma who they claim have no heads, but eat and drink and breathe and speak through their stomachs, in which they have noses, mouths and eyes, are at least among things unnatural and are held by the Orenoqueponi as of the supernatural.

To our good comrade, the king, Godwin appealed in relation to this matter. A troubled look came upon Taruma's face, as ever when the savage in him wars with the intelligent and traveled person that he is.

It happened on this day that Burani, the wanderer, was making one of his rare visits to the Aromaia village.

"You ask me if I believe that there are a people without heads?" said the king. "My brothers, I should say 'no,' but that——"

Burani came within the line of Taruma's vision. Abruptly the king stopped, pointed and said:

"Ask of that wanderer. He knows all things of the river and the forest."

We made opportunity to question Burani. For the first time in our knowledge of this man his placid, seemingly unthinking outwardness was perturbed. An expression of terror leaped into his eyes; but it has ever been a characteristic of the half-witted to be sensitive to fear's suggestion.

"Even so, *acarewanas*," he replied at once—which was in itself unusual. "That which you say is of a truth. I have seen them with my own eyes—aye, and fled at the seeing."

"Will you guide us to their country, Burani?"

"I love the *acarewanas*, who fear nothing," he said gravely, speaking in the Aromaia tongue. "As a man dies but once it would be my wish to die in good company. But my fear of the Ewaipanoma is greater than my fear of death, and as I love my white brothers, Godawi and Esaparra, I say to them: Do not seek that which is worse than death."

But next day, when he heard that we were planning to seek and find the headless tribe

with or without a guide to the region in which they were said to dwell, Burani appeared before us and said simply—

"If by a miracle my white brothers escape the people without heads, they will find Burani waiting for them at a point beyond which none but an *acarewana* would venture."

When we had him explain this speech, we understood that he was willing to guide us to the edge of the Ewaipanoma country and there await us—if we survived to return to the rendezvous.

FOR several reasons I urged no delay in the execution of our seeming foolhardy expedition.

Godwin was for the time being himself again and in great spirit at the prospect of diversion. Then, too, I feared that Burani might disappear, for his goings and comings were ever unannounced. Or, letting such imagination as he may have possessed dwell overmuch on the headless men, he might change his mind. And we were dependent primarily upon Burani—for there was no other willing or able to guide us—to show us at least in what direction our search should begin.

Taruma, without attempting to discourage us in our plans, himself maintaining a thoughtful silence on the subject of the Ewaipanoma, only urged that we take as an escort a score of his best fellows.

I thought at the moment that but for his duty to his people Taruma would have been glad to lead that escort himself and so set at rest the doubts that were warring within him—the logic of his moving mind against his ancient savage superstitions.

But we refused any escort other than Burani, foreseeing that to advertise our approach by large numbers might defeat our aim and ends. Also, if thus accompanied by force and numbers we met the Ewaipanoma, I feared some hostile collision from the which our Aromaia, terror-stricken, might flee, leaving us on the field prisoners of a war declared by our invasion.

No, it was best and even less hazardous that we travel with only Burani to show us the way to that certain point. Beyond that, trusting to Fortune, Master Godwin and I would endeavor to discover—ourselves undiscovered—the headless people and make secret observations upon them.

Nor did I allow of delay in the start, setting forth from Morequito on the following day, armed only with our bows and arrows and our spears, also the precious pistols, and Godwin his compass. Of food and water we carried none, relying upon our hunting prowess for the former and knowing all this country to be rich in the latter.

Our general course lay almost due north, Burani leading the way. I say our "general course," for a direct one was out of the question, so changeable was the country over which we traveled—swamps and rivers requiring tedious circumvention, great waterfalls and precipices which again necessitated diversion from our chosen line.

Yet in spite of all such windings, at the end of the day Godwin made a calculation with his compass and pointed out to me that Burani had made a general course of true north, recovering his drift from time to time through his remarkable animal sense of direction, although, of course, aided by the sun. Which led me to wonder if it may be that animals are instinctively conscious of the sun's position and movement in the heavens? It would seem reasonable to believe so.

We camped that first night on a well-drained hillock around which a river tributary made a sharp bend. The ridge was heavily timbered with that hardwood which we have named redwood on account of its color, although there are many kinds of redwood. The early Spaniards called this tree *Santa Maria*—why, I know not.

I make mention of this ridge and this timber for that an adventure befell us here; rather, we came within a hair's breadth of an adventure which might have had serious consequences. Many similar incidents have occurred in our wanderings, but I do not purpose to set down every imagining of what might have happened but did not—such as that venomous spider which Taruma saw in time, a centipede which walked across my face but did not bite, or the occasion when my comrade awoke me quietly to ask my opinion on the deadliness or otherwise of a large and bloated reptile which was coiled within a few inches of his bare foot.

I merely set down the incident of the ridge as I did the matter of the spider-orchid, because somehow it is stamped very vividly on my memory.

Godwin was asleep and so I thought was Burani. I was lying awake listening to the

droning uproar of the jungle night, wondering how many millions of strange creatures contributed to that torrent of sound.

Presently Burani stirred and sat up. There was nothing betokening alarm in his manner. He remained in a sitting posture for a little while. Then I became aware that he had reached for his bow and was fitting a long arrow to it.

Naturally then I became much alert, but I could see no cause for his action, and thought it better not to raise my voice in questioning.

Suddenly the bow twanged as the arrow left the thong. At the same time the night was split by a frightsome scream, whereat all the millions of other night voices were cut off as a candle is snuffed.

From the limbs of the tree almost above us a heavy body crashed, striking the ground close to the feet of Master Godwin, who awoke and sprang up in alarm.

It was a jaguar which Burani had seen crouching upon a limb overhead. His arrow had gone straight through its ribs, pierced the heart and come out at the other side.

That was all.

Burani went to sleep again—his kind of sleep, which is like a wild animal's, ever with one eye open. It may have been because of this suggestion of his presence and dependability, that after this incident I slept soundly until roused at dawn.

NOTHING unusual occurred during the second day of our northward journeying, and our sleep on the second night was undisturbed by anything but the cataract-like roar of night creatures and the ear-splitting persistency of a whistling-toad in a tree-fern near us.

But on the morning of the third day Burani's manner was different. He seemed to have less confidence in himself, advanced with an air of uncertainty or anxiety; something too indefinite to be mere cautiousness. About noon he said to us, seeming to address neither, as was his way:

"Soon I go no farther. *Acarewanas* must travel alone. Burani will find an ant's nest and put his foot in it once every sunrise, so the spirits may know he suffers that his friends may return safely."

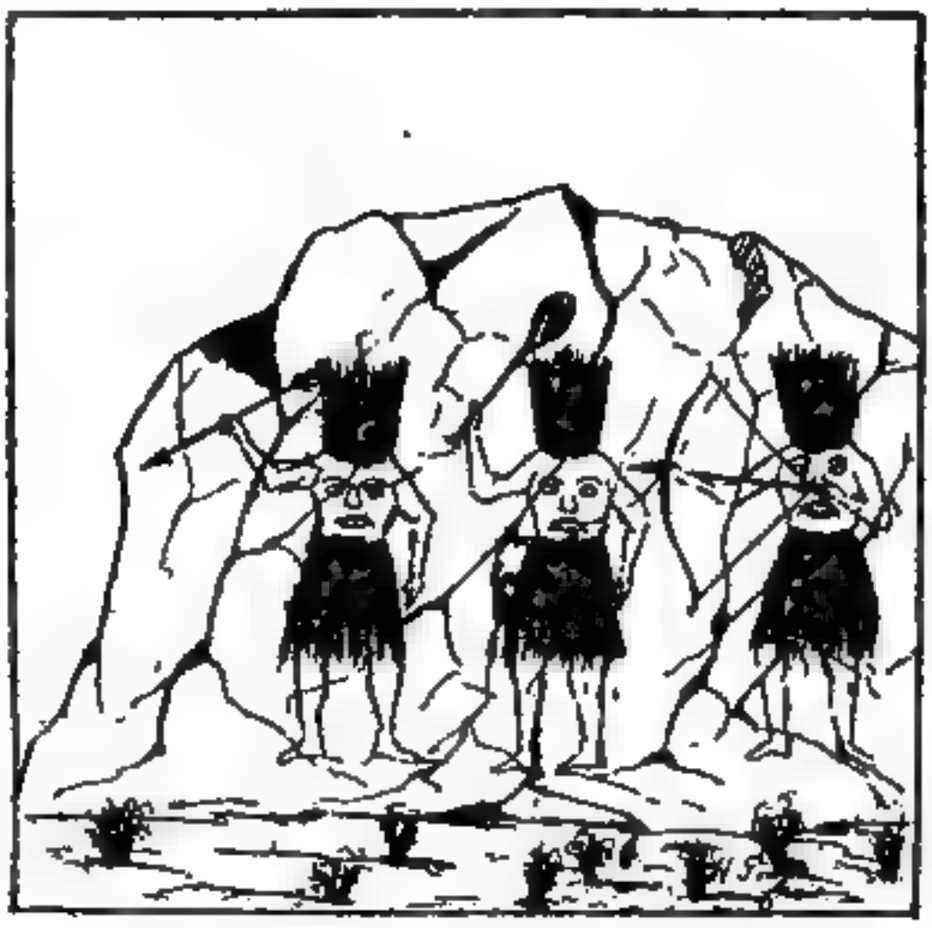
Unwilling that the faithful fellow should self-inflict suffering on our account, yet unwilling to challenge his beliefs, we assured him that there would be no urgent necessity to propitiate his gods before the sixth or seventh day of our absence, when he might have reason to believe that we were in need of aid. To this he finally agreed.

About an hour after noon we moved on again. We had traveled but a short distance when Burani came to a halt on the edge of a natural clearing. In the center of this lay a huge boulder; one of those playthings the gods of creation may have tossed aside in recreation.

"This is the place, *acarewanas*. Beyond this none passes who would not meet the people that are without heads."

The spot seemed a natural gateway to some great country beyond. Back of the boulder the mountains, which had been sweeping in for some time on either side of a great alluvial plain, closed in on both sides of the central river, which here came noisily down a deep ravine.

The latter was, to the fancy, in the nature of a corridor beyond the gateway. Through this corridor Master Godwin and I must travel without Burani and with, at the outset, a most daunting sign to depress even the courageous.



For on the face of the rock was graven—and the graving filled in with coloring matters—a not ill-executed design. Clearly it was the work and art of the Ewaipanoma and a counterfeit presentment of their like.

As Godwin has promised to make a drawing of the figures on the rock, I shall but briefly note that there were three of these in all, each being of an armed warrior

whose peculiar characteristic was that he apparently had no head, and his eyes and nose were situate where a man's breast ordinarily is, while his mouth and beard were in the belly.

The expression of these three misplaced countenances was forbidding and horrible to a degree, no doubt exaggerated by the artist for the purpose of intimidating enemy intruders at the outset.

"What think ye of that, Master Sparrow?" asked Godwin.

"Frankly," I said, "while my stomach rises to my gorge I would fain see more and write down some observation upon this people."

"Well spoken, lad! I am of the same mind."

I turned to Burani. There could be no doubt after one glance at the face of our guide that, if intimidation was the purpose of the graving on the rock, that end was effected in one case at least.

"Burani," I said, "do you say that you have seen such people as these—or anything like?"

"Even so, *acarewana*," said Burani from the edge of the clearing into which curiosity had brought us, but not him. "I have seen them that are like that; only the real is ten times more dreadful to the eye."

"I doubt if that were possible," muttered Godwin, staring at the weird figures. "And you will go no farther, Burani?"

"No, Godawí."

"Very well," said Master Hugh. "Here we will camp for the rest of the day and all night. In the morning Esaparra and I will enter the ravine and trust God for our good fortune beyond."

NEXT morning we saw to the fresh priming of those pistols which we seldom used, or had occasion to use, assured ourselves that our spear-heads were sharp and our quivers well stocked with sound arrows. Then we bade Burani a temporary—we hoped—farewell.

The last we saw of our guide as we turned into the ravine was of a long-haired, half-nude savage squatted by the remains of our camp-fire and staring after us with a wobegone expression which would have been ludicrous had it not been born of a true affection for us and concern for our return. The latter we each secretly shared in a measure.

The ravine appeared almost impassable at first, the precipitous sides of the mountains on either hand dropping almost perpendicularly to the river, which rushed and roared in these narrow confines. There seemed hardly footing on either side, even for a wild goat, until Master Godwin, clawing up the side of the mountain to avoid a sheer cliff against which the bending river plunged, discovered a faint but definite path.

This we followed, finding that it became more defined, as if more used, the farther we traveled. Master Godwin, who in these years has developed an almost expert gift of reading ground-signs, presently stopped and pointed out to me the faint imprint of a human bare foot.

The sign was not new, for, as Godwin demonstrated, tracks of different animals, also animal droppings that were dry and sunbaked, overlapped the footprints.

"They may have no heads," said Godwin, "but they have feet uncommon like some I ha' seen in my own Kentshire; and there, though we have few brains, we still ha' the shell that conceals the lack."

Farther on we encountered more human tracks on what was now apparently the only passway through that ravine. From the way the path became more defined the farther we progressed it was clear that the Ewaipanoma—if it were they who used it—seldom entered here, or far into the gorge, the track becoming fainter as it neared the "gateway" end of the ravine.

But some of these later tracks were middling fresh and it behooved us to go the more warily, although from the size of the footprints we were convinced that the humans who made them were not of the gigantic build accredited them by the fearful river-tribes.

We saw no other signs of human life there until about noon. Then we emerged upon a great valley where the mountains again spread out on either hand, forming a vast circular rampart around a green plain. Over the latter the river, unconfined as in the gorge, meandered more leisurely.

From a high point to which we climbed that we might better reconnoiter we looked down upon a scene which surely must be inhabited by man, if humans there were within a reasonable distance of it. For it was as if here Nature had designed a valley best suited to human needs and human sustenance.

It was sheltered from the winds, nourished by water and the sun, yet high enough above the steaming level of the main river to enjoy fairly dry and temperate nights and days.

We had visual proof that human beings already enjoyed these advantages when we beheld many wide areas of a smooth, bright green—areas so well defined that we could not doubt man had a hand in shaping them.

In the center of this checker-board of rectangular meadows there was one spot of dense, dark greenery over which hung a faint blue haze that was like to wood-smoke. And Master Godwin, whose sight is keener than mine, declared he saw the eaves of brown thatched huts peeping out from among the trees.

"Come!" said my comrade, much elated. "Yonder is nothing to stir over-wariness, Francis. A people who have villages and till the ground would have peace with a stranger rather than kill him in wanton bloodiness. Let us forward! I have a mind to corn-ears after so much eating of red meat."

So we descended the hillside and made a course in the general direction where Master Godwin declared he had seen the huts. My comrade was in high spirits, as ever when he moved toward something beyond, something which challenged his interest and curiosity. He whistled or sang snatches of old English ballads and was boyishly unlike the moody Godwin I had known of late.

But our happy progress was rudely interrupted.

A SPEAR suddenly whizzed past my head. Before I could place the source of it Master Hugh had drawn and fired a pistol.

Then—only then and for a moment clearly—I had a view of the assailant at whom Godwin had fired just as the enemy was fitting a long arrow to a bow. He—if a man it was—stood up on a rock not twenty paces from us.

Clearly against the sky, his body lighted in every detail by the sunlight from behind us, was the most hideous creature I have ever beheld.

The rude graving on the gateway boulder informed my mind at once that here, at last, was one of the Ewaipanoma!

He seemed gigantic against the sky, but in reality the figure was short and broad. It was the manner of his dress that deceived the eye. If I may employ the seeming contradiction, he had the appearance of a gigantic dwarf.

Where his head should have been there was a high, inverted pyramid of stiff grass, or reeds. His face appeared to be on his body, the eyes on his two breasts, the flat nose descending between, a wide, grinning mouth across his belly, and beneath that a heavy fringing which might have been the usual native breech-covering but in this strange creature—and in conjunction with the frightsome mouth—had the appearance of a beard!

All this I saw at a glance; for the attack, Godwin's return shot, and what followed happened with great rapidity.

At the roar of my comrade's pistol, the ball from which missed its mark, the strange figure seemed momentarily rooted to that rock by terror, or surprize. Then—and terror it must have been—the creature dropped the arrow and bow and, turning, made as if to leap from the high rock and make escape on the other side of it.

But in turning the Ewaipanoma tripped in his frantic haste and came tumbling down on our side of the rock. Quick as a jaguar Godwin sprang forward and was on top of the monstrosity before the latter could recover footing.

The two struggled like wild beasts, the Ewaipanoma apparently bent not upon slaying Godwin but on breaking free and making escape. I had drawn my pistol ready to shoot if chance offered, but I would in all likelihood have wounded my comrade as readily as the strange creature, even if I did not miss them both; for they struggled and squirmed madly, rolling over and over, now Godwin on top, now the Ewaipanoma.

But escape the apparition did, presently extricating himself from Godwin's embrace, even as an eel slithers from the grip of a man's two hands. With incredible rapidity the monster leaped around the rock and disappeared before I could fire.

With a yell of fury and disappointment my comrade pursued for a short distance, but presently returned empty-handed and—not playing upon words—staring at his empty hands.

"Gone!" said he to me, and on his face there was a puzzled look. He was still

staring at his hands, which were smeared as with some kind of grease.

All at once the momentarily dampened ardor of Master Godwin regained something of its hillside spirit. He began to laugh.

"Come, Master Sparrow!" he cried. "I am of a mind to enter that village and explain to this fellow that I bear him no ill will and that if he had not hurled a spear at your head I should not have fired my pistol at him. Think ye not we owe that courtesy?"

I stared at my comrade, fearing for the moment that his late mysterious ailment and the hot Guiana sun had unbalanced his mind. But he laughed again, took me by the arm and almost dragged me forward.

"In for a penny, in for a pound!" quoth he. "If he and his kind mean us ill I would as lief ha' my curiosity fed full rather than take a score of *aroras* in my back, retreating."

I saw some logic in this and yielded, although my less courageous soul was not so sanguine of consequences.

That Godwin had taken the wiser course in the long chance was presently made clear.

We had advanced for about half an hour when we heard a crackling in the brush a little ahead of us. No doubt the creature who had escaped Godwin's wrath had raised an alarm and was now returning with reinforcements. It was now to be decided whether good Burani would be under the necessity of allowing himself to be bitten to death by ants.

Out of the brush burst a great number of the Ewaipanoma, all so alike that we could not have identified two of them apart, let alone picked the one who had shirked battle with Godwin.

Apparently they were surprized to come upon us where they did, no doubt thinking we must have retreated far beyond the point where the first monstrosity reported us. We, too, were surprized when, instead of falling upon us—and there were enough of them to make me think of the *Fearless* crew's "hordes"—they turned and fled back to cover of the brush.

"Keep advancing!" whispered Godwin.

Understanding, I followed his example and hint, which was to advance boldly as we had been going, not deviating a foot but marching straight into the ambush of the Ewaipanoma, showing not the least fear of them.

When right at the edge of the cover, so close that a spear-thrust could almost have reached us, Godwin began a speech in the general language of the Orenoqueponi, which varies much but differs little.

The gist of his talk was that we were friends and desired the friendship of the Ewaipanoma; also that the fire-stick with the loud voice had spoken angrily only because enraged that one of the Ewaipanoma should have offered such discourteous welcome to strangers.

There was silence.

I could have thought the land was uninhabited in that moment by any human beings but ourselves. Into the silence crept the faint middle-day drone of the jungle.

Then an inverted triangle of reeds—that which took the place of a head in these creatures—rose above the brush, followed by a huge face seeming to occupy the whole broad torso of a man. A voice—ludicrously soft in comparison with the mouth's frightful aspect—said in a kind of mixed Guiana jargon:

"Whence come the men of the shining skin? Why are they here? What is it they want?"

This led to another and lengthier speech by the ever-ready Godwin, who explained all things concerning our presence. While he was addressing the one who appeared to be chief or king, other monstrosities arose from the grass and I had opportunity to study them at close quarters.

Then I saw that which Godwin must have discovered in the fight with the first creature we encountered.

The faces on their bodies were *painted* on. The real heads of the men were concealed by that inverted pyramid screen of reed-grass which rose from a woven circlet of the same material fitted about the base of the neck. Through these screens I could see—at such near quarters—the whites of real eyes gleaming behind the grass.

For what purpose this extraordinary disguise was adopted I could not imagine at this time, save as it was to intimidate enemies. But presently I was to learn that which still makes its appeal to me as a thing unique and not a little ingenious. . . .

(At this point, these extracts pertaining only to as much of Master Sparrow's narrative as is not duplicated in later and better-known descriptions of Guiana and its peoples, the scrivener enters into a lengthy description of his reception, with Master Hugh Godwin, in the villages of the Ewaipanoma

and of the several days they spent with the tribe. Sparrow deals exhaustively with this hitherto secluded and peace-loving tribe, whose morals, superstitions and mode of life varied little from those of the other Orenoqueponi. They were, however, not a warlike tribe, says the scrivener, but given much to those comforts which are the fruit of agricultural industry. Then Master Sparrow returns to the matter of their "headlessness."—S. C.)

THEIR beautiful valley thus beneficently situate and surrounded by a natural rampart of mountains, their only fear, never having recourse to arms among themselves and having hitherto been unmolested by other tribes, was that some day the valley might be entered by some member of the river Orenoqueponi who, returning to his people with the tale of this valley of milk and honey, might be the means of an invasion by force. For this the Ewaipanoma were totally unprepared.

For many years they trusted to sacrifices as a means of propitiating their gods and winning protection for their valley. Their gods must have been satisfied and pleased, for the Ewaipanoma remained unmolested.

How the "headless" head-dress and the rest of the terrifying disguise came about is a matter of swift evolution from a happy accident which happened just at a time when defensive measures were becoming a necessity.

In this valley there appeared an epidemic disease which, while it did not kill, produced a burning fever and a subsequent inertia that took many months to throw off. This fever was apparently produced by the bite of a fly which, previously unknown in the valley, suddenly appeared in great swarms, evidently bred from some peculiar condition of the river.

These flies would not attack the smooth surface of the body, but sought out the eyes, ears, nostrils, mouth-corners and other moist and more exposed parts. To protect against these insects the Ewaipanoma adopted as a headgear, a covering—a kind of hat—made of grass.

Inasmuch as the skull was already protected by the hair and the flies continued their attacks by ascending under the fringe or rim of the hat, one of the Ewaipanoma—a woman, it is said—devised a grass-screen, a sort of inverted hat, rising from a close-fitting ring about the neck. This screen covered the face and head entirely and allowed of ventilation through the grass.

The curious odor of the latter was nevertheless offensive to certain insects, as is the *pimienta* leaf to some, and the flies did not enter the orifices, or even linger after alighting. This device ended the epidemic.

Then a curious thing happened. A hunter of the Ewaipanoma, wearing this headgear, encountered on the confines of the valley a hunter from one of the river tribes.

The intruder fled, panic-stricken, and no doubt returned to the river with a strange tale of having encountered a man upon whose shoulders grass grew where a head should have been. Other hunters reported similar experience from time to time and the belief in the existence of a headless people grew.

It was then that the Ewaipanoma, seeing their difficulty of defending their valley partly solved by a trivial accident, evolved the idea of adding terror to terror's headlessness by painting eyes and noses and mouths on their bodies and lengthening the customary breech-fringing into the semblance of a beard.

Hence the monstrosities which Martinez and others reported, the men of the *Fearless* claim to have beheld, and hunters of the river-tribes actually to have seen. No doubt the graving on the rock at the entrance to the valley further strengthened the defenses of the Valley of the Ewaipanoma.

AFTER six days among this simple but in some respects curious people, Master Godwin and I were allowed to depart unmolested by the Ewaipanoma, from whom, except for that first collision, we had received nothing but kindness.

It was with an air of dejection that the king, whose name was Aboa, or possibly Abua, bade us farewell.

"I fear me the days of our peace in Ewaipanoma are numbered," he said. "When the fierce tribes of the great river hear of our happiness and prosperity, and that our women are comely and our sons gentle, they will come upon us and slay us and take from us that which is ours."

I found myself looking at Master Godwin, who slowly turned and stared at me, wonder stamped on his face.

"What think you, gentle Francis?" said he in English. "Here is a man after your dreams. By driving a spear though our breasts he could insure the continued peace and security of his valley. Yet it seems not

to have occurred to him as a solution."

Then I spoke, who had hitherto left all oratory to the abler Master-Godwin; but I was profoundly touched by the king's simplicity.

"King," I said, "be at rest in your heart. To but one shall we relate these things. He is king of the tribe which naturally guards the entrance to this valley—the Aromaia. King Taruma is our friend and brother; also he is gentle, wise and a king after a man's heart. Far from his knowledge imperiling the peace of the Ewaipanoma, their valley shall rest the more secure in that Taruma honors and guards its secret."

And so we took our departure, escorted to the gorge by a score of the hideously bedaubed "headless" warriors who, behind their monstrous appearing were as gentle children of the sun. They left us at the ravine path by which we had entered and watched us until we were out of sight.

We reached the gateway in a few hours. On the other side of the clearing, seated disconsolately staring at the great boulder with the graven figures of dread on the face of it, we found Burani.

At sight of us he raised no cry of relief or gladness; nor did he ask any question of us, then or afterward. Only the look of utter despair went from his leathern countenance and he rose to his feet.

"It is the seventh day," said he. "Already I had found me an ant's nest but an arrow's flight from here. But the *acarewanas* are here. It is well. What do they say? It is straight into the noon sun to the villages of the Aromaia."

WHEN we related of our adventures to Taruma the young king's face became thoughtful and, I imagined, touched with a kind of melancholy brooding.

"You spoke for me, my brother Esaparra," he said, "as from my own heart and with my own tongue. To no other speak of these things yet awhile. I would that my people, the Aromaia, were as sure of peace as the Ewaipanoma through me.

"For all our former days are numbered, my friends. So spoke my forerunner, the wise and ancient Topiawari. This he read in the coming of the Spanish ships, and again in the coming of Capuaralli. For did not these fight against one another? For what, my brothers?

"The riches of this our country. And when the river descends does it consider the trees that grow upon its banks, even though they have become rooted there by time and in seeming security?

"Nay, *acarewanas*. I see and I read the signs as did the ancient of the Aromaia. We shall be swept away. But I would that I could behold my friend, Capuaralli, again, for into his hands I might safely lay my kingdom and my people."

Ay! But where was he—Capuaralli—Sir Walter Raleigh? Why had he not returned?

VII

October 23, 1611.

I BELIEVE that I am now able to set down some connected statement of the strange matter. Therefore I do so, in order that I may better resolve my own conception of the affair, which has caused me secret harassment for several weeks. It concerns my dear comrade, Godwin, his general welfare and peace of mind.

Imprimis. About two months ago there came to Morequito and the house of King Taruma a very aged woman. She came up the river in a *canoa* manned by a dozen Indians who were far from being of the warrior type. Godwin and I at once surmised that they were men of Carraori and that the old woman, by her general boldness of bearing and insolence of tongue, had been in her day an Amazon of some renown.

Master Godwin was at once vastly interested and abandoned all other employ during the several days these people were with us.

Their reception by Taruma and his people was odd. None seemed to pay the least attention to their presence in the village after the woman had greeted Taruma and fiercely proffered him a single arrow, which the king took with a faint smile but a grave inclination of his head.

"Is it war, think ye, Francis?" whispered Godwin.

"Not if it secretly amuses Taruma," I answered.

Thereafter the old hag and her wretched male attendants drew apart and remained thus for two days. That is to say, when they were not in the huts set aside for them they did not mix with the Aromaia, but sat in the shade of Taruma's *ceiba* tree, the old

hag apparently in a continuous doze, her serfs frankly asleep, except when Taruma's people brought food, silently laid it down and went away without exchanging further courtesies.

"Although the Aromaia pretended to be as indifferent to the Carraori's presence as these were seemingly oblivious to their immediate surroundings, it was clear enough that there was suppressed excitement in the village. Half-suspecting that the embassy of the hag had to do with the delicate matter of the Love-Moon, Godwin and I refrained from questioning Taruma or any of his people.

Indeed, I turned me to mine own affairs; but Master Godwin, strangely interested, it seemed to me, never for long let the woman out of his sight or, I suspect, the probable matter of her embassy out of his mind.

Late in the evening of the second day he came to me and whispered somewhat mysteriously—

"Taruma and his chiefs hold council upon the Arrow of Carraori."

"And when they have done, no doubt Taruma and his chiefs will sleep," I said, turning in my fiber hammock as a hint that I declined conversation.

"And Aruba the Arrow-Maker," Godwin persisted, "has been commanded to make the 'Turned Arora.'"

I refused to read riddles, being sleepy, and there was no more of the matter that night.

But next day I remembered Master Godwin's mysterious speeches when, about noon, I saw Taruma come from his house and walk toward the group beneath the *ceiba* tree. The king was followed by his chiefs, the oldest of whom, Barualli, walked by his liege lord's side.

Taruma carried in his right hand an odd-looking arrow. This he presented in silence to the old hag. She took it with a faint smile which was almost like a smirk of condescension, and then spoke sharply to her male slaves. She and they, launching their *canoa*, went away as mysteriously as they had come.

"The Aromaia have accepted," said Godwin when we were alone together once more. "The Love-Moon of the Amazons approaches. This year the Aromaia are honored once more. The arrow the old witch brought was in the nature of invitation to love or war.

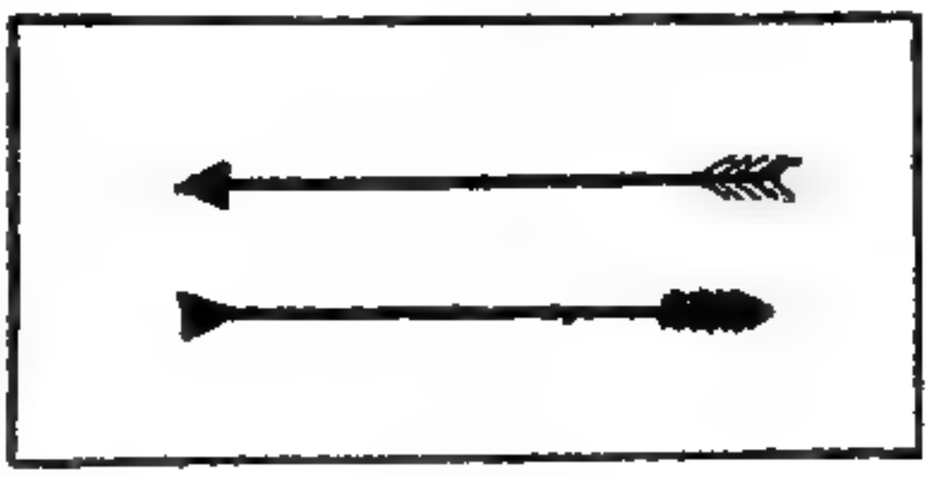
"Ye did not note, Francis, how oddly 'twas proffered? Had Taruma refused the arrow or returned it just as it came to his people, the Amazons would have counted the Aromaia among their mortal enemies. But you saw the nature of that which Taruma returned?"

"I did not mark it closely, Hugh," I said.

"It was another arrow, one that was made by Aruba the Arrow-Maker, at the council's command. It is called the Turned Arora, for that——

"But look you!" he broke off, seizing a stick and scraping some outlines on the ground. "The two arrows tell their own tale. See how, in the second, war is disclaimed and the Aromaia seem to offer peace to the Carraori."

The figures Master Godwin had scraped upon the ground were like to these:



INDEED, I had observed that the arrow which Taruma gave to the woman was an odd-looking weapon, the point of the arrowhead turned back upon the shaft and the feathering also reversed. Such an arrow could never fly in anger.

"Well?" said I, more interested in my comrade's interest than in the Turned Arora.

The directness of the unspoken question momentarily disconcerted Hugh Godwin. Our eyes met for an instant, then his fell before mine and he turned away like a growing lad caught in sentiment.

For a few moments he sulked, his back toward me, his brown arms folded across his broad, naked breast. At last——

"Francis," he said; am I not of Aromaia?"

"Even so," I affirmed. "Even of the royal blood of Aromaia, as I am; for did we not open our veins and mingle our blood with that which dripped from Taruma's arm?"

"Therefore I go to Carraori," said Godwin abruptly.

I made no reply. Presently he went on as if he felt need to justify himself.

"It is not good that a man should live alone."

"So saith St. Paul!" I chuckled.

"Therefore I choose to take to me a wife," said Godwin with a challenging note.

"Or be chosen?" I said. "In the manner of the Amazons, Hugh?"

He spun around upon me somewhat fiercely.

"You do not understand, Master Sparrow. The customs of the Amazons are as good and moral as those of any other people—for that they *are* customs and so honored. But I am not of their race and myself would not so honor their customs, but that——"

He stopped. His face reddened beneath its tan. I could see it was difficult for him to utter the unaccustomed sentiment which hesitated on his tongue.

"But that—?" I echoed. "Speak, man, an you be not ashamed of what ye would say."

"But that," he said slowly, as one would take the plunge but still hesitates, "there has lingered in my memory a face—the face of a woman of that tribe, Francis. Aye, for four years, waking or sleeping, it has been with me, Francis. I do believe I love, comrade, but I would know of a certainty. I go to look upon that face again. When I see it again I shall know."

I fell silent. To my mind came memories of that night at Carraori when my comrade lay upon the ground, the moonlight and firelight flickering upon his face, his eyes fixed upon the beauty of the young queen of the Amazons—Aterima. I remembered again how he clutched me by the arm, and his words—

"Saw ye ever a woman like that, Francis?"

And Taruma had said that Queen Aterima was expected to choose a consort!

"Why do ye not speak?" Godwin demanded of me almost fiercely. "Your silence is like the smile of one who holds himself superior to human weakness. I tell you, Francis Sparrow——"

"One moment, comrade!" I interrupted, alarmed at the darkling wrath of misunderstanding on his face. My mind misgave me much in this matter of his; but, after all, he was a man of grown stature, and his lot—to say nothing of mine—was like to be cast for a lifetime on this other side of beyond.

I could not reproach him, even if deep in mine own heart was enshrined the memory of a lass who lived by Aldgate—a lass who was now probably wedded and a mother! But my mind somehow misgave me. All I said was:

"Comrade Hugh. We ha' been like brothers these many years. If I would remain in your affection it behooves me to approve my brother's choice in love. This is a piece of wisdom I culled early from the pages of history."

He stared at me for a moment, then burst out laughing. It seemed to me there was a note of relief in the sound. He smote me most discomfortingly on the back and cried:

"Francis! Thine ancestors misnamed thee Sparrow. Tha'rt a very owl for wisdom. But I love thee, old Owl!"

When the September moon was nigh three-quarters full the warriors of the Aromaia departed down the river to participate in the ceremonies of the Amazons' Love-Moon.

Master Hugh Godwin, map-maker, went with them, himself so like a warrior of the Orenoqueponi in dress and smartness that only his blue eyes and light beard betrayed him for one of the Sea-Born.

THE warriors were gone five weeks. But I was not left in ignorance of what occurred at Carraori in the meantime.

Burani grounded his *canoa* before Morequito one hot afternoon and came into the village. First, he greeted Taruma, for whom he had brought a gift worthy of a savage king—the skin of a boa-constrictor, the like of which in size never was since Noah selected the best of each species.

Afterward, the old Indian came to me where I sat on the shady side of my palm-thatch hut, copying my notes with a quill dipped in stain of the wild banana. He stood before me and, smiled in his half-witted, half-wise manner.

"Esaparra," he said. "I saw Carraori when the moon was round."

"You bring me news of Godawí?" I asked quickly.

"Even so, *acarewana*. Godawí is greatly honored. But is he not, also, of the Sea-Born? Is it not right that the jaguar should mate with its spots, which the puma

lacks? Aterima, Queen of the Amazons, chose Godawí her mate."

"Sent he any message to me?" I asked after a long time; and I was conscious that my voice was curiously faint and distant to my own hearing.

"Nay, Esaparra!" chuckled Burani. "For many reasons Godawí sent no message. He knew not that Burani was there. Nor did the women warriors; else Burani could not be here. And in the mating-time does the wooer have thought for friend or enemy? Nay, Esaparra, like Godawí, he sings under the moon—and the wine of Carraori is a strong brew."

That was all. A sense of sadness fell upon me that was not altogether for my headstrong comrade, but rather for myself. I imagined the Valley of the Moon bathed in the bluish-white radiance of the full orb of night. I could hear the singing of the maidens. For a moment I tasted the wine of love and my blood tingled and raced before that fiery influence.

Ah, Godwin! So 'tis to be mad, but young in spirit. Ah, Sparrow! So 'tis to be wise—but an owl!

WHEN the warriors returned my eyes at once sought out Godwin. And at once I saw he was no longer the lad who had left Morequito five weeks before.

I was prepared to meet him with a merry eye and a jest. But my heart sank within me as he laid a hand on my shoulder without meeting my gaze and then walked away with never a word.

What could it mean?

Thereafter he went about his affairs as before, but without that lightness of heart which had once been his chiefest characteristic. He was as he had been in these periods of depression after his first visit with me to Carraori; only much more so.

I pondered considerably on the matter. Could it be that he was bitten with remorse for having fallen to the moral level of these people? Was it that, having gone to Carraori, been chosen by the lovely Aterima and dreamed through the moon's wane with his light-o'-love in one long feast of food, wine and passion, he had awakened to the taste of debauchery's lees?

But I was mistaken then, as I had been from the beginning, in the integrity of my comrade, Hugh Godwin.

We, of course, occupied the same hut in Taruma's village and I was aware that Godwin was very restless in the nights, turning, tossing and sighing deeply at intervals.

One night he spoke in the darkness, as if well he knew that I was lying awake and aware of his sleeplessness.

"Francis," he said.

"Ay, Hugh?" I responded at once.

There was silence. To encourage him to unburden himself of that which was weighing upon his spirit I presently said:

"What ails you, comrade? In what way can I help?"

"Francis," he said after a while, "I ha' played with fire and I am burned. I was not sure until I saw her face again. When our eyes met it was as if we had always known each other and had looked for each other's coming.

"Comrade—I love Aterima, the little lady who is queen of the Amazons, yet bound hand and foot by their customs. And she loves me, Francis—loves me as we of the Sea-Born love."

"I understand," I said, awed to respect and gravity by the tragedy which I thought I foresaw. "God help you both."

"We will ha' need of His help," said Godwin bitterly.

Indeed they would. If it be not good that a man should live alone, it is worse that when he hath found his mate they should be compelled by circumstance or prejudice or religion to dwell apart.

In Godwin's case—as I saw it in that moment—he was husband to Aterima only by sufferance of the law and was the humblest member of his own domestic family. He could not look upon her face except for a brief period every so many years, and only then if the Council of Elder Women of the Amazons chose to invite the Aromaia as a tribe—which tribe happened to include Hugh Godwin in its manhood.

And if by her chosen consort—Hugh Godwin, whom she loved as the Sea-Born love—Aterima failed to discharge the curious obligations laid upon her by the tribe, then by the unwritten law of the Amazons, even if she were their queen, she must choose another consort.

"God help you both," I repeated in the darkness of the palm-thatch hut in Taruma's village.

"Amen to that!" Master Hugh responded.

After which we both fell silent.

VIII

May, 1612.

SO FAR this year nothing has transpired worthy of special note. Godwin and I, sometimes accompanied by Taruma or Burani, have continued our explorations, charting and making notes on our observations.

Save for a certain gravity of bearing and less frequent outbursts of animal spirits, in no way has my comrade again betrayed that which so sat upon his heart and mind after his second return from Carraori.

There have been times when I believed—as I hoped—that the flame of his love for Aterima was dimming like a lantern which is not fed with the fuel that keeps it alight. But then again some small shadow on his face, brought there by a passing reference to Carraori, or some distant association with that place, convinces me that the wound is unhealed and like to remain so.

I know against what impulse he must often do battle. As a man—a white man of a race which dominates over circumstance, so that it may not be dominated—he would rise up and assert that manhood in the face of the Amazons and all their laws; stride into their village of Carraori, proclaim his love for Aterima and her love for him, declare himself her lord and master and defy any to oppose his will.

This he would do, I feel sure, but is deterred by the fear of consequences to the woman who hath given her happiness into his keeping. To yield to that natural impulse of his headstrong temperament would assuredly provoke some crisis in Aterima's realm.

The queen herself might be deposed—slain—anything! Even if half her people sympathized with her and Godwin, the least that might be expected would be a revolt.

Rather than precipitate a crisis of this nature, the less impulsive side of my comrade bids him be patient and await some natural outcome of his and Aterima's dilemma.

For, mark this: The crux of their situation can not occur within two years, or—should she become the mother of a daughter in the meantime—within four, if she chooses to delay the latter length of time before selecting a consort who may or may not be the man she holds her husband before whatever god or gods she holds sacred.

With this leeway of time, if their love is indeed true it should not suffer. What may happen thereafter, however, is enfolded in doubt.

And in the meantime I suspect that he is not without news of her, even messages from her, the bearer of the latter no other than Burani, who continues to come and go amongst the Orenoqueponi.

The lone Indian's visits to Morequito have been more frequent in the last eight months, also more regular, as if he came at set intervals upon some business which is not apparent save as it may concern Master Godwin.

Many times during these visits I have seen these two, Godwin and Burani, draw apart and engage in earnest converse. Sometimes after these close conferrings my comrade has appeared either happy or depressed and would remain so for several days.

Once, after a week of acute restlessness, at a time when Burani was in the village, he and the Indian disappeared together. Godwin returned alone and vouchsafed no explanation of his first absence without me. Pride, a little hurt at the time, forbade that I should question him. But so it is between comrades when love of a woman beclouds, without diminishing, that of a David for his Jonathan.

I knew, without mere words on either side, that he had been to Carraori. What he had hoped to accomplish, what risks he had chanced, whether he had spoken with the woman of his heart or been content merely to look upon her from the shelter of the brush or the vantage of some hilltop, I do not know. But some day in his own good time I am sure he will tell me.

In the meantime, I have racked my wits for further ways and means of diversion, and to the latter end I have proposed to him that we seek out the place which the Spaniards call *El Dorado* and confirm, or dispel, the rumors brought to Europe by various explorers, mainly Juan Martinez, the Spaniard who claimed to have been there.

Into this proposed adventure Godwin has entered with something of his ancient spirit, and I write these notes before starting, lest by any mischance we fail to return.

IX

Morequito, July, 1612

WE DID not travel blindly in our search for El Dorado, which matter we pursued in the month of June, and from which place we have recently returned to our dwelling among the Aromaia.

The company of the *Fearless* was there in 1597—much against their will, it should be stated. They were captured by a band of Orejones, as the inhabitants of El Dorado were named by the Spaniards, and taken to Manoa.

This is the native name for the supposed City of Gold. There they were held for a time, but spared for that they were not Spaniards, and finally released for that they were indeed enemies of the Spaniards, against whom the Orejones nurse a great hatred.

The reason for this hatred is this—if one may credit the tale told by Juan Martinez to the monk of Puerto Rico:

The Orejones, or long-eared people, are indeed the Incas who dwelt in Peru. A small band of them fled Peru at the time of the Emperor Atahualpa's murder rather than submit to the extortionate tyranny of the Spanish *conquistadores* under the brutal Pizarro. With them as they fled they carried Guascar, a nephew of Atahualpa.

Crossing the Andes, these Incas traveled and travailed much, like the Israelites of old, and finally found a Land of Milk and Honey in the westernmost part of Guiana. There they settled, named Guascar their king, as indeed rightfully he was, built a town after the manner of the Incas and dwelt in comparative peace and happiness for many years, unmolesting and unmolested, observing their own ancient customs and mingling none with the Orenoqueponi, upon whom they looked with more or less condescension.

This much of Martinez' account it was safe to credit, but not that further part which I now know, as I before suspected, to be mainly the warmth of the good Juan's fiery imagination. I mean that part where he declares that the streets were paved with gold, the domestic utensils fashioned of the purest yellow metal, *et cetera*.

Yet this might be possible if Manoa lay, as Taruma assured us it did, less than a score of leagues beyond and to the southwest of the Mountain of Gold which we had previously visited. But, on the other hand, a youth named Butshead, who had been an assayer's clerk in London and was with the *Fearless* company, told Godwin that while there was much gold among these Peruvians most of the yellow metal in common use among them was but *madre del oro*, or "fool's gold," or as we say in England where it also occurs, "sheep's gold."

This is but iron or copper sulphides. The which has often made me wonder if indeed our "shining mountain" was but a mass of this worthless dross and all our agonies of Tantalus at beholding it but a waste of good emotion.

Our course lay in the direction we took upon our first visit to the "shining mountain," camping the first night on the island of Caima.

Thereafter, as before, we hid our *canoa* in the jungle below the falls of Caroni, circumvented the precipices about the cataract, and on foot continued our journey through that dense jungle of which I have previously made note.

Our course through this labyrinth was directly west by Godwin's compass; which course we had established during our previous excursion to the shining landmark.

Half a day's march, one night's camp and further progress during a portion of the following day brought us to the Mountain of Gold. There, for several reasons, we did not linger, although this time the presence of so much useless—to us, at least—ore did not affect us as much as it had done when we previously saw it. Godwin laughed, where before he had burst into tears of exasperation.

He said that men were fools not to understand that life holds better things than gold, and that gold is no better than tin—aye, and less useful—save as men hold it so.

Our main reasons for pressing forward, however, were two. First, there was no water nearer than the river or its tributaries, the nearest of the latter, where Taruma had speared the fish, being a league off. Then we wished to make camp nearer to Manoa, so that we might have the whole of the morrow for our observings of that place.

Close upon nightfall we came to the top of a hill some five leagues beyond the "shining mountain" and beheld that which informed us we had come within reach of our destination.

About five leagues farther on, lying in the bottom of a great bowl among the hills, was a long, narrow lake. The extent of this we could not determine on account of the failing light and the fact that arms of this body of water were hidden by peninsular ridges.

But on the farther side of this lake appeared glimmering fires, so that we knew

a fairly large settlement was there and were confident that it was Manoa, or El Dorado.

We did not fall asleep until late that night, so great was our curiosity, our speculation, upon what the morrow would reveal. Thereafter we slept so heavily that we would not have been up betimes in the morning had not the sun awakened us with a fierce, scorching flail.

Our first glance was naturally toward the distant lake. Now that we could descry shapes of houses—and houses of stone apparently—our excitement drove all weariness or desire of sleep from our brains and bodies.

We made a hasty breakfast of *cassava* cakes and dried fish and took our way over the estimated five leagues between us and the lake, Godwin having set the course by his compass at nearly southwest from the hill where we had camped.

Only at intervals thereafter did we catch glimpses of the lake and the town. This was when our journeyings brought us to some elevation. But these glimpses afforded us, as we progressed, better views of El Dorado and particularly concerning the size of the settlement and the extent of the lake.

The latter, I presently became aware, was not very large, and the town was not extensive either. Observing these things I pointed out to my comrade that it would be wise if we took in sail on the argosy of our anticipations, as it was already proven to me that Juan Martinez had crammed overmuch on the barque of his fancies.

For mark ye this: In his narrative the Spaniard had spoken of this lake—the existence of which before our eyes proving to us that at least he had been there—as a body of water some two hundred leagues long; a salt lake upon which the king, Guascar, occasionally pleasured himself by sailing in a great galleon with gilded upperworks and finishings of pure gold.

Yet the lake we beheld was but a large pond, not more than a few leagues in length and perhaps a half-league across at its greatest width. And we beheld no "great galleon" upon it, but only a few *canoas*.

Then again, Martinez—who may have had fever, or overdrunk himself of the fiery brew for which the Orejones are famous, and conceived all things in exaggeration—declared that the city of El Dorado was so vast that it took him a day and a half to travel from its edge by the lakeside to the emperor's palace in the middle of the city.

The town which we now beheld in that perspective which seldom deceives, as to relative proportions, at least, was a fairly large settlement for this region, but, at that, not much larger than my native village of Budleigh in Devon!

Yet if Martinez included the outlying farms of Guascar's kingdon in the "city" of El Dorado, then indeed he spoke truth; for as far as the eye could reach on the sloping sides of the bowl beyond the lake—a good day's journey to where the hilly horizon touched the sky—the land had the appearance of careful cultivation, mapped out in squares and oblongs where the ground was fairly even and, where broken, terraced in a high degree of painstaking husbandry.

WHEN we reached the near side of the lake we discovered no means of crossing at once. Perhaps the body of water marked the boundary of Guascar's kingdom, or his people kept to the western side in fear or respect of their eastern neighbors, the Aromaia, the "headless" Ewaipanoma, the Maquarima and the other Orenoqueponi.

As there was no other way of reaching the settlement, Godwin and I decided to circumscribe the north end of the lake on foot. The which we did in the course of about two hours, reaching El Dorado in three.

But before coming to the town we encountered some of Guascar's people, whose dwellings occurred thickly after we had turned the northern end of the lake.

For the most part these people were of the lower classes, laborers of the field, and differing none from the same wretched type of the river-tribes, except perhaps that their features were harsher, sharper, more viciously intelligent.

They were at first merely suspicious of us strangers, believing us intruders from the river; for at sight our appearance in the dress of the Orenoqueponi was deceiving. But when they saw that we were white men suspicion turned to hatred, not unmingled with fear.

They did not offer to molest us, but, casting looks of malevolence, retired to their dwellings, armed themselves, reappeared and followed us at a respectful distance as we continued along a now well-defined roadway toward Guascar's capital.

By the time we came to if we had a train behind us. Some of the natives who had followed now ran ahead with news of our coming.

As a result, at the edge of the town proper we were greeted by a great throng, every face in which was stamped with surprize or fear or astonishment, or—and mainly—resentment of our presence. In the fore of the crowd were a number of stalwart warriors armed with spears, bows and well-filled quivers.

"Comrade," said Master Godwin with a reckless laugh, "we ha' stumbled into a hornet's nest, I be thinking. When last didst prime thy pistol?"

"This very morning, even as you did," I answered. "But curb that temper of thine, Hugh. Hornets, they say, are harmless—unharmed."

"I hear ye, old Owl! But at the first sting, I fire!"

And the first sting came promptly. I do not now blame Godwin that he carried out this threat, for the hornets descended without warning, without provocation, and in such number that diplomacy would have been wasted.

The armed warriors, whom I afterward learned were civil guards—a kind of police body—suddenly rushed and surrounded us with uplifted spears. Without offering any alternative they proceed to maul us as a preliminary to making us captive.

Godwin quickly drew his pistol and fired. Luckily, he did not kill any one. More luckily, as it turned out, his bullet took a a piece of warrior's ear off!

I shall never forget what happened then. The hubbub ceased; the warriors fell back, astonished; and all seemed to be staring either at the weapon in Godwin's hand or at the warrior who, having carefully felt the bleeding side of his head, was dazedly—and I write that which is a fact—*looking around him upon the ground for the piece!*

For a moment I thought it probable that these people were unacquainted with firearms; but then I knew that, far from this being the case, while the younger generations might have no personal knowledge of them, their elders must have handed down the tradition of Pizarro's men and their smoking death-tubes.

We were in excellent good luck. These people were mortally afraid of these firearms which, through nearly a century of story-telling and exaggeration, had probably acquired in their belief, supernatural powers. I whispered this thought to Godwin, who grunted—

"Good, lad!" and promptly follówed my cue.

As usual, he made a speech, inventing the matter of it as he went along. He had heard of the nobility of the Incas and was therefore surprized, grieved that they should thus fall upon "emissaries sent by a neighboring king" to offer friendship and love to the great Guascar.

He promised—promised, mind you!—that he would not call upon his smoking-god to steal away any more ears, or heads, if the warriors at once lowered their weapons and conducted us to the presence of King Guascar.

They must have understood some of the general Orenoqueponi dialect he used, for the Incas relented after some consultation among themselves.

A TRUCE established, we then made an almost triumphal entry into El Dorado! . . .

(Note: At this point Master Sparrow devotes many pages of his Ms. to his impressions of El Dorado, or Manoa, at the time of his visit there with Hugh Godwin. Inasmuch as he confesses to disillusion on many points concerning this fabled place, it is only necessary to summarize the main facts, which follow:

Martinez had exaggerated all things. The "City of Gold" was but a small town and its riches not extraordinary.

The people were spasmodically industrious, as was evidenced by their agricultural works. They were not without art, as was plain in the excellence of their building structures, which were of stone and of designs peculiar to old Peruvian civilization.

These buildings, however, and the people themselves, showed signs of decadence, to which two things contributed. One was the racial failing—inebriety. The other was the scarcity of women, few of whom survived the march across the Andes, and the consequent demoralization of that few.

The city was not paved with gold, although the central thoroughfare and the plaza before Guascar's "palace" were paved with some hard material which had the appearance of crushed ore or the refuse of some refining process.

Most of the utensils employed in Guascar's "palace" were of gold, and many of the domestic utensils used even by the humble were also of the pure yellow metal, which, however, was held in little esteen save for its color and ease in fashioning to shape.

All of the people wore ornaments of gold, particularly the heavy ear ornamentations which gained these people their sobriquet of "long-ears." But all these body ornamentations, says the scrivener, were

touched with an antiquity which suggested that they had been brought originally from Peru in the exodus and the gold of them was not of local production.

That they were indeed Peruvians and Incas was suggested by a symbol which commonly appeared over doorways, graven on shields and surmounting the top of Guascar's house—the image of "a long-necked sheep," as Sparrow describes it—probably the Peruvian llama.

Francis Sparrow and Hugh Godwin spent about a week in El Dorado, during which they were royally entertained after abatement of the first suspicions concerning their presence, identity and purpose. But "royal entertainment" here seems to have been in the nature of a constant invitation to become intoxicated.—S. C.)

AND so, while our expedition had achieved its end, we were generally disappointed in El Dorado and the Incas. They are, as a people, withering away and I can safely prophesy that soon they will vanish from their place and memory in Guiana for that a strange apathy has fallen upon them. They drink to excess. The children of their women are often ill-born and for the most part indifferently reared. The quondam glory of Inca civilization is here either forgotten or past ripeness.

The king, Guascar, was an extraordinary creature and not at all admirable. How he has survived these many years of debauchery is a miracle; yet the fact remains that at this time he is well over a hundred years old. He did not know his own age when asked, but he remembered his uncle, the Emperor Atahualpa, and he remembered Pizarro—speaking of that Spaniard with bloodshot eyes and twitching fingers—and he stated that he was a grown man in stature, if not years, when this remnant of his people fled Peru.

Inasmuch as Pizarro murdered Atahualpa sometime about the year 1530, and that this is the year 1612, my own calculation—Guascar's years of early manhood added to eighty-two years which have elapsed since the exodus—would make this king well over a hundred.

He showed his age in many ways, although his physical body was stamped with the mark of excess more than of Time. But his childish dotage, garrulous talk and bursts of senile rage in which his voice became *falsetto* and he would almost fall in a fit—these things revealed a very old man.

Ever at his right hand was an immense golden cup kept brimming with liquor. If by any chance it was neglected by his attendants he would fly into a great fury.

To appease these ravings, to prevent them, rather, his courtiers—chiefs as old as himself—kept him well plied with the brew and themselves drank with him. Never have I imagined such a tragic spectacle of a royal court.

Once a year these people held a strange ceremony which we were not privileged to witness at this time but which Juan Martinez recorded. He said that they worshipped the full moon on this occasion, that the men covered their bodies with gold-dust blown upon some resinous paint and that, thus gilded from head to foot, they drank and danced until they fell senseless from exhaustion or intoxication.

I can almost believe this to be true, even if it is Juan Martinez who is authority. I saw enough to convince me of its probability, at least.

But one incident occurred during our sojourn which I think worthy of a place in these notes. It occurred at our first meeting with Guascar.

Learning that we were not Spaniards but ancient enemies of Spain, the king decided not to have us slain for his entertainment. In fact he at once ordered that we seal the proposed friendship of Guascar of the Orejones and Taruma of the Aromaia with large libations of that flaming liquor which is at the root of this people's decadence.

As pretended ambassadors of Taruma, we could not well refuse, and I am of the opinion that Godwin even hailed the opportunity to become merry. His behavior during the days we spent in El Dorado was not as exemplary as it might have been!

But Guascar, learning of the pistol-shot which had stolen a man's ear, was curious to know more. He admitted that it was this evil weapon which had rendered Atahualpa's people helpless against the Spaniards. Of firearms he knew a little—their power, at least; but he could not understand how this power operated. He demanded that Master Godwin demonstrate.

Godwin borrowed my pistol, his own being empty, and pointed it at Guascar's breast.

"I have but to command it to speak," said he, "and the great Guascar would fall dead."

When this was interpreted by one familiar with the Orenoqueponi tongue, the king fel

into a panic of fear. I thought Godwin had gone too far, for the aged man was like to die of some sort of convulsion. But when my comrade explained that the smoking-god loved Guascar too much to do him evil, the king revived somewhat—his curiosity also.

He pointed to one of his guards and said—"Make *him* fall dead."

The guard never moved, but his dark face turned to a greenish hue.

"Hath he done evil?" asked Godwin. "The smoking-god harms none who deserves not to be hurt."

Guascar admitted that the warrior had done no particular wrong, although he peevishly added that that should make no difference.

But presently Guascar had a better thought. He laughed and clapped his hands and chattered like a spoiled child. It appears there was an Orejone who had committed some crime and was to be executed. The king's brilliant thought was to have the smoking-god demonstrate its powers upon this felon.

Godwin turned to me. His face was flushed from the liquor, but it also bore a stamp of conscientious dismay.

" 'Twould seem I am to be royal executioner," he said with a wry grimace.

"Better that than be royally executed," quoth I.

"Aye, Owl; but it goes against my stomach."

In the meantime, guards had gone off to fetch the criminal.

"Of what was this man guilty?" Godwin asked of Guascar, through the interpreter.

"Believing that his wife was faithless," was the reply, "he took her into the jungle, stripped her naked, smeared her body with fat and bound her to an ant's nest."

Godwin's face darkened, then cleared a little.

"Was he justified in this act? Was she, indeed, a faithless woman to her lord?"

"Nay," was the reply. "It was proven, after her bones were found, picked clean, that he himself was faithless, casting his eyes upon another's wife while seeking to be rid of his own."

"Ah!" said Godwin; and I thought that was the end of his scruple.

The fiend who had committed this crime was brought into the *plaza*, facing which sat Guascar and his chiefs. The murderer was an unprepossessing person with shifty eyes and a heavy, lecherous face.

At sight of the man I felt that I myself would have scrupled not in the least to do justice upon him. Yet Master Godwin was uneasy.

"Sparrow," he whispered, "I can not do it, even though it is a death too good for the wretch. Yet——"

Suddenly his face brightened and he turned to the king.

"Lo, Guascar!" he cried. "It has come to me from the air that I an unworthy to do this just act. A voice commands me say that it is the hand of the royal Guascar that must release the smoking-god's wrath."

When this was made clear by the interpreter the king appeared to fall ill again. He could not be induced to touch the pistol, let alone receive instruction upon what he was to do with it.

Godwin groaned; but again a ready wit came to his aid.

"The voice commands me say that it will not be necessary for the royal Guascar to condescend to touch the smoking-god," he said. "Yet it shall be his power which slays this human demon.

"Command, oh Guascar, that I be given a length of cord, such as the women make to bind."

The cord was quickly forthcoming. While Godwin cut a few feet off one end, he instructed the guards to set up the criminal against a palm bole about twelve paces from a pillar that stood a few yards from where Guascar sat.

This was done. Quickly Godwin laid the pistol along the side of the pillar, ran his eye along the barrel and adjusted it so that it was trained exactly on the inhuman creature's heart. My comrade then whispered to me to bind the weapon tightly as he held it.

When this was done my comrade again adjusted the weapon's aim, correcting it with bits of stick wedged here and there. Then he tied one end of the long lanyard to the trigger. Giving the other end to Guascar, he said—

"Now may it please you, king, to pull upon this line when I speak the word."

There was a great hush upon the watching throng that hemmed two sides of the plaza and grouped behind Guascar. The guards stood on either side of the condemned man. At these Godwin looked uneasily. If anything went wrong—if the pistol sagged—if

the criminal, growing suspicious, began to struggle— But Godwin decided to chance.

He cocked the bound pistol, sighted it once more to see that the action had not dislodged the train of the weapon, and stepped back.

"Now!" he cried in a loud voice. "It is the will of King Guascar that this man die for his offense.

"Die!" shouted Godwin, at the same time making the signal to Guascar, who shut his eyes tight and pulled upon the lanyard.

There came a loud report. The criminal's knees buckled under him and he collapsed between the astonished guards.

For a moment there was no sound but the echoes of the pistol-shot. The guards were staring down at their dead charge.

Guascar opened his eyes and also stared, mouth agape. Then, as it dawned upon him that the matter had resulted as Godwin had said the voice commanded, the senile monarch became as delighted as a pleased child.

He commanded that the body be brought for his examination. When he saw the bullet-hole, Guascar shed senile tears of pride and joy, clapped his hands and commanded that liquor be brought for himself, Godwin, me, the chiefs, the guards, the people—everybody!

I recall with some disgust, without recording in detail, the orgy which followed. When we left El Dorado, after a week which was more or less a continuation of the initial debauch, my comrade was also filled with a kind of disillusion which was a little touching himself, for his head ached most discomfortingly.

"But there!" he said, by way of consoling himself in a matter which still sat uneasily upon his conscience. " 'T was not I pulled the string. And," he added with a chuckle, " 't was not my pistol either!"

"No matter, Hugh," I said. "Remember the man's offense."

"I'd as lief forget the whole matter!" my comrade muttered.

X

Morequito, September 8, 1612.

HAND it has been our custom during these years to honor certain days as holidays, observing them as they came around on the calendar which we arbitrarily established and Godwin has faithfully kept up to this time.

Thus, wherever we find ourselves, be it in the jungle or in the villages of the Orenoqueponi, we make at least some small observance of Christian feasts and fasts.

On Christmas Day, or that which is December 25th by Godwin's reckoning, we make shift to prepare a feasty meal, and Godwin, who hath a not unmusical voice, sings an old carol or two, or the tunes of such, for he remembers only the first verse of one, the which he delivers with the greater confidence when he has partaken of an extra bumper of Christmas cheer.

> The good King Wenceslas lookt out
> On the Feast of Stephen,
> Where the snow lay all about,
> Smooth, and crisp and ee-ee-ven!

So, too, we observe the Day of Resurrection, on which we try to uplift our courage in true Easter spirit. And as the Aromaia custom of celebrating the end of the great hunt and the crop gathering falls with the time of our Harvest Festival, we join with them in a brave carouse, which, alas, with them as with the rest of the Orenoqueponi, is naught but a drunken orgy.

We observe also birthdays, Master Godwin's and mine own; whereupon each presents the other with some small remembrance of the day—it may be but a fine animal skin, or a string of peccary tusks, or a new quiver of alligator hide—some little remembrance.

Taruma has no regular birthday; that is a day which he knows to be anniversary; so we have made one for him, the same, September 7th, being the birthday of our sovereign queen, Elizabeth.

That day is declared a feast among all the Aromaia. With them we celebrate the natal anniversary of the two monarchs, although, for all we know to the contrary, Queen Elizabeth may have been moldering in the Abbey these many years.

As yesterday we observed this double occasion, and today most of the Aromaia and comrade Godwin are suffering from a sickness brought on by overindulgence in the palm-brew, I take opportunity to set down some few notes on the festivities.

Not that there is much to set down, save at the risk of recording that which is common among these, and for that matter most peoples who make holiday. Only there is one little ceremony which I would remark, as it has become almost a religious observance among us.

Godwin acts as master of ceremonies and revels, and is well fitted by nature for the office, for even as his mood descends quickly to melancholy, a mere spark to the gunpowder of his temperament sets him aflame in the other extreme.

It was in the beginning his demand that Taruma have a birthday; also it was his thought that it coincide with Queen Elizabeth's. So we have celebrated them both together since as far back as the tenth year of our sojourn here—the year in which we reorganized all our affairs.

On that earliest occasion Taruma regretted that his friend *Capuaralli* could not be present. The king even declared that he would be happier to think that his birthday fell with Sir Walter's instead of with that of *Ezrabeta*.

Master Godwin, not to be lacking in invention, promptly turned a compliment to Taruma, declaring that he was sure Capuaralli would feel honored, as indeed was Ezrabeta, to have his natal day fall with Taruma's. And so he ordered it!

Furthermore, as Sir Walter was not likely to be present at the observances, Master Hugh employed his skill as a limner to paint with his crude pigments a fair likeness of Capuaralli upon the inner side of a smooth-scraped skin, framing the finished portrait most handsomely in wood of the Santa Maria.

Also, upon another skin which had been softened, the hair taken from it and cut to fair shape, he made, on both sides, a Cross of St. George in red, the which banner he bent upon cords of fiber, while I cut and had erected before Taruma's house an appropriate flagstaff.

Thus, then, as yesterday, we celebrate the joint birthday of Queen Elizabeth, King Taruma and Sir Walter Raleigh. Taruma was there in person, Sir Walter in picture and the Red Cross of England represented her Majesty, together with Taruma's shilling which, with the head of Ezrabeta upon it, has always graced the occasion.

THE sun, coming up away over the delta-lands, finds us all assembled on this day of days, the Aromaia grouping in a wide semi-circle before Taruma's house, but keeping at a respectful distance.

Before the doorway of the king's house, beside the flagstaff where I am stationed, Taruma stands in the full dress of his savage kingship; and a right royal monarch he appears in these habiliments. Grouped about him are his chiefs.

At the king's right, and a little before him, is a rude table upon which rests on a prop Master Godwin's portrait of Capuaralli. Before this masterpiece of crude art, laid like a gem on a cushion of snow-white lace-bark, is Taruma's shilling with the queenly head on it burnished for the occasion.

When all is ready, Master Godwin, who loves such play with all the spirit of a boy, advances solemnly and salutes King Taruma, who gravely responds. Then, spinning around on his heel, Hugh draws our two loaded pistols, his own and mine, and discharges them one after the other.

This is my cue. At the first shot I pull on the flag-gear. The Red Cross rises to the peak. As it flutters in such breeze as there is, Master Godwin discharges the second pistol.

Then, both of us moving like trained soldiers, we two stand shoulder to shoulder beneath our flag and salute it—a performance which greatly mystifies and somehow awes the Aromaia.

That done, we turn and salute the portrait of Capuaralli. Our part of the play ends with the presentation to Taruma of some small material token of our love and respect.

Then the Aromaia have their show. The men of the tribe, preceded by the chiefs, pass in single file, saluting Taruma and laying their gifts at his feet, saluting the flag and Capuaralli's picture in imitation of our English fashion and bowing with fearful respect before that shining fetish—the shilling!

Lastly, Taruma himself salutes his chiefs, his people, ourselves, the flag. He pays little attention to the shilling, but the royal inclination of his head before Capuaralli's mere picture is both eloquent and touching.

That is all, except that the rest of the day and a great part of the ensuing night are given over to feasting, singing, dancing and —alas—drinking. For the Orenoqueponi, like the Orejones of Manoa, are great drunkards on every possible occasion. In these cup-revels Master Godwin is wont to join; for, like all of his temperament, he is temperate in nothing.

But he is a good lad—poor lad!

XI

Morequito, November 22, 1613.

FOR some time—in fact, ever since Godwin and I returned from El Dorado nearly a year ago—I have had cause for much anxiety concerning my comrade.

At times a madness possesses him. All my providings of adventurous diversion avail nothing. He disappears, sometimes alone, sometimes with Burani, if that strange wilderness creature is on hand.

During these absences I know that he goes secretly to Carraori. Of late, when he has returned from these excursions, his manner has been even more distracted than before, fraught with a kind of silent tension.

Whether he ever saw the woman who has possessed him thus I knew naught until one day in the forest he threw his spear upon the ground with a gesture of surrender to something, turned upon me a pair of eyes in which lurked a no longer bearable pain.

"Francis," he said, "forgive me that I ha' held secrets from thee, but it seemed not the part of a man either to harbor such weakness as is mine or confess it to a comrade who ha' done nothing to deserve bearing his friend's burden."

"You mean," said I, for I had been not a little hurt by his secrecy, "a comrade who ha' done nothing to deserve his friend's confidence."

He waved an impatient hand, irritated by my word-turning, the which he oft declares a weakness of mine. He sat down under a tree and beckoned me to do the like by his side. Presently he unburdened his mind.

Briefly, these things he revealed:

In all these absences he had been to Carraori, with Burani sometimes, several times alone. His hope had been to see Aterima; merely to look upon her face, to know that she lived and all was well with her, although ever with the greater hope that he might win to her presence without endangering her in the esteem of her people, to hear from her own lips that she still loved him, that she held him in the light of no mere consort, but her true love and husband.

Once only he had spoken with her during these visits, so closely was the queen guarded, so little privacy was granted to her rank. And on that occasion, while he had received sweet assurance from her lips, he had jeopardized her and himself to the verge of discovery by the guards.

Although he escaped on that occasion, he so feared that his presence had been suspected and that Aterima had suffered censure, that he had returned again and again to observe, unobserved, and discover, if possible, if his fears had ground.

But not again had he been able to win to her side, and not again had he succeeded in getting a message to or from her, even by the agency of Burani and his agencies.

Only once again had he seen her even; and then no more. But on that occasion he had the poor consolation of knowing that she was at least alive and still queen of the Amazons. So much was she the latter, apparently, that her going abroad was as carefully guarded as if the Council of Elder Women suspected some plot to abduct her person.

Since that brief and guarded tour in the open she had kept, or been kept, so close that it was almost as if she were a prisoner among her own people, or in some manner had come under their displeasure.

The uncertainty of it all, my comrade confessed to me, was slowly consuming his peace of mind and health of body. He could not sleep o' nights. He loved her. His whole being yearned to her, as she had confessed hers cleaved to him. Yet the law of the Amazons raised an impassable barrier between them and between love and liberty of loving.

But that which filled him with greater suspense and dread was that in two months more—we held this intimate converse some four months ago—in two months from that time the ceremonies of the Love-Moon would take place again; that is, the second time since Aterima had chosen Hugh Godwin to be her consort.

In the previous years he had been restless during the month of September, but had consoled himself with the knowledge that she was exempt in the annual choosing. But this year, under certain circumstances, pressure might be brought by the Elder Council to compel her to choose some other consort.

"There is clearly displeasure among the Elder Women and among many of Aterima's people that she chose one who is of strange blood," said Godwin, "even though strange blood flows in her own veins—perhaps

because of that, Francis. The fear haunts me that it is for this reason the Council, suspecting perhaps that she indeed loves me truly, guards and checks her liberty of movement as if she were a prisoner.

"Francis!" he broke off in a desperate manner. "I know not what they may be planning against her, and me, for that Moon two months hence; but whatever it is—I will be there!"

I could understand his thought, his fear; but there was one point upon which I was a little in the dark. As delicately as I could I asked him a question.

His face flushed and for a moment his embarrassment produced the like in me. But then he faced me with steady gaze and a kindle of half-defiant, manly pride.

"Aye, Francis," was all he said.

"And if—?" I began. "There is that possibility, Hugh. It is a fair and natural presumption. If——?"

I stopped. He was staring at me. It occurred to me like a blow that the possibility at which I hinted had never occurred to him! Yet now I could see that he was astounded as well to think that it never had occurred, as in all reason it should have done.

His face was a study of wonder, dread, pride—oh, a-many things!

"If," I continued, "if she should be the mother of—a son?"

The wonder deepened, and the glow of pride; but then these were eclipsed by a shadow of fear—a great fear—the fear that if such a thing happened—*had* happened—if a son had been born to Aterima and not a daughter to succeed her in the line of Amazon queens, she would be compelled in this second year to put away the man she loved.

I would not set down what happened thereafter on the occasion of our close conference in the forest that day. Only this; that after a while my comrade spoke hoarsely through the hands that had covered his face on his knees for a while.

"No matter what happens—what may have happened, Francis," he said, "I will be there—I will be there! They shall not take her from me!"

EVEN if the Aromaia were invited this year to the Love-Moon of the Amazons the invitation might not be expected to arrive for another month from that day in the forest. And it would not be at all significant if the invitation should not be extended to our people, as it seldom came before an interval of three years, and usually on the fourth year.

But to Godwin a failure to invite the Aromaia in this second year after their previous visit to Carraori would have significance. If the Aromaia were invited it would mean that the Council of Elder Women approved the return of that tribe's blood-brother, Hugh Godwin. His imagination was prepared, on the other hand, to read disapproval of him personally in failure to invite the Aromaia.

It was during this month that I was hard beset to divert my comrade's mind from the channel in which it coursed night and day. But it was to this end that I proposed, toward the end of August, that we make expedition to discover, if possibly we could, a certain "Valley of Gems," of which we had heard vaguely at times from the Orenoqueponi.

Godwin at first demurred, indifferent to the suggested emprise, but afterward resumed the subject himself and himself proposed an immediate start.

"For, mark ye, old Owl," said he, "it is an old saying that a watched pot ne'er boils. Mayhap an we go away from Aromaia, in our absence the ancient hag may come with the arrow and I shall win promise from Taruma that it will be the Turned Arora that he sends back."

So, upon an agreement that we would return before the end of the first week in September, in good time for the departure for Carraori should the arrow have come to Morequito in the meantime, Master Godwin and I set forth to find the Valley of Gems.

I had not much faith from the outset in the existence of such a place, proposing our search for it more, as I have said, to provide my comrade with diversion.

The description of it, as it had come to us piecemeal, was altogether too fanciful to stand the test of proving—a tale that would have been worthy of a Juan Martinez. According to what we had heard, the valley lay somewhere to the north of the Aromaia country and to the west of the Ewaipanoma. No nearer clue to its location had we than this; for single hunters had merely stumbled upon it at different times without being able ever to find it again.

No two descriptions of the valley's exact whereabouts, or the nature and quantity

of its precious stones, agreed in any detail other than that "glittering stones" were there and in more or less abundance.

I shall not waste words upon the matter, as it is but a side issue from that which more greatly concerns me at this time. Suffice it that we found the so-called Valley of Gems and discovered why readily enough the natives gave it the name of the "Valley of Glittering Stones."

Without being expertly informed on precious stones, or on stones that are not precious but have that appearance, we discovered a valley, or rather a hillside sloping into this valley, which was fairly strewn with rocks in which were embedded, or from which had broken loose, innumerable transparent, shining crystals of more or less faceted or prismatic shapes.

At first view, especially in the sunlight, this place, after the unbroken greenery of the jungle, dazzled the eye—aye, and the brain—of a man, who might well think for the moment that he had stumbled upon a vast carpet of diadems, the like of which never graced the jewels of the English crown, being, in not one instance but many, as big as a man's fist.

But after our first excitement we were undeceived, although at no time did we suffer at sight of these supposed riches the Tantalus agonies we endured when we beheld the Mountain of Gold. The latter, I am now all but convinced, is but "fool's gold" after all.

Without knowing of a certainty, we were agreed that these glittering prisms were merely crystals of the quartz-stone which is here abundant. The "gems" lacked the intense inner fire which is a characteristic of the diadem. Further, they were here already "cut," as one might say, which is not, I remember, the state in which real diadems[1] are found.

Then, too, they were easily cracked, and the sharp points of them crumbled or bruised when we tried to scratch with them on smooth stone, the which proved that the stone was the harder, and this would not be so in the case of the true diadem.

These crystals were very beautiful. It is possible they have some value. They were not always transparent like water, for here and there they had other hues, mostly yellow, as if they had been tinted at some time with the copper or iron which is abundant here.

[1]Curious. Of course Sparrow means "diamonds." Probably one of these tricks the mind plays even on a word-artist. Dare we say *especially* word-artists?—S. C.

SO MUCH for the "Valley of Gems."

This record concerns itself no more with the subject, save as the valley's failure to meet report of it was in line with a succession of unfortunate things on this excursion, despite that it had been planned as a pleasant diversion.

For in our efforts to find this disappointing valley our course led us through the most discomforting country we have as yet encountered in Guiana.

We were absent from Morequito eleven days. During this period I do not think we slept twice on dry ground or on a spot where some other unpleasant condition did not rob us of sleep.

For the most part we were beset by gnat-ridden swamps. Around these the jungle grew in a steaming denseness which produced an ill-smelling fog by night. Thereafter our way took us among arid hills of limestone in which plant-life could obtain little rooting. The sun upon this limestone sent an unmerciful glare into our eyes by day and gave forth its day-absorbed heat by night; so that where before we had slept in damp swamp, now we steamed in our own bodies' perspiration, brought out by the furnace-like heat of these rocks.

After we had left swamp and limestone and come into fairer country of quartz-rock and hardwood trees, we looked upon our disappointment over the Valley of Glittering Stones as but the last crowning touch of ill luck upon our excursion. And we had the same uncomfortable region to travel over on our return.

Throughout the expedition my comrade was extremely moody and irritable—most unlike Hugh Godwin, even under the most adverse circumstances, when fronted by mere obstacles to something luring him to the other side of beyond.

For my own part, I was glad when our course lay again southward to the comfortable village of the Aromaia. I could do nothing with Master Godwin, and many times I checked my tongue upon a sharp rebuke to his peevishness or challenge to his surly sullenness; for it began to dawn upon me that my comrade was ailing physically as well as mentally, and that that ill-smelling fog was at the bottom of it all.

Within a day's march of Morequito on the return journey I observed that his face was flushed and his eyes unnaturally bright. Several times I heard him talking to himself —muttering, or suddenly laughing for no clear cause. And that last night he awoke me thrice to listen to something I could not hear, but which he declared, despite my deafness, was a woman singing in the jungle!

Now there could be no further doubt. Godwin was stricken with fever, and his condition grew worse as we neared Morequito. His spirits became unnaturally high and merry, like to a drunken man's, and I was put to it to keep pace with his striding to reach the village. He feared to arrive too late to join the warriors on the start for Carraori, the invitation from which he was sure had arrived in the meantime.

"Haste, Francis! Haste!" he would repeatedly urge. Then— "In not many days I shall see her again—in not many days."

The worst came when we entered the village. There was here none of the atmosphere that would suggest preparation for Carraori. But almost the first person we met was Burani, who came toward Master Godwin with a queer look on his wrinkled face, as if he burst with news and had been impatiently awaiting my comrade.

Godwin, without a word, where an excuse would have been at least polite, glanced suspiciously at me and drew Burani out of earshot.

I regret now that I did not wait, but let hurt pride take possession. I walked on and was presently greeted warmly by Taruma, who came forward with outstretched hand.

I was speaking with the king, who was listening with more concern over my account of Godwin's illness than interest in the matter of the Valley of Glittering Stones, when I heard rapid footsteps behind me.

There was Godwin. He came toward us, almost staggering, his face alight with the unnatural glow of a kind of insane joy, in which was yet an unbelievable dread.

"Francis!—Taruma! Oh, my friends—my brothers!" he cried. "I—I—my beloved—Aterima—queen——"

His words became brokenly incoherent. He tried to rally himself, put his hand to his brow and over his eyes and swayed. Taruma and I sprang to support him, but too late. He fell in a senseless heap at our feet.

We bore him into the house of Taruma. While the king summoned Tarasi, the best medicine-doctor of the tribe, I turned to Burani, who had followed us in.

"What was it, Burani?" I asked sharply. "What news brought ye that has so undone Godawí?"

"Esaparra," he replied, "the word I brought is of the woman-queen, the Sea-Born Aterima."

"What of her?" I asked quickly. "Is she dead?" For only thus could I account for my comrade's sudden collapse, although some smaller thing might have done it, coming upon his illness.

"Nay, Esaparra," said Burani, with his curious chuckle. "She is not dead. She lives, and so does the son of the Acarewana Godawí that was born many moons ago."

Godwin's son!—*A son.*—So! I understood. And, understanding, I turned to nurse my comrade, who was now babbling words which Taruma did not comprehend for that he had never happened to hear them in English, they being words sacred and rarely uttered in the presence of them not concerned in their matter.

That was two and a half months ago. My dear comrade, although no longer out of his right mind, is still weak and ill where he lies in Taruma's house—a shadow of himself, pale and for the most of the time strangely silent.

For, whatever may have happened at Carraori during the ceremonies of the Love-Moon, to which the warriors of the Aromaia were not invited and during which Godwin lay senseless at Morequito—whatever may have happened is now past history.

My comrade knows this, and I understand what is haunting his mind as having happened. Hence his strange silence—a silence of despair.

XII

Ewaipanomaia. May, 1614.

IN THE principal village of the so-called "headless" people, where Taruma and I have dwelt for several months, I set down these notes on the strange and terrible things which have befallen us since that day we left Morequito to search for the elixir-plant which we hoped

would restore strength to my comrade, Godwin.

I can not yet bring my mind to a full realization of these happenings. Some of them are so strange that I am not yet of certain mind as to whether they actually happened or were but the vaporings of a brain temporarily poisoned by fever or by another agency which I shall presently mention as a possible cause.

Other happenings are of too recent memory and of too harshly real a nature to admit of question. Had I any distrust of my having seen and heard with mine own eyes and ears, it could not be that Taruma suffered the same delusions in regard, at least, to the thing that both of us beheld when we came again to Morequito.

Where my dear comrade Hugh may be now I do not know. He may be dead. I almost hope that such is the case. But I do not know.

As for Taruma; my heart aches when I look upon him, yet do I feel shame for mine own weak bearing when I perceive his calm, if somewhat melancholy taking of the tragedy to himself and his people. And I feel less than a man beside him when I observe his kindness to the Ewaipanoma, his consideration for that gentle people's welfare, which is undoubtedly threatened by the same evil, and his untiring efforts to discover, if possible, the whereabouts of Master Godwin, if indeed my comrade be still alive in the flesh.

But I should set these matters down in their proper order.

AT MOREQUITO, Godwin continuing in a condition which I can describe only as a physical lethargy, a mental apathy, Taruma and I held council with Tarasí, the medicine-doctor, and Burani, who had faithfully nursed Godwin through his illness, as to what should be done.

Tarasí declared that only some powerful medicine could restore Godwin's body to that strength which would lift his mind and spirits at the same time. There was, said Tarasí, a plant known to but few which had the properties of a stimulating elixir.

This plant grew in the remote highlands, but even Burani was unfamiliar with it, as indeed he was with any plants other than such as supplied food or water or fiber or had poison properties.

Tarasí himself was too old to go forth into the labyrinth for his simples, and the supply of this rare plant which he had gathered and dried in his more active years had become exhausted some time previously. He had made no effort to replenish it for that, as he said, he rarely employed it, and then only in extremity, as it had other properties which were dangerous.

When Taruma and I, having thought for Godwin, offered to search for this plant and bring it to Tarasí, the medicine-doctor described it to us and also the region and nature of the ground where it might be found growing. To me the directions were confusing, but Taruma seemed to comprehend and fix the place in his mind's eye. The king expressed confidence in his ability to find it.

Burani would have accompanied us, and would have been of a certainty of great service—at least in guiding us to the particular region; but Tarasí had need of him. The only thing that stirred in Godwin the slightest interest in life was the presence of Burani. I could understand this, for that these two had certain memories of Carraori in common.

So in the month of February of this year, 1614, Taruma and I left Morequito to find the elixir-plant. And it was not King Taruma who passed with me into the jungle, but the Taruma I loved best—the hunter with the lithe, brown body clad only in a jaguar-skin, a loin-cloth of lace-bark and armed with a spear, a bow and a quiver of arrows, together with his slung water-gourd.

And when we left Morequito the morning sun was shining calmly and peacefully on the village of the Aromaia.

Thanks to Taruma, in due time we reached without much difficulty the region described by Tarasí as being the natural ground for the elixir-plant. But we did not find the plant itself so easily.

Tarasí had said it was by no means plentiful, that even here one must search with a sharp eye, as the plant sometimes grew in isolated patches, sometimes even a single plant bearing a single blossom and not another of its kind anywhere near.

Our search resulted in no success the first day after our arrival in the region. Taruma for my benefit closely describing the plant once more, then suggested that we conduct our search separately, so as to cover more ground.

Thereafter the hunt reminded me of how

at home we were wont to search for the four-leaf clover—a veritable needle in a haystack—and our Scotch neighbors for a spray of white heather among thousands of acres of purple.

It was during this separate search, while I wandered alone among pretty dells, my eyes ever to the ground, attracted at once by a splash of floral color on bluff or in crevice, that the incredible experience came to me.

It was a little after noon. The day was hot and I was fatigued from travel. I had come into a deep, green dell where the sunlight was shut off by a sharp rocky bluff to my right.

A variety of trees flourished about a rivulet which babbled over mossy rocks adown the bottom of the little valley. Under the trees on each side of the brook stretched a green carpet of grass starred with innumerable wild flowers.

The air was heavy with the perfume of the latter, and the whole place brought back memories of dear England, remembered corners of which this dell resembled.

I drank at the stream. Then, choosing a soft couch in the midst of the grass and flowers I lay me down to rest awhile, reclining full length with an elbow and hand supporting my head, so that I might look about me and enjoy the happy scene.

I fell to thinking of our condition—Godwin's and mine. I thought in that hour that if only God in his goodness would make my comrade well again and give to him his heart's desire, that I, like Godwin, would be content to live and die in Guiana.

There was in my heart some regret that I should never again behold that Devon village where my childhood was spent before my father moved to London, that I should never again be surrounded—in the shop in St. Paul's Churchyard—by those old volumes, the smell of which came even sweeter to my sense-memory than the perfume of these wild flowers; to think that I should never again hear the hum of London Town around the bookshop; to know that never again might I fare down the hill of an evening to Aldgate, where dwelt the lass—the only lass I had ever had the temerity to love and to tell her so.

But there was such comfort as comes to the philosopher in knowing that books would endure long after I and all who read them were dead, that London Town would hum, as it was doubtless humming now, as long as St. Paul's stood looking down upon it; and the lass— Even though she had promised to wait, nineteen years' absence is a long period even for true love to survive; and no doubt by now her eldest daughter was threatening to make her a grandmother!

As I ruminated on this thing and that I plucked a flower and lay there in my day-dream holding its stem between my lips in the manner of a yokel with a straw.

It was a pretty flower, I remember noting—not unlike our English foxglove, or night-shade, only very much smaller. It was not at all like the plant which Tarasí and Taruma had described so carefully, although for that matter it might have been the same, for all I had visualized it from their descriptions or for all that my thoughts in that hour were on the matter of our quest.

As I say, the air in that little dell was heavy with the perfume of forest, watered grass and wild flowers; and I was tired. Presently I grew drowsy and fell asleep.

I awoke to an astounding surprize. I found myself not in the same place where I had fallen asleep!

For a little while I believed I was still asleep and having a splendid dream, for the great world in which I stood up was such as might be the fantastic creation of a dream.

I was in a tremendous gorge adown which rushed, with a curious soundlessness for its size, a river that foamed among immense boulders and dropped over in a long, smooth cataract into a shimmering black pool.

On the right side of the cataract rose a high, jagged precipice, touching the very sky.

On the left side of the waterfall the ground was less precipitous and covered with a green underbrush brilliant with gorgeous blossoms. Above this brush towered trees so ancient that their girth and height staggered the eye.

How I had come there, unless I had walked in my sleep, I knew not. Only this was certain: by some magic—for what else could it be?—I had been transported into a place that must have been young only when the created world was. Here, apparently, no blight nor flood nor fire nor tempest had ever entered, so that all living, growing things had reached through thousands of years to great size and perfection.

These blossoms, for instance! In some cases they were as big as church bells. And oh, the sweet odor of them and the delicacy

of their colorings! I could see the velvety, myriad-hued pollen coating their pistils as with tinted hoar-frost.

For a few minutes I could not credit my senses. I was of two minds. One told me I was still asleep and dreaming. The other whispered that I had died in my sleep and awakened in Paradise!

But that I was not asleep and dreaming, and that if this were Paradise it was not perfect, came to me very swiftly.

I felt a slight, sharp stab—like that of a needle-point—on the back of my right hand. I glanced down at the member and instantly my blood rushed back to my heart and seemed to congeal there.

On the back of my hand was a creature which was shaped like a gnat. But what a prodigy of a gnat! For a moment I thought it was a large vampire which, alighting on my hand while I still slept, had awakened me by its touch even before it plunged its cruel proboscis into my veins.

But this was no vampire, for that creature does not come out by day, and the sun was still shining in the west. Neither had it the bat-like body and demon-like wings.

This thing might have been considered beautiful, for its wings, measuring perhaps three inches in length, were of veined gossamer, and its long body, vibrating as the creature sucked, glinted with hues of silver, bronze and turquoise. Its head was thatched with a curious hairy down, and through the latter gleamed many tiny, glittering pin-point specks, which were undoubtedly eyes!

All this I saw in a single glance. Also I realized that the creature was venomous, for already my hand was swollen to almost thrice its normal size, despite that the horribly beautiful creature was visibly drawing blood up through its transparent, tube-like proboscis.

With an inarticulate cry of horror I brushed the thing off. It squelched before my left hand like a sodden sponge and fell writhing to the ground where I frantically stamped it to death.

Then, fearing there might be more of the same kind near the water, for clearly it was born of the water, as all such things are, I made haste to leave that valley, rapidly climbing the timbered slope to my left.

The horror of one thing still upon my mind, I forgot my usual caution against other things and foolishly plunged through the brush which Godwin and I had ever made it a rule to avoid, where possible, knowing it to be the lurking place of reptiles.

I remembered too late. For while I was still shuddering over the thought of that dreadful gnat I found myself standing rigid, with brush and bell-like blossoms all about me. Dangling in a great web not three paces from my face was a spider the like of which never before existed outside of some ghastly nightmare.

The thing was sickeningly, grossly huge, like to an over-fatted, bloated pig unnaturally gifted with many crooked legs and a hairy body painted in all the colors of a rainbow.

I know not what compelled me, for my brain was frozen under a scalp pricked with icicles. I was as one without voluntary will-power to flee, to attack, to move—to do anything. Yet I remember hearing myself cry out in a terrible scream and my arm lunging at the hideous monstrosity with my spear.

WHETHER I struck it or not I do not know; but the creature started, for a moment crouched as if about to spring upon me, then with incredible swiftness disappeared from the great web, taking cover in the shadows of the brush.

I am not sure. Only the thought that it was there, near me, for the moment merely invisible, watching and preparing to pounce upon me from that umbrage, broke the spell which had held my actual will-to-do in abeyance. I dashed blindly out of the brush without choosing direction and found myself presently on clear, sloping ground shaded by the immense trees.

Here was no underbrush. Between the giant boles I could see a considerable distance in many directions. Here, at least, I could hardly be taken unawares. I would be able to see any creature approaching before it could come to close quarters.

So I thought. Yet even as I did so think, out of the tail of my eye I caught a movement to my right. With the swiftness that is born of strained faculties I looked, and again my will-to-do was momentarily paralyzed.

Not a hundred yards away, visible between the trees, was a hut of considerable size; at first glance not unlike the half-dome, half-pyramid-shaped structures which the Orenoqueponi build of mud and sticks. Yet there was something curious about this hut.

It was too exact in shape. It had no doors

or windows. The sticks of its structure were not set lengthwise and crosswise but broken into short lengths and held together higgledy-piggledy, by no visible means unless it were some slime or gum.

In an instant I noted these peculiarities, receiving the impression of them without actually observing; for my entire senses were preoccupied by the inhabitants of the house.

They were there, visible about the structure, all about it; entering it or emerging from the crevices between the sticks; some clambering with wonderful speed and agility even upon the roof, while others, seeming to have prodigious strength, dragged logs larger than themselves over the ground, or descended the boles of trees with branches held in their mouths or in their arms, numerous powerful legs aiding their purchase and locomotion.

At once I saw that these creatures were not human, save that they were as large as men and often moved half-erect.

They were ants, and their bodies were of a brilliant scarlet hue!

Rooted to the ground I stood there, my heart fluttering once, then sticking as it seemed in the base of my throat. A dampness that was neither hot nor cold but something of both—burning and freezing at the same time—oozed all over my body, and my scalp crawled!

But fear again gave impulsion to my muscles where will failed. A slight movement above drew my attention to an almost overhead limb of one of the giant trees.

There, moving along the bare trunk of a branch, was one of the prodigious scarlet creatures.

It saw me at the same time I saw it. It stopped short and half-crouched on the branch. Then the front part of its body half-arose, as if that part were human and able to become erect while the latter half of the creature remained beast upon many crooked legs.

In that instant fear stamped an impression of the whole creature—the scarlet body shining as if in a gory armor, with a waist so thin that it seemed the creature must fall apart, broken in two by the weight of its two halves; the crooked fore-arms uplifted in a posture of ready defense or aggression as either might be required; the head shaped like a spinning-top, the sharp chin divided by two powerful vertical jaws, the upper part of the head containing two lantern-like orbs under satanic horns; and the whole expression of that face was of diabolical intelligence!

I did not remain in that spot to discover more. Fearing that crouched posture I turned and fled; and I think I continuously screamed as I ran.

Where my flight took me I know not either. Aimlessly I dashed in any direction that seemed more open. Madly I plunged through brush when it obstructed me, swiftly passing through it lest some new monster lurk in its umbrage.

I was mad—insane! And the panic of aimless flight added more to panic. I was a wild, gibbering thing, seeking to escape from myself, as it seemed.

My strained, tired muscles ached; my nerves, drawn taut, were as white-hot threads throughout my body. Yet still the urge of self-preservation compelled me to superhuman feats of physical effort. Still I dashed on, screaming at the slightest movement of the trees or the brush and shying quickly to right or left away from such movement, real or fancied.

My one thought—if I were capable of logical thought then—was to escape from this valley of monsters. Where it began and ended I knew no more than how I had come into it, or what magic had brought me there.

On I ran, stumbling, gasping and, I think, screaming at intervals. Somewhere this valley must end. Somewhere there must be an exit from this terrible place. Somewhere——

And then I saw IT, emerging from a vast cave-mouth in the face of a great rock ahead.

I could not, if I would, describe it. There are no words invented—my hand shakes as with palsy even to record this much—only that it rose up like to one of those creatures that men who would discredit the Book of Genesis say inhabited the world when it was without shape and darkness was upon its face—some great monster that rises from the slime with a sob of suction——

Yet it was a creature of the hot, dry, places, like rocks—a mighty lizard with jagged spikes adown its back—like to some monstrous *iguana*——

It remained there an instant, dully staring at me with filmy, yellow eyes. Then from a cavernous mouth and throat burst a terrifying, raucous scream——

The world began to spin before my eyes. The great trees danced and swayed. A fog rose from the ground and vast wings made a whirring in my ears. My heart stopped beating.

And I knew that Fear had slain me because I could suffer no more.

HAD I indeed died these words could not have been written by me. I knew that I was still alive when I awoke, weak and trembling, hard earth pressing up against my body, night upon Guiana and stars twinkling in patches of blue beyond and between the black tree-tops.

All around sounded the uproar of Guiana night; howlings, shriekings, whirrings and bellowings.

I shuddered and shrank, remembering the probable source of that avalanche of sound; and my overstrained senses yielded again.

ONCE more I became conscious and lay for a while wondering what tremendous thing had happened before I slept that I should be filled with this sense of waking dread.

Yet save for a certain weak limpness, I did not feel greatly amiss. And it was now the dawn and from near by came the cheery, familiar chatter of a flock of paroquets. Otherwise the jungle was still.

I rose to a sitting posture and fearfully looked about me. I remembered all now.

Again magic had been at work. My surroundings were familiar, yet unfamiliar. Before me was a pile of rocks with a small black gap between two of them. About me were hardwood trees, but not the giants I had seen on the previous afternoon. The agency that had transported me into a first-seeming paradise which had proved a Hell had had mercy on my sufferings and transported me back!

For, as my wits returned, I perceived at the foot of the slope the bosky little dell where on the previous afternoon I had rested and fallen asleep. There was the brook rippling adown the bottom, tumbling over rocks in miniature cascades and swirling in little pools. And there was the impress of my body where I had crushed down the lush grass and wild flowers.

But the fact that I had awakened not on the spot where I had fallen asleep proved that what I had experienced in the meantime had not been all a dream, not all a fantasy. I had moved, or been moved, in the interval. It was possible that I had indeed traveled far afield and my frantic retreat had brought me almost to the spot where my adventure began.

Yet as I looked down upon the stream and the precipitous hillside on the other side of it the waking sense of familiarity with my surroundings returned more strongly. It was as if the valley in which these dreadful things had occurred was this same, but in vaster proportions. That little cascade was like to a miniature of the great cataract, that precipitous hillside to the towering crags which touched the sky; that——

The figure of a man appeared, moving swiftly by the side of the stream. His eyes were upon the ground. He appeared to be a hunter tracking some quarry.

He paused at sight of my body's impress on the grass; then, raising his head, looked keenly about him. And I recognized the hunter.

"Taruma!" I cried, springing to my feet and rushing down the slope to his side.

"Esaparra!" he responded gladly. "I feared when the night passed that some ill thing had befallen."

I said nothing. What to say? How to begin?

"But Esaparra is well," Taruma continued, yet looking, I thought, rather sharply into my face. "And swiftly we return to Godawi. For see! I have found the herb."

He held in his hand a plant, the flower of which was not unlike to our English foxglove, or nightshade; only smaller.

"And Esaparra, too, found it," said he with a smile; "for see! it is here—all about your camp of the night."

And, stooping, he plucked one of the wild flowers with which I had toyed in reverie and the perfume of which had drugged me to sleep.

I did not tell Taruma of my strange experience. I was ashamed, somehow, to do so. And I could not have found words at the time to tell a connected story, for I was not at all sure of what had happened, or if anything had happened at all outside of my own imagining.

Yet I had awakened several hundred yards from the spot where I had fallen asleep on the previous afternoon. So something must have occurred in the interval.

There seemed but three possible explanations, and I set them down as they occur to me and for the consideration of such as may some day peruse this writing.

Either I suffered a nightmare, walked a short distance in my sleep and then lay down again; or I was afflicted with a short but sharp attack of that same fever which possessed Godwin, and I was delirious for a while; or there was some poison in that plant which I had chewed and the aroma of which I had breathed.

Tarasí had said it was a dangerous weed and as a stimulant must be used with extreme caution. It is just possible that it affected my brain or my eyes, or both, in some manner which produced an exaggeration of all things within vision.

And upon sober reflection I realize that my ants and spiders and gnats were perfect of their kind and in their proportions; only these proportions were grossly magnified, as was my own hand which I took to be swollen so abnormally from the gnat's bite. And my antediluvian monster may well have been but a fair-sized iguana, than which there is no more hideous creature in the jungle, although this ugly, squawking lizard is ordinarily but a few feet long and comparatively harmless.

My reasons for keeping silent on this experience may be comprehensible. Taruma clearly saw that something was amiss with me that day as we began our return journey to Morequito after gathering, very carefully on my part, a quantity of the elixir herb. He did venture a question as to why I had chosen to camp alone instead of returning to our appointed rendezvous, but made no comment when I "confessed" that I had been temporarily "lost" in the jungle. Which was true enough.

But the adventure presently went from my mind and my reticence concerning it from Taruma's. For now I come to that which was a harshly real and staggering blow to us both.

I set it forth in a few words, for not all the language in the Bible could express what the thing meant to Taruma and me.

We were three days making the return.

As we neared Morequito there was an odor in the air that made Taruma advance at first more swiftly, his face drawn with anxiety, then more cautiously, his brows drawn together in suspicion.

When we came to the edge of the jungle and the beginning of the clearing about Morequito, we stood for a moment like men stricken dead while still erect in their tracks.

There was no Morequito!

WHERE the village of the Aromaia had been was a vast fire-blackened area from which drifted eddies of that smoke which we had smelled afar.

And beyond the charred field where once the happy village had surrounded Taruma's house by the giant *ceiba*—which alone stood with blackened trunk and wilted, scorched, but still green foliage—we beheld many men—white men.

Some wore armor and morions and were apparently leaders, but most of the others were stripped naked to the waist and were plying axes, adzes and hammers in the building of new and European houses to windward of where Morequito had stood.

In the center of this picture of activity, and beyond the foreground scene of disaster, rose a trimmed sapling from which fluttered a flag that I knew and had old reason to hate.

"Spaniards!" I whispered.

Taruma said not a word but swiftly drew me back into the shadows of the jungle.

There for a few moments we stood facing each other, reading in each other's face a great horror, a great fear, a great sorrow.

Then Taruma turned from me, leaned an arm against a tree-bole and his face upon that arm.

"Oh, my people—my people!" I heard him groan.

"Godwin!" I heard a strange voice say huskily, hardly aware that it was myself who spoke.

XIII

Ewaipanomaia. 1615.

AND for some time I have had little sense of the passage of days, weeks, even months, Godwin having kept our calendar and my comrade now being where I know not.

But the days have carried their own interest for me, so that in the main they have not dragged, save when my mind dwelt upon the possible fate of Master Hugh. They may even have sped with winged feet for all I know to the contrary, for I am not even aware of the date of this writing, save that the year is 1615. Of this I am certain; but whether it is the beginning, or middle, or

hinder end of that year I am not so certain.

Without dates, then, and making only some surmise of the intervals elapsing between events, I proceed to bring my notes up to the present, trusting that, later, something may transpire which will supply figures of time to matters of place.

(NOTE: For the most part this portion of Master Sparrow's narrative is filled with more or less commonplace matter relating to his somewhat unvaried existence among the Ewaipanoma. Of little interest now, in view of later developments, is his reiteration of sorrows and surmises concerning Godwin, Taruma and everybody except himself. The extracts which follow, selected from this period, relate only to such matters as are germane to the whole, Master Sparrow's editor having the advantage of reading the end, which the scrivener at that time could not foresee.—S. C.)

I CAN not help remembering the Tarupanoma tradition of Himairo when I think upon Taruma these days. For the gentle, wise young king is become changed since that day when we looked upon the ruins of Morequito and afterward made our way to the valley of the Ewaipanoma, where we received kindly welcome, hospitality and refuge.

He is still wise, but his wisdom has become touched with a stern hardness, a bitter shrewdness. He is no longer gentle, save to me and to the Ewaipanoma; that is, his outward garb is of the old philosophic calm, but in his eyes there is a smoldering flame.

I feel that the Spaniard is destined to pay for his ruthless and unnecessary destruction of Morequito and the slaughter or dispersion of the Aromaia.

And ever he is active, restless and full of movement, like to one who cannot bear to be passively still in the presence of memories that torture. Some of his doings I here note.

First; he has instilled in the mind of our host, King Aboa, and in the hearts of all the Ewaipanoma a fear of what may happen presently to this peaceful valley, and a hatred of that race whose representatives inflicted an example of ruthless conquest upon the Aromaia.

The change in Taruma reappears by contagion among the Ewaipanoma. They know the days of their peace are numbered. They have put aside all thoughts of peace and comfort, nourishing and cherishing, instead, a fire of hate and a desire of fight against the Spaniard who has sounded the knell of that old, idyllic life.

Like Himairo of old, our gentle Taruma is become a warrior—a warrior of warriors; not necessarily one who battles in the forefront in simple physical prowess, but like to a general who conceives in strategy and directs the execution.

Shortly after we came among these people, I for the second time, Taruma held long conference with Aboa, the kindly old king of the Ewaipanoma. From that conference Aboa came, also a changed man.

King Aboa summoned his chiefs and warriors and to them presented Taruma, King of the Aromaia, calling him "brother"—after each had pricked his arm and smeared his blood with the other's—and commanding that henceforth the Ewaipanoma respect King Taruma as second to none in authority, excepting himself, their rightful lord.

Thereafter Taruma took charge of the warriors, such as they were. That is to say, he gathered all the men of the tribe together, especially the hunters, bade such as were old or weak employ themselves garnering store of all available foods, while the young and strong he made into soldiers, setting over them as captains the hunters who were skilled in jungle cunning and in the use of arms.

This army Taruma instructed unceasingly, particularly the captains, so that presently the latter were able to exercise their separate companies.

Not only this, but Taruma chose from the ranks such as were skilled in particular ways, such as arrow-makers, arrow and spearhead cutters, poison-distillers, shield-makers and so forth, and set them to work making arms, appointing over them a chief armorer.

The women, too, he would not let be idle, but set them to the making of those strange head-dresses which originally earned this tribe the name of being "headless."

For though at first Taruma looked upon this trick as childish and of little avail should the mask ever be penetrated, he presently changed his mind. Not only then did he command that all warriors should be so dressed but bade the tribe's artists and decorators add new lines of ferocity to the painted faces on the men's breasts.

Truly a terrifying sight, even to the initiate, was the fronting line of the Ewaipanoma when thus attired, painted and in array.

Between whiles, after these matters were well ordered, Taruma disappeared for days

at a time. At first I believed that these excursions were out of Ewaipanoma and that he sought to the south and east and west for such of the Aromaia as might have survived the attack upon Morequito.

But not so. Another explanation was forthcoming when I ventured to question him—for he was strangely unapproachable in these days.

"Esaparra," he said, looking straight into my eyes, his own lighted with that deep, smoldering flame, "I know what is in your thought and with what you would reproach me. But our brother, Godawí, and my people, the Aromaia, are either dead or they are alive.

"If they are dead, I can not help them. If they are alive, I can best help them, not by adding my unhappiness to theirs or by merely sharing the misfortune of such as survive and may be outcast in the jungle, but by gathering to their aid the strength of such tribes as are friendly to our cause and who themselves fear the yoke of the Spaniard."

That was all, save as I gathered later, that during these disappearances Taruma explored all the confines of Ewaipanoma, marking these places along its boundaries where the Spaniard might easily enter and again where the enemy might enter at a disadvantage to themselves. Taruma planned to strengthen the weak places and to strengthen even more these points of possible entrance where the Spaniard might be trapped.

Indeed, like to that Himairo of the ancient tradition is Taruma in these days—a dreamer turned soldier and strategist and excelling even professed warriors in the arts of warfare.

Yet I do not think that when Taruma meets his enemy he will still be like to that Himairo who forgave his enemies and made a peace. That smoldering fire in the eyes of the young King of the Aromaia is of the blood-lust for vengeance.

AT THESE places along the Ewaipanoma outposts where the Spaniard might make entrance Taruma has caused the tribe's artists and gravers to carve and paint upon the rocks terrifying figures like to those which Godwin and I beheld at the "gateway," or gorge entrance to the Valley of the Ewaipanoma.

But the "gateway" is the likeliest point of attack, being nearest and readiest from the new Spanish settlement.

This latter, I have learned from Taruma, is called Santamí, which I conceive as Taruma's pronunciation of some Spanish name—probably *San Tomás*, or *San Tomé*.

Tarûma has made, during one of his absences, a brief reconnaissance of this place and reports that the settlement has grown into a fair-sized town, well-fortified and filled with Spanish soldiery.

Apparently it is a well-ordered and strong place, for Taruma beheld there one who must be a governor, for that he is richly dressed, receives great respect from even the captains of the soldiery and has had built for his comfort a large house of stone. This stone must have been transported from the region of Caima, for there is little or no rock about Morequito, or San Tomé.

"Even so, Esaparra," said Taruma to this remark of mine, the flame leaping in his eyes for a moment, then smoldering dully again. "It was carried on the bleeding shoulders of some of mine own people, such as survived the massacre and are enslaved."

"You spoke with any such, Taruma?" I asked quickly, my hope being that one of these survivors might have some news of Godwin's fate.

"I spoke in secret with several at different times," said Taruma. "Such as are left of my people and are in Santamí know, at least, that I live and strive for their freedom and vengeance for our dead."

"Knew they aught of the others—and Godawí?"

"Nothing. The attack was sudden and without warning. Barualli, my elder chief, was the first seized and slain, the Spaniards taking him for me and being enraged that he was not. Thereafter there was confusion, each man helpless but to save himself and, if possible, his womenkind; though I fear me, Esaparra, these women are worse than dead.

"Tarasí and Burani and the sick Godawí were forgotten. None saw them, or remembered seeing them that night, which is not so strange, Esaparra, when all was in confusion. Therefore, none of those enslaved in Santamí knows whether they are alive or dead.

"One thing alone should bring comfort to my brother, Esaparra, as it does to me. Godawí is not among the slaves, nor was he among the dead left in Morequito ere the

Spaniards burned the bodies with the village to save the toil of burying."

A great hope leaped within me, not so much because Godwin, alive or dead, had not been seen in Morequito immediately after the attack, as at the mere remembrance of Burani!

Burani! If it had been possible for any to make escape, that old jungle hunter would have effected his. And, knowing his affection for Godwin, he would have tried to take my sick comrade with him. Somewhere in the Guiana wilderness, then, these two might be alive, even now searching to find Taruma and me.

This spark of hope grew to a flame as I thought on another thing.

Surely if the Spaniards had captured a European, or had encountered such in the fight, or found a white man among the dead, his presence there would have aroused curiosity and question. On this point, Taruma assured me, none of his enslaved people had been questioned. Godwin's presence had not been suspected. Therefore——

I am now more than half-assured that my comrade, somehow, somewhere is alive!

Some time later.

TONIGHT Taruma is acclaimed by the Ewaipanoma! This day his name and honor among these people is held even above Aboa's; yet that king is no whit jealous but himself commanded and now leads the festal triumph which sways all Ewaipanoma as I write.

For Taruma's generalship has resulted in first blood and victory for the Ewaipanoma. Tonight, at San Tomé, the Spaniards must be counting their dead, and no doubt the Spanish captains are explaining to their haughty and probably infuriated *gobernador* the "terrible odds" against which they fought, the "frightful aspect" of the enemy and the sudden and "cruel" trap which was sprung upon them.

Be these things as they may be, the result remains the same. The Spaniards have been repulsed and they have learned a dreadful lesson.

Without my hut the valley resounds with drums, chanting and the rattle and clash of spears struck against shields as the "headless" warriors dance about a great fire. In rhythmic sentences to the beat of the drums some Homer of the tribe chants the battle epic; and between each line the dancing warriors roar in a booming chorus—

"Hail, Taruma! Chief of chiefs! Greatest of warriors!"

Would that I could write down in English words that might convey the spirit of that triumph song; but English words would fail. Gone would be the curious, flowery exaggeration of facts, or, rather, the savage conception of facts.

Briefly: One of Taruma's outpost spies, a "headless" warrior, dashed silently into the Ewaipanoma village two nights ago, bearing tidings that the Spaniards were moving out of San Tomé and heading toward the Ewaipanoma country.

At once Aboa gave full power to Taruma, who commanded all the warriors to assemble.

The savage Homer tells how calm was Taruma's brow. He did not haste him, but took thought and waited as if no enemy was marching to destroy the peace of Ewaipanoma.

And that which he waited came in the night, tidings borne by another warrior from the outposts. The Spaniard had halted before the gateway of the gorge, appalled, as the Homer declared, by the frightsome figures that guarded the portal. There had the Spaniard passed the night.

The Ewaipanoma foolishly sang that no farther would the Spaniard dare to tread. But the wise Taruma sang not with them thus foolishly. He led the warriors through the night and ranged them upon the hilltops on either side of the gorge, and he whispered in the ears of the captains, the while he sent spies to watch over the sleeping Spaniard.

The captains foolishly spoke in Taruma's ear, urging that he slay the Spaniards while they slept. But Taruma said:

"Nay. We are not Spaniards. And when they awaken and stand up we shall strike them to sleep again!"

And when the morning came and the Spanish camp stirred and the men in armor began the passage of the gorge, lo, the chasm was filled with "headless" warriors, who shot arrows and rolled great stones from the hillsides!

And when the Spaniards broke in confusion and crowded to overflowing the narrow path of the gorge, so that men in armor fell clattering and crashing into the roaring torrent, the Ewaipanoma descended upon them with their spears, fearless of the smoking-sticks that spat death—fearless,

sang the savage Homer, for that Taruma was their captain!

"Hail, Taruma! Chief of chiefs! Greatest of warriors!"

The Spaniards fled along the narrow path, the "headless" warriors hemming them in, driving them back, cutting them off! Rocks and arrows poured upon them like rain and lightning and thunder. The river was "choked" with dead men in armor, the gorge rang with the noise of great battle, and the Ewaipanoma took no prisoners!

Those that escaped the gorge paused not but sped back to Santamí with the tidings of great disaster, while the Ewaipanoma, mighty in spirit but weak in number, returned in triumph to King Aboa, led by Taruma.

"Hail, Taruma! Chief of chiefs! Greatest of warriors!"

Later.

A SHADOW fell across my doorway as I sat listening to the mighty acclaim of my comrade, the king. It was he of whom the savage Homer sang. His face was sad and his great eyes glowed with a kind of somber, melancholy fire.

"Esaparra!" he said.

"Taruma! Is not your heart glad?"

"Yea and nay," he replied. "The Ewaipanoma are doomed, nevertheless, as were my people, as are all the ancient tribes of the Orenoqueponi. We but die fighting.

"For the Spaniards are many. Twice has a ship brought more of them to Santamí. They flourish faster than we may slay them. Like weeds they will spring up again to choke the flowers of our land."

"Speak not so lacking of faith, Taruma!" I protested. "Forget not the English. They are the enemies of Spain. Where the Spaniards are, there will come the English sooner or later—even Capuaralli!"

At the name Taruma's eyes brightened, but then again he said with calm sadness:

"Aye, they may come. Yet though I love Esaparra, and the memory of Godawí, though I honor the very name of Capuaralli, forget not that I beheld with mine own eyes the court of Ezrabeta and observed many things.

"True, the English will do battle with the Spaniards and drive him out, but only that the English may hold what the Spaniard lost. The Orenoquiponi will but change masters."

I had nothing pertinent to say to this. I knew that he had the probable truth of a likely upshot.

"But they will not pass the warning sign of the 'headless' warriors on the rocks for some time," Taruma went on with a smile. "They have learned a lesson written in blood, and wounds do not heal overnight. Now is the time to follow the desire of my heart."

"How mean you, Taruma?"

"I go forth from the valley of the Ewaipanoma to find the remnant of my people—and our brother, Godawí."

I arose and held out my hand to him, my eyes filled with tears of love and gratitude.

Without, the voice of the savage Homer chanted, the drums beat rhythmically and the warriors boomed in chorus—

"Hail, Taruma! Chief of chiefs! Greatest of warriors!"

"And most loyal of friends!" I said, crushing his hand in mine.

XIV

Ewaipanomaia. 1615. (?)

TARUMA left the village two days after his triumph and following a conference with King Aboa and his chiefs and captains. It was their common opinion that the Spaniards would not attack again for some little time, at least until after recovery from their losses and arrival of reinforcement from one of these ships which appear to be coming from Spain at regular intervals.

Nevertheless, Taruma left all things prepared against the unexpected, appointing his most able captain, one Yarubo, to have command of the soldiers and to confer with the king on all matters.

Then Taruma went away, and not even I knew the hour in which he passed from the village. When the Ewaipanoma awoke on the second morning after the victory he was gone.

Yet some hours later his own trained men were scouring the jungle in all directions in the hope of finding his tracks, overtaking Taruma and urging his return.

For not an hour after sunup, when Taruma may have been still within hail of the village, there walked into our midst—a Spaniard!

At first the Ewaipanoma flew to their temporarily discarded arms, thinking this

lone Spaniard but the forerunner of many in attack. But then it was seen that not only was the man without weapons of any kind, but he was bareheaded and wore no armor, although from the visible garment covering his torso I judged that he had worn armor recently but cast it aside for a reason which was clear in his tattered condition of that undergarment and his general aspect of distress and exhaustion.

He was at once seized and taken before King Aboa, who immediately summoned me.

Now, during my service with Sir Walter Raleigh it had been necessary that I acquire some knowledge of the Spanish tongue. Indeed, the fair acquaintance with that language which had enabled me to read, for example, "The Narrative of Juan Martinez" had been one of the small accomplishments which first attracted Sir Walter's notice to the bookseller's son. In my later travels with him I added a practical knowledge of the idioms of a flowery and somewhat inverted speech.

Now, although my memory and my tongue were alike rusty, I was able to understand this lone Spaniard and to make myself understood by him. When I discovered, as I did at once, that he was, or recently had been, of that ill-fated company in the gorge, I immediately sent runners on the trail of Taruma, as we were like to gain much important information from this man.

Taruma, however, was not to be found. Even his tracks could not be discovered. But no doubt he was traveling with that circumspection which defeats following.

In the meantime, questioning the Spaniard closely, I learned this much:

His name was Eusebio Ybarra. He was a soldier and had come to Guiana by the earliest of the Spanish ships, that one the company of which attacked Morequito and founded the Spanish settlement near its site, the which is indeed called San Tomé.

He, himself, had been in the battle of the gorge, had been crowded over the edge of the narrow pathway during the panic and fallen into the river. He had saved himself from drowning by discarding his musket, sword, morion and body armor, afterward clinging to a ledge under a projecting rock; thus also escaping observation.

He knew no more than did we as to how many men the Spaniards lost in the ambush, only that the loss was heavy and that from time to time as he clung to the ledge men fell from above into the surging torrent about him and many floated past him, dead, or they drowned before his eyes.

He declared, however, that there must have been more dead in the river than his eyes beheld, for the bodies which floated were only of those who had discarded their armor in a vain fight for life.

After the battle, when the gorge was again still, the Ewaipanoma having long since departed and night fallen, the Spaniard extricated himself from his dilemma and crawled up the steep hillside until he found a pathway. Along this he groped his way in darkness, hoping to come upon the camp of such of his company as had escaped alive.

It would appear that, unfamiliar with his surroundings and confused by darkness, he followed the path in the wrong direction, which brought him into the valley of Ewaipanomaia. When daylight revealed his immediate surroundings he was more confused than ever, and for thirty-six hours, as I judge, he was lost in the valley.

He did not suffer from lack of water, of which there is a-plenty in this region, but was desperate for food, having no knowledge of the bounties the jungle holds on every hand.

At daybreak on the second day he saw the smoke of the Ewaipanoma village and desire for food overcame his dread of the "headless" warriors—or his fear of death in any form other than starvation.

After I had caused to be brought to this Eusebio some food and native wine and watched him eat and drink the same with gusto, I questioned him further.

The commander of the Spanish settlement was a person whose names and titles are too numerous to set forth here. I shall speak of him as *El Gobernador*, which Eusebio Ybarra most frequently entitled him. And further I shall merely note that he is apparently a person of high birth and consequence and a relative—as the soldier informed me—of no less a personage than the Spanish ambassador to the court of the English king.

From this information I gathered several facts of great interest to me after these many years castaway from my native land.

First, that Elizabeth is no more and a king reigns in her stead. But who is this king? At first I was stricken with a great fear for my dear land when the Spaniard declared *el rey* was named Jaime. But, then, had we not been speaking Spanish he would

have said "the king is named James."

But—James? Who is this James? Was it possible that Elizabeth at last yielded her maiden state? I could not believe so, knowing how vain she was of her title as the Virgin Queen. Of course, the king of Scotland was a James, son of milord Darnley and the Queen of Scots. But— Was it possible that Elizabeth, in remorse perhaps for the political removal of the unhappy Mary Stuart, dying, had declared in favor of her hated rival's son?

I would that I might live to know the truth of this matter.

Second, I learn that Spain and England are at peace; else would there be no Spanish ambassador to the court of this King James!

Is this, perhaps, the reason why Raleigh has not returned? Spain claiming the New World by right of discovery and peace forbidding English emprise hereabout?

Instantly it flashed upon me that, if the two nations were at peace, Godwin and I had nothing to fear from the Spaniards of San Tomé. We might even appear before *El Gobernador* as castaways and claim his hospitality and protection and ask of his generosity that he return us in one of his ships to England, or as near to England as Cadiz.

But in the next flash of thought I perceived that to follow this course meant that we throw our lot on the Spanish side, which means we must condone and countenance the Spaniard's acts against the peace of our friends and brothers, the Orenoqueponi.

And then quite clearly I saw our position. I speak of myself and Godwin, taking it for granted that he is alive. We are as men temporarily without flag or country. We are but citizens of the Other Side of Beyond. Yet is our allegiance in all fairness due unto Tarúma and all to whom he is faithful.

So be it; and God be with us all!

EUSEBIO said that he knew nothing of the plans of *El Gobernador*, save as gossip concerning these passed among his fellow *soldados*.

El Gobernador, as gathered from such gossip, planned to make conquest of all Guiana to the Spanish crown, since a peace had been made with England and the latter had promised no further intrusion upon the lands which Spain claimed by right of discovery.

Already he had accomplished much to this end, having made a pact with the Macuregai, the tribe which inhabits the mouth of the Orinoco, and sealed its king, Caribana, to alliance with Spain and guardianship of the gateway to this vast country.

Also—as I already knew, alas! *El Gobernador* has slain, or dispersed, or subjugated the tribe called the Aromaia, an act taken, said Eusebio, because the Macuregai desired it as the price of their allegiance to Spain, declaring that the Aromaia were a "turbulent" people!

So! It is an ancient blood-feud between the Macuregai and the Aromaia which has been the Spaniard's entering wedge to destroy the Orenoqueponi! How often has it been so in the world's sad human history?

El Gobernador, further said Eusebio, speaking of what he had heard, knew of the so-called "Mountain of Gold," discovered and reported by Sir Walter Raleigh. The Spanish leader planned to possess its riches for Spain. Already an expedition had placed the location of the glittering hill and at the same time discovered the country of the Orejones some leagues beyond.

Considering that the too close proximity of any tribe to this mountain of yellow metal was a menace to the peaceful mining of it, *El Gobernador* had sent a strong expedition against the Orejones, overcome them, seized their town and bound the people to serve Spain in the task of removing the "gold."

The captain of this expedition had sought to seize the person of the Orejone king whose name as I already knew, was Guascar, and hold him as a hostage for fulfillment of the Spanish ends. But when the Spaniards entered the king's house they found Guascar dead—"from fear," said Eusebio, "for he was a very aged man."

So! It was clear to me that Eusebio, a common soldier, had no knowledge of the history of these Orejones, who are indeed of the ancient Incas of Peru.

It was with a sense of the tragedy of it all that I reflected how history had repeated itself here, for in seeking to coerce those Incas by seizing their king, in the death of the latter the Spaniards had no less murdered him than in the case of Pizarro and Guascar's unhappy uncle, Atahualpa.

As yet, it appeared to me—and I was careful to give no hint that would inform even this common soldier—the Spaniards knew nothing of the existence of the powerful Maquarima tribe to the southward, and of the tribe of Amazons only by hearsay, as by the

like they had heard of a tribe of warriors who had no heads.

Eusebio said *El Gubernador* had not held the reports of the two latter peoples in much credence, but the discovery by one of his reconnoitering parties of the graving on the rock at the "gateway" had aroused a greater interest in both the "headless" people and the reported tribe of women.

The graving on the rock suggested that a "headless" people did exist. If so, then there might also be a tribe of women warriors. He determined, said Eusebio, to satisfy him on these points.

El Gobernador accompanied none of these minor expeditions himself.

The party which entered the gorge was not more than half his strength and was dispatched with mere intent to survey. It had orders not to attack without provocation the "headless" people should these be found, but to return with report of them, their manner of living, their wealth—if any, and of gold—and particularly their strength.

As Eusebio wryly admitted, *El Gobernador* was by now fully informed on at least one of these points!

Further: *El Gobernador* had planned, by way of pleasuring the soldiers, to permit of an expedition in search of the tribe of women, but Eusebio did not know whether, in view of the recent disaster, this would be carried out.

This is all of importance and special interest that I gained from speech with our Spanish prisoner. Thereafter he was housed, fed, and treated with savage but simple courtesy against the return of Taruma.

Later.

A CURIOUS and somewhat tragic thing has occurred.

As our hunters were unable to find Taruma and as my comrade of Aromaia might not return for many days or weeks, a question arose as to what should be done with the Spaniard.

The warriors and some of the chiefs were of a mind to slay him, but this was repugnant to King Aboa and to some of the other chiefs—as indeed it was to me.

Nevertheless, the problem grew as the Spaniard, allowed complete liberty within the confines of the village, found opportunity to observe the strength of the Ewaipanoma and learn of their defences. In particular was Eusebio much interested, and openly amused, at the head-dress disguise and its purpose.

I spoke to King Aboa, warning against this over-freedom. For a moment the king stared at me and seemed about to speak; but then he frowned and turned away without a word.

Thereafter, as if my advice had been resented, the Spaniard was allowed even greater freedom, none appearing to heed even when he frequently wandered out of the village and into the jungle, and was absent many hours at a time.

It was as if the Ewaipanoma cared not whether he escaped back to his own people, carrying with him much information of our strength and our weakness. On the other hand, the Spaniard appeared to have no desire of escape, for ever he returned from these excursions into the jungle and resumed his place among us as if contented with his new and easier lot.

But I was not wholly convinced of this, nor that the Ewaipanoma were so heedless of his comings and goings. I had heard and read of prisoners who effected escape by pretense of contentment in order to gain greater freedom; never abusing this freedom; but only stretching their bonds more and more until the moment was ripe to break for liberty. And I had heard, or read, of captors who, for reasons of their own, desired that a captive should attempt to escape.

I was, therefore, not wholly surprized when one evening it was reported that the Spanish prisoner had not returned. I was surprized, on the other hand, that no party of hunters left the village at once to find the missing man—surprized, I say, until the return of a search-party made it clear that the hunt had begun even before news of the Spaniard's escape reached me.

They had overtaken the Spaniard. But they had not brought him back.

And now, though I shuddered at the cold-blooded design of it all, I understood the necessity and could not find it very deeply in my heart to condemn the Ewaipanoma for their recently born caution in the protection of their secrets.

Later.

TWO or three weeks, at least, have passed since I made the preceding notes.

Since then, and until today, nothing has occurred worthy of special record. The

Ewaipanoma spies have all reported from time to time that the Spaniards remain quiet at San Tomé and venture beyond the edges of the settlement clearing only in armed groups.

But today a great thing has come to pass, simple as it may appear in the mere written word.

Taruma has returned! And not alone! He came silently, unexpectedly, to the entrance of my hut and stood aside to let another enter before him.

That other was *Burani!*

The story Taruma has told me—his own and Burani's—I shall set down separately when my mind is more composed to the task.

XV.

Ewaipanomaia, December 18, 1615.

THE date which I have written above I fix from that brief message which Taruma placed in my hands and which assured me that my comrade, Master Hugh Godwin, was alive at the time he sent it, ten days before.

Here is the message, which was writ on a strip of the parchment-like lining of that plant which is said to bloom only once in a hundred years:

December 9, '15

To Francis Sparrow:

I rejoice to hear that you live and enjoy health. Taruma bears tidings of me. Pray God that we meet again. GODWIN.

"Where?" I asked eagerly, curiosity for detail rushing upon the heels of realization of fact.

Taruma smiled.

"From Godawi himself."

"But how? Where?"

Taruma pretended to cast his memory back upon the circumstance of it.

"It was in a place of dense brush," he said. "Burani sat there and I here. Godawi sat there, facing us both. To us, after many days of waiting, he had stolen from the village of the Amazons, to which he returned after speech with us and giving me this message."

"Tell me everything!" I cried.

"With that in mind I came," Taruma said, adding with his quiet smile— "It is a strange thing, yet true, Esaparra, that eagerness reads backward, calmness forward."

I laughed at this bit of wisdom falling from savage lips and bethought me how, had I uttered it and Godwin heard, my comrade would have cried— "Owl!"

Taruma, ever calm, told the story, head first.

When Taruma left the village of the Ewaipanoma—to relate facts without flowers—he traveled circumspectly from habit, and remembering the possibility that some Spanish survivors of the gorge fight might be in the jungle.

He did not make his way out of Ewaipanomaia by the gorge, but by another ravine which he had in the meantime discovered, and so came to the "gateway" by a circuitous route.

Here he found the tracks of the retreating Spaniards and marked with satisfaction signs of great panic in their flight to San Tomé.

Knowing that no living Spaniard would wittingly be in that vicinity for many a day, and having seen no sign of stragglers, Taruma advanced more openly and in a southerly direction, meaning to spy upon San Tomé if conditions allowed and perhaps again win to speech with some of his people in the Spanish settlement.

He had not gone more than a few leagues southward from the "gateway" before instinct told him that he was being followed by some creature. Knowing that often thus does a blood-lusting jaguar mark down its prey and stealthily follow until opportunity to slay is ripe, Taruma fitted an arrow to his bow and made a half-circle to the rear. Presently, crouching behind a rock, he watched his own back-tracks.

But apparently the creature following him knew this trick of the human quarry, for it was traveling not directly in the path of Taruma but on a parallel course some little distance to the right.

Taruma was taken completely by surprize when the tracker arose behind him and made a queer chuckling sound. The young king of the Aromaia spun upon his heel to find the wrinkled, leathern visage of Burani grinning at him from the brush.

Startled one moment, Taruma was not so greatly amazed the next. He only had begun to fear that Burani was dead, for that the old jungle-creature had not long since found out him and me, no matter where we might be, if alive.

But Burani's explanation of his failure was simple and very understandable.

He knew there was no reason to believe we were dead, for we had but gone into the jungle to find the elixir-plant. He reasoned that in due time we had returned and discovered what had happened at Morequito in the meantime.

If we had not walked into the Spaniard's hands, which Burani did not believe Taruma was likely to do, it followed that we had sought temporary refuge with one of the other tribes of the Orenoqueponi.

Two tribes he dismissed from his mind at once: the Caribs of the Macuregai, who were far distant and hated the Arawak Aromaia, and the Tarupanoma, or Amazons, who would slay or enslave any men who came unbidden among them.

Therefore, Burani concluded, no doubt, we were to be found either among the Maquarima, or the Orejones, or the Ewaipanoma.

The Maquarima, although rivals of the Aromaia in many things, were beholden to the Aromaia, for that Taruma's uncle, King Topiawari, had at one time aided them against the common enemy, the Macuregai.

The Orejones, too, who were neither Caribs nor Arawaks, but Incas, had sealed a friendship with the Aromaia through Taruma's "ambassadors," Godawí and Esaparra!

Lastly—and Burani probably did think last of this—while Taruma himself might not eagerly seek the huts of the dreaded Ewaipanoma, I, Esaparra, had once been among them and had returned with Godawí, not only unscathed but professing the friendship of their king, Aboa.

But it was a long time before Burani was free to pursue search for us.

At the time of the attack on Morequito he was with Godwin in Taruma's house, where my comrade had lain ever since the beginning of his illness. Tarasí, the medicine-doctor, was also there, Godwin having suffered a relapse that day and being slightly delirious.

Hearing the uproar without, Tarasí, leaving Burani with my comrade, rushed out to discover what had befallen. He was seized in the doorway of the king's house by a number of Spaniards who mistook him for Taruma, as they had previously done Baruallí, the elder chief. One of the Aromaia, whom the Spaniards had forced to lead the way, suddenly burst out in mocking laughter and told his captors that he had deceived them again—that this was not the king either!

In their rage the Spaniards struck down this brave and loyal man, and one of them shot Tarasí to death, as before they had killed Baruallí.

It was during this altercation that Burani, gaining understanding of what was afoot, also gained time to act.

Somehow he managed to restore Godwin's muddled wit to some clearness of comprehension and aided him to escape by the rear of Taruma's house. The village was already afire and it was night. In the fog of smoke they managed to skulk across the clearing and gain the edge of the jungle.

Here Godwin collapsed; but the sinewy old man, not satisfied of their safety, made shift to drag him farther into the jungle. Then leaving my comrade, Burani returned to the clearing's edge to spy upon the Spaniards' doings.

Burani said that all the men of the Aromaia who did not at once escape, or who did not at once throw down their hastily seized weapons, were slain without mercy. Those who yielded were herded together and, as Taruma afterward established, made slaves.

The old men were slain. The women were not killed.

Burani intercepted some of the Aromaia who gained the jungle and these further aided him in assembling the warriors who had escaped. That is; he kept several by himself and bade the others pass the word of a certain rendezvous for all at a point deeper in the jungle.

Then, Godwin being carried by two of the Aromaia, Burani led the way into the depth of the labyrinth, where there was at least temporary safety from the Spaniards, who would not venture there by night.

In the morning the survivors, coming from all parts of the jungle, assembled at the rendezvous, a small islet formed by the piling up of silt where a great rock split a river tributary into two streams.

In all, about fourscore of the Aromaia came to this spot; some wounded, but the majority suffering only from fatigue and deep sorrow. There were two younger chiefs among them; one, Ewaro, being a person of considerable prowess. He was wounded in many places, but not seriously, save that he had lost much blood. His spear was broken.

Ewaro and the other chief held council with Burani, as if they had never at any time thought the old man half-witted. Godwin this morning was much worse and quite out of his proper mind. He could think of but one thing, it seems; which was that he be taken at once to Carraori, that he might be with Aterima when he died.

Ewaro and the other chief paid little heed to these demands, considering them but the ravings of delirium, as indeed they were. Burani, on the other hand, while knowing that Godwin was delirious, hearkened to him closely and fell to thinking.

In the end it was Burani, the "half-witted," who devised a plan; and his counsel prevailed.

His plan, until a better one might be thought on, was that the survivors of the Aromaia should cross the river at the shallows above Caima, then move more or less eastward to a fertile valley Burani wot of to the north of the Maquarima country and on the south bank of the Orinoco, not far from the point where the Isle of Carraori lies in the delta.

There the Aromaia could dwell in comparative security and comfort, well-nourished by an abundance of water and game, while Burani bore tidings of the Spaniard's presence to the Maquarima, the Orejones and the Amazons.

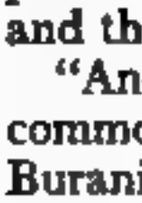
"And that the Orenoqueponi are in common danger," said the "half-witted" Burani, "will make all as brothers and so secure the Aromaia in this valley, where else peace were endangered by the Maquarima, who claim it as their country."

"And the infirm one?" asked Ewaro, nodding toward Godwin, who tossed and muttered on a bed of palm-fronds.

"Him I take where his spirit commands through his mouth," said Burani; "—to her that is his woman, Aterima the Sea-Born. He may die."

The two chiefs looked troubled, knowing how the Amazons treat undidden male guests. But then Ewaro nodded and said:

"It is well. It is as it should be. For as Burani says, Godawí may die."



SO, AFTER the surviving Aromaia, guided by Burani, came to the valley at the edge of the Maquarima country and camped there, the old man of the jungle took Godwin to the Isle of Carraori.

Godwin, it seems, had by now recovered sufficiently to be no longer delirious; but he was still feverish and weak. Nevertheless, Burani would not jeopardize the liberty of any of the Aromaia, who might have borne the sick man on a litter to the Amazon village. Instead, he had two of the warriors bear him to the river-bank, find and borrow a *canoa* of the Maquarima; and himself paddled the light craft and its half-inert burden into the delta.

"Where do you take me?" Godwin asked once, awaking from a half-stupor.

"To the Sea-Born, Godawí," said Burani.

"To—Aterima?" whispered Hugh, mazed no doubt.

Thereafter, while he did not grow well at once, his spirits became unnaturally high. In fact, by the time Burani brought him to Carraori, Godwin was again in a high fever. But he declared himself as well as he had ever been, laughing and talking incessantly and insisting that he would walk upon his own feet into the presence of his queen.

Thus, then, these two traveled after leaving the *canoa* hid in the morass by Carraori; Godwin marching ahead, talking to himself and growing momentarily more excited; Burani following with, no doubt, a sharp eye upon his charge.

Before they came within sight of the village Godwin collapsed, and again the wiry old man of the jungle must need assist him.

This time he had to carry Godwin upon his back, but the distance was short and the rest of the way into the valley downhill.

When the aged hunter staggered into the village of Carraori with the source of much dissension among the Amazons on his back and clinging to his neck, the Amazons did nothing—nothing but stare, so great was their surprize at the boldness or strangeness of the intrusion.

Straight to the house which Burani had long before marked as the queen's the old man bore his burden. There he was halted by the women-warrior guards. Under the points of their spears Burani lowered his burden to the ground and said:

"To the Sea-Born I bring the Sea-Born. He dies; and even the lioness hath pity for its mate."

Suddenly a cry rose from the queen's house. In the doorway appeared a woman of great beauty to whose side clung a male child of much fairness and perhaps four years of age.

Aterima—for she it must have been—rushed forward, knelt by the senseless form of Godwin, tenderly lifted his head to her knees and kissed him on the lips.

Burani was unable, at the time of his encounter with Taruma in the jungle, to relate what happened after that; for, his mission accomplished and fearing to be made a serf of the Amazons, he took advantage of the ensuing confusion to retreat to the cover of the brush.

Gaining which, he swiftly made his escape to the morass and the *canoa*.

SEVERAL months elapsed between that and the day when Taruma, seeking to surprize that which dogged his steps, was in turn surprized by Burani.

Upon his return to the Aromaia in the valley of their refuge, Burani, accompanied by Ewaro, traveled to the chief village of the Maquarima. There they spoke with the tribe's king, Tapáni; told him of the Spaniard's coming and of his ruthless destruction of the Aromaia and asked for the Maquarima's aid and support.

King Tapáni, at once seeing the peril of his own people, which Taruma had foreseen for all the Orenoqueponi, immediately promised not only toleration of the Aromaia within his boundaries but invited them to enter his villages and live with his people, who would house and feed and arm them against that time when, united together, all would descend upon the Spaniard.

Ewaro courteously thanked King Tapáni, but said it was better that the Aromaia remain where they were, so that they might guard the river boundary of the Maquarima country against surprize.

Secretly Ewaro feared that the old friendly rivalry of the Aromaia and the Maquarima might become less friendly in daily contact. No doubt Tapáni perceived this possibility also, for he took no offense at Ewaro's declining of his hospitality.

Thereafter, with this good understanding established, Ewaro and Burani returned to the valley of refuge. There the chief presently remained to establish in their new habitat the people who had fallen to his charge, while Burani started forth upon a double mission.

This was to find Taruma and myself, if possible; and, at the same time, in his travels to this end, acquaint other tribes with the peril which was at their doors.

But first he launched a light *canoa* and alone made the long journey to the mouth of the Orinoco, visiting many scattered peoples on the way. To all these this lone wanderer of Guiana is well known, even to the Macuregai, and he had nothing to fear in visiting, one after the other, even such tribes as among themselves were mortal enemies.

Most of these tribes, or portions of tribes, of the lower river were already aware of the coming of the Spaniards. Few of these peoples were as yet bitter against the foreigners, for that, as they had no gold and had given no offense, they had received none of the latter. Many even professed a friendship for the *conquistadores*.

Burani's chief objective, however, was Macuregai, as is called the chief village of the Carib tribe of the same name. Here he found King Caribana, a descendant of a long line of Caribanas, living in great state; for the Spaniards, many of whom were here quartered, had flattered him greatly, presenting him with gaudy gifts and assuring him that when the Spaniards had dealt with the Aromaia and other Arawak tribes which had long obstructed the Macuregai's advance to the interior, he, Caribana, would be made Emperor of Guiana!

This was all that Burani sought to know; and the seemingly half-witted old outcast was permitted to leave Macuregai unmolested, as oft before, after he had been closely questioned by the Spaniards, through Caribana concerning the affairs of their countrymen farther up the Orinoco.

Burani told a great tale of the "goodness and kindness" of the Spaniards to the "grateful" Orenoqueponi. Among the latter, however, he did not include the Aromaia. These, Burani "confessed," he held in great contempt. He was "glad" to be able to tell the great Caribana and his friends, "the men of the shining bodies," how the Spaniards had fallen upon the Aromaia and slain King Taruma and all his people, so that not one of the Aromaia was left—not one!

He neglected to speak of the Ewaipanoma or the battle of the gorge, or of the Maquarima and the existence of Ewaro and his pact with Tapáni.

Upon his return up the river Burani again visited the Aromaia in the valley of refuge hoping that Taruma and I might have found our way there. Not finding this to be the case, but that otherwise all went well

there—the Aromaia having constructed a village—Burani next visited the country of the Orejones.

There he found the Spaniards in possession, even as they were in the Aromaia country. Here, too, the town of the Incas was being replaced by Spanish houses. Guascar, the king, was dead. Most of the Orejones were in bondage to their European masters and engaged in the labor of quarrying gold from that mountain which is some leagues to the northeast.

Having marked all these things, without revealing his own presence, Burani turned him to the only remaining kingdom where Taruma and I might have sought refuge, that of the Ewaipanoma.

He had feared to pass the "gateway," as he later told Taruma and me, his ancient half-superstitious dread of the "headless" people halting him at the boundaries of Ewaipanomaia.

There he had remained for several days, debating with his own fears. Once he had seen a "headless" warrior standing up against the sky as if guarding the portals of the gorge, and this completely turned Burani from his half-formed decision to risk all and enter.

But as he retreated he encountered a large body of Spaniards coming from San Tomé and heading toward the Ewaipanoma country. He followed them as he would have any other dangerous quarry. He was watching over the Spanish camp from the jungle even while Taruma's outpost guards spied on it from the ridges.

Next day he witnessed the ambush of the Spaniards and their semi-annihilation. The sight but redoubled his fear of the "headless" warriors, numbers of whom he had seen in this fight in their dreafdul array and fury of battle.

He had lain under cover for two days thereafter, fearing capture by the "monsters."

That which he at first took for one of these proved to be a plain human, such as he did not fear. Tracking that human, he had discovered Taruma.

THAT concerning which my mind is most curious is that of which Taruma and Burani brought me least news.

Burani had not seen or heard of Godwin since that day he left him at Aterima's feet.

Taruma may have felt a natural anxiety over what might have happened to our comrade in the meantime. Although he was but a few hours' march from me he could not bring himself to return at that time with only half-news, or news that would add to my suspense of anxiety.

Godwin, when last heard of, was expected to die of the *calenture*, even if the Amazons did not slay him, commanded thereto by the council of Elder Women which so bitterly opposed his union with the queen.

So Taruma, not reproaching Burani that he had abandoned Godwin to search for us, heard the ancient's story to the end and then at once took up his spear and bade Burani accompany him to Carraori.

At first Taruma was of a mind to appear before the survivors of his people and, assuring them of his being alive and again claiming their allegiance, lead the Aromaia warriors into Carraori, lest some protection for Godwin, or force for his delivery, became necessary.

But on second thought he decided to go to the isle of the women accompanied only by Burani. For the force of his remaining Aromaia was not sufficient to do battle with the Amazons, and surely the approach of any considerable numbers would be noted and Godwin's life endangered thereby.

It was not clear, either, that the best ends could be served by taking Godwin away from Carraori. That remained to be seen. In the meantime, Taruma and Burani could more subtly approach the Amazon village and discover how matters lay.

This plan they followed to success, coming to Carraori after some days' travel and concealing themselves in the brush as near to the Amazon village as was discreet. Thereupon Burani reconnoitered, seeking to come to speech with Godwin or reach him through some other agency with a message.

It was some days before he was successful in either, and then again some days elapsed before Godwin was able to act upon the communication.

This is how it transpired, Burani returning after several days with report to Taruma where he hid in the brush.

Godwin had not only recovered from his fever but was seemingly stronger and in better spirits than Burani ever remembered seeing him. But his recovery had brought the matter of his disposal to an issue among the Amazons.

It appeared from what Burani told Taruma, and Godwin himself was presently to confirm, that the Amazons were divided in opinion, not only concerning what should be done with Godwin but on the question of a continuance of the tribe's marriage system. The matter of the queen's unhappiness had raised this issue, and her side was at once supported by many others who in the past had suffered, or were now suffering, the pangs of true love thwarted.

But for this division of the tribe the Council of Elder Women would have had Godwin done away with, either openly or secretly; but they feared to precipitate the issue of which I have made note.

On the other hand, they could not afford to yield their position entirely, so they compromised by demanding that the rule of the tribe, as touching unbidden males, should be honored; that is, that Godwin be made serf with the males of their own tribe.

Aterima would have defied this rule, or attempted an overrule; but Godwin dissuaded her, pointing out that he was strong and able to do labor and, furthermore, that if he were given this comparative freedom to move among the people he might be able to strengthen opposition to the Council of Elder Women and that system which they represented.

In the end Aterima yielded to her lord, and neither she nor Godwin saw each other again, a great gulf naturally existing between the queen of the tribe and her lowliest serf.

On account of Godwin's physical strength, however, so much in excess of that of the miserable men of the Tarupanoma, he was put to no very menial tasks, but more usefully employed at those heavier pursuits which have from the beginning of time been to men and the ability to perform which has given them an ascendancy over women.

So that during this time Hugh Godwin surrendered none of his manhood. While he felled trees and digged ditches and delved the soil he laughed at his Amazon guards, who indeed grew to regard his manly attributes with approving eyes.

And ever, when opportunity offered and he crept into the favor of these guards, he sowed seeds of opposition to the Elder Women, subtly nourishing these plantings by conjuring showers of sympathy for Queen Aterima, and such as, like her, loved outside the pale of the Amazon law.

In time, guarding this white man became a sinecure among the Amazons. Most of the time Hugh Godwin was free to conduct his labors in his own way and in his own good time. And through this ultimate freedom from espionage, Burani was at last able to come to speech with my comrade.

TWO days later Godwin came to the rendezvous in the brush appointed by Burani. Here he was gladly greeted by Taruma. And these three held a short and rapid council together.

Godwin might have been able safely to be absent an hour or more, but in his mind the stake for which he played was so great that he could not afford to play the game rashly.

He spent less than half an hour with Taruma. During that time he briefly related these facts concerning his existence among the Amazons and gave Taruma that message for me which he had previously prepared against this opportunity of sending it.

For the rest, he heard report of all that had happened since the night of the attack on Morequito, and his eyes glowed when he heard of Taruma's plan for revenge against the Spaniards and of the latter's defeat in the gorge.

"Good!" said he, clasping the young king's hand. "Taruma, thou'rt a man after my own heart and a true king! Go ye back now to Francis Sparrow, give him report of me, and thyself continue the good work.

"By the time thou art ready with all in unity to strike at the Spaniards, I shall ha' brought mine own affairs to the bursting point. And if all goes well I shall lead my Amazons on your right hand!

"No more now. Time flies! Only this, Taruma; and thou, Burani. Keep me informed on all matters. Burani, be thou king's messenger, courier between the captains of the host. And by Burani shall I return word of my affairs.

"I go now, lest I ruin all," he said, springing to his feet with a curious physical exuberance. "Give the written message to Master Francis and add thereto the spoken word of my affection. Say to him that I am happy—happier than I have ever been, for that I ha' wife and son, and their existence is the glory of my days.

"Fare ye well!"

This, then, is the tale Taruma and Burani

brought to me after all their wanderings.

I write it down while the King of the Aromaia and Burani sit in council with the King of the Ewaipanoma and Yarubo and all the lesser chiefs and warriors.

Presently I shall hear the plan.

XVI

Ewaipanomaia, January 20, 1616.

TARUMA and Burani having gone and the matters left to me being discharged, I find time to enter a brief note, although I fear me that presently the keeping of this record must be abandoned. When nothing happens there is naught to set down. When aught does happen the nature of it is like to leave me little time for scrivening.

Briefly, Taruma and Burani, after that council with Aboa and his chiefs, confided to me some of their agreed plan and presently departed for Maquarima to execute the same.

The plan is large but simple. It is, as might have been expected, that the Maquarima, the Aromaia and the Ewaipanoma join forces to drive the Spaniards out of Guiana. The matter of the Amazons allying themselves with this project is too debatable to be dependable. But Taruma has faith that somehow Godwin will fulfil his amazing promise.

In the meantime, while my brother and friend, the King of the Aromaia, moves from one tribal country to another, patiently weaving the fabric of his generalship into his ultimate design, I have little to do but keep report of the Ewaipanoma, continue to urge Aboa and Yarubo—his general in Taruma's absence—to unabated preparation for war, and myself patiently await developments.

May 17, 1616.

TARUMA has been absent nearly five months, but I have not been without news of him, and his failure to appear in Ewaipanomaia in person I take as a compliment to his confidence in me and my ability to continue matters here.

The whole Guiana jungle in these days and nights I can picture as full of the flitting shadows of Taruma's couriers, chiefest of whom is Burani. These couriers flit between King Taruma and King Aboa and King Tapáni, and I have no doubt that the same couriers make frequent flights to Carraori, between Godwin within and his allies without. Of this, however, I have as yet little information.

In the meantime, the Spaniard remains quiet, and, the hot weather having set in, he is not likely to attempt any violent measures before Winter. Hence the deliberation with which Taruma conducts his matters.

Several times Burani has been here, but beyond carrying a message to me that "All goes well and Godawí is safe," and taking back my reports on the Ewaipanoma, I have gained little satisfaction from these visits.

Indeed, they only fill me with impatience for the upshot.

September 22, 1616.

TARUMA has come. All is ready for the gathering of the tribes, although it must be fully a week before the Ewaipanoma will move, final preparations being necessary.

Then the tribe will divide, half of it crossing the river above Caima and circuitously traveling to that valley which has been the Aromaia refuge. This has been appointed the rendezvous of the Maquarima, the Ewaipanoma and the Aromaia.

This portion of Aboa's people will be led by Taruma, who will ally them with his Aromaia warriors. Yarubo is to stay with the remainder, which will take up a secret position to the north and within striking distance of San Tomé. Aboa, also, will be with this portion which remains on the north side of the river, the king being too old to travel greatly and to participate in a plan which Taruma much desired that he should.

This plan is nothing less than an embassy of kings, ostensibly to Queen Aterima, but actually to the Council of Elder Women and to support Godwin in that matter which he has brought to what he termed the "bursting point."

Of this matter I am unable to record anything at this time, Taruma being oddly reticent concerning it and only bidding me have patience, so that I may see with mine own eyes.

September 30, 1616.

WE LEAVE Ewaipanomaia tonight! King Aboa and Taruma and Yarubo lead forth the entire tribe. We travel silently and in darkness, lest we stumble upon the Spaniard.

At a certain point the Ewaipanoma will split into two war-parties, Aboa and Yarubo moving to their secret position, where they will await a certain signal to strike, and Taruma güiding the rest to the rendezvous on the edge of the Maquarima country.

I go with Taruma, knowing not when if ever, I may be able to add to these notes which, should anything befall me, I trust may some day, somehow, fall into the hands of one of my countrymen.

XVII

Budleigh, Devonshire, 1637.

FOR many months now I have been engaged in the work of extending these notes made so many years ago in Guiana.

The task has been one of great difficulty, as the rude parchments of skin upon which I wrote have suffered from time, wear and soiling and some parts of the writing, done with various vegetable stains, have faded.

Where memory did not supply such uncertain passages the temptation was to fill in with imagination; but this I would not do. I would not have such as come after me suffer as did many who came after Juan Martinez.

So that, where memory refused to be jogged, I set aside the urging whip until such time as memory decided to start again of its own accord.

But now I come to that part near the end where I must rely wholly upon memory; for from the day I left Ewaipanoma with Taruma and his little army no leisure occurred in which I might write of events immediately after their happening.. My mind in these days was kept in too much of a whirl to have thought for the gentler occupation of writing.

And afterward, during the long, idle days aboard the *Water-Sprite*, I made the mistake of believing that I could never forget any detail of the happenings of these last days. Thus I procrastinated. Days passed into weeks and months and years; and now at last, here in England, I come to the task and to the test of that memory which was my boast.

TARUMA and I, with half the Ewaipanoma behind us, came to the rendezvous in five days, our progress being naturally slower than usual, owing to the circumspection which was necessary to keep the Spaniards unsuspecting of the native movement.

In that valley where the Aromaia had dwelt now for about two years we found the Maquarima, with their king, Tapáni, awaiting us. Taruma was hailed by all, not so much as a king, but as a commander, a warrior high in the respect of warriors.

The Maquarima looked with much curiosity upon me and I presently made the discovery that I was the first European they had ever seen, neither Spaniards nor English explorers ever having penetrated their country.

Burani, who was among those who awaited us, explained much to the Maquarima concerning me and my race. They learned for the first time that Spaniards and English were not the same; that, in fact, the Spanish tribe hated the English tribe, and *vice versa*, even as did the Aromaia the Macuregai and *vice versa*.

Perhaps this did not add to the respect of these savages for either race, but at least it lessened that almost supernatural awe of the common enemy, the Spaniards. The latter were, after all, but ordinary mortals, it now appeared to the Maquarima, and in their private feuds strangely like the Orenoqueponi, and as mortally liable to defeat!

So that my presence, Taruma assured me, served a great end.

And I was to serve another end presently; to fill no less an office than that of personal ambassador of King Aboa in the proposed embassy to the Queen of the Amazons.

For no sooner had the union of the allies been effected and each tribe had had some little time to take measure of the strength and fitness of the others, than King Taruma, King Tapáni and I, "ambassador" of King Aboa, prepared for our journey to Carraori, leaving Chief Ewaro in temporary command of the Orenoqueponi.

We were accompanied on our embassy by sixty warriors, chosen, twenty of each, from the Maquarima, the Aromaia and the Ewaipanoma. This escort was not designed to make show of force to the Amazons but to convey to them a sense of the dignity of our visit and the seriousnes of our errand. And to that same end, which was not hostile, Taruma commanded the Ewaipanoma of the escort to divest themselves of their grass masks and body paint.

Concerning what immediate result was expected from this excursion, beyond the

possibility of the Amazons consenting to ally themselves with us, I was still much in the dark.

"With your own eyes you shall see," said Tarıuma, "and at the same time behold Godawí."

This was enough for me at the moment.

Our company traveled from the south bank of the river and through the tortuous passages of the delta to Carraori in large war-*canoas*, our pilot being Burani.

This time we did not make entrance by the morass which Burani employed on previous secret visits, but openly appeared at that northeastern point which I have somewhere described as being the only place where large *canoas* could navigate.

Our coming was observed and our reception at first hostile. But methinks it was largely a pretense, Godwin, I afterward learned, having secretly informed such of the Amazons as he had won to his side that such an embassy might be expected.

In any case, when Burani, who was not unknown to the Amazons, made signs of our peaceful intentions, we were allowed to land and were conducted in a kind of tense silence of expectation to the council-house of the Elder Women, although Burani had stated that our errand was to the queen in person.

Presently, while we awaited the coming of the queen and her council, there occurred some altercation without the council-house. I turned to the wide-open doorway, beyond which was a strong guard of armed women-warriors, and discovered that the source of the disturbance was no other than my comrade, Hugh Godwin!

He was not attired as became a serf, as I I had expected to see him, but somehow had acquired raiment which was not only fair but even barbarically fine. He was in the full dress of an Orenoqueponi chief, armed with bow, arrow-quiver, spear and club, and upon his head was a high circlet of feathers.

For the moment I found it hard to believe it was indeed my dear comrade and not some stalwart, savage king commanding entrance to his place among his peers.

The altercation arose from the fact that such as were not in the great secret of these many months opposed that entrance, while those who knew the purpose behind Godwin's boldness supported him.

That boldness tipped the balance in his favor. Before the opposition realized how it had happened, Godwin was among us. The respectful manner in which he was received by the two kings, Taruma and Tapáni, to say nothing of the fact that he was heartily embraced by King Aboa's "ambassador," left the opposition somewhat reassured concerning their remissness.

Presently there came a tension in the atmosphere, and I knew that the queen and her council were coming.

They entered, Queen Aterima walking in the midst of the Elder Women. At the queen's side, holding her hand, was a beautiful boy in whose fairness and features I recognized something of Hugh Godwin's.

I glanced at my comrade and at the queen, curious concerning the behavior of these two who, presumably, had not seen one another in some time and now again beheld each the other under strange circumstances.

Aterima but once let her gaze rest upon him, and those eyes flashed but a single look of love and understanding. My comrade returned the look, although his face was otherwise as set as any stoic's. Thereafter for a moment his gaze lingered proudly upon the boy, his son.

The Elder Women carried themselves with an air of great asperity and surveyed our embassy—even the faces of the kings—with a deliberate insolence.

Aterima was seated. When the council had ranged themselves about her, the chiefest of that body—the same whom I had observed as apparent leader when I came here with Godwin years before—addressed the embassy in general, asking (through Burani) what we did in Carraori, unbidden.

It was Taruma who replied directly. At his first words the woman stopped him and inquired sharply of Burani who this person might be.

"Taruma, King of the Aromaia," said the ancient with a chuckle.

"And this," he added, "is Tapáni, King of the Maquarima.

"And this," he further added, pointing at me, "is Esaparra the Wise, the tongue of Aboa, King of the Ewaipanoma and the tongue of Capuaralli, the great *Acarewana* of Ezrabeta, Queen of All the Sea-Born."

Whether the Elder Women were impressed I know not, but clearly the announcement of so formidable an embassy made them anxious.

Aterima's face was alight with a great hope and she glanced at Godwin. My comrade, however, stood as apparently unaware of the proceedings as he was non-existent so far as his presence had been announced.

Yet I saw the eyes of the leader of the council fixed upon him with a kind of malevolent suspicion. She did not challenge his presence then, however, no doubt biding her time in order to learn exactly what matter was afoot.

Then Taruma was permitted to speak.

KING TARUMA informed the Amazon council of all that had taken place among the Aromaia since the coming of Sir Walter Raleigh twenty years before; how Capuaralli was a great and good man, kindly to the Orenoqueponi, desirous of their welfare and revered by his, Taruma's, late ancestor, the aged King Topiawari, whose wisdom and foresight none could gainsy.

Topiawari had frankly said that the great queen whom Capuaralli represented desired Guiana for her own dominion, but the wise old king, foreseeing that the white man must sooner or later be master of this land, had also declared that it was better for the Orenoqueponi to accept the lesser of two evils, for that the English were more merciful than the Spaniards.

Taruma then told how, as token of his good faith, Capuaralli had left among the Aromaia two hostages, the which were the white men, Godawí and Esaparra. Godawí he upheld as a brave warrior and an example of worthy manhood. Me he characterized as "a gentle person of much wisdom." During these twenty years Godawí and Esaparra had so endeared themselves among the Orenoqueponi that they had been adopted as blood-brothers.

Then Taruma told of the coming of the Spaniards, of their ruthless murder or enslavement of the Aromaia and the Orejones, and the destruction of their villages; also of the Spanish intention to carry this ruthlessness to other tribes, particularly the Maquarima and the Ewaipanoma, and to let loose the Spanish soldiery upon this isle of fair women!

I could see that the council was not unimpressed by this last, and a murmur passed among the Amazon warriors who were crowded all about, within and without the council-house, none missing a word. This murmur Godwin noted with satisfaction. An elbow of the arms folded across his broad chest pressed significantly against my shoulder.

Lastly, Taruma told how Burani, who was of no tribe and had no reason to utter falsehood, had visited the Macuregai since these events and learned that, not only had the ancestral enemy of all the other Guiana tribes opened for the Spaniards the river gateway to the land, but had accepted gifts and made alliance with the Spaniards to slay or enslave all the other tribes of the Orenoqueponi.

"The blood of Himairo!" cried Taruma. "The blood of that prince of the ancient Tarupanoma cries from the ground against the Macuregai, who have time and again violated the peace he made with them.

"The blood of Himairo calls to the women-warriors of his people, the Tarupanoma, no longer to abide by these laws which were compelled by the treachery of the Macuregai—who slew their fathers and husbands and sons and drove the women to till the earth like mere men—but to join with the King of the Maquarima, the King of the Ewaipanoma, the King of the Aromaia and the Queen of All the Sea-Born, Ezrabeta, to drive the Spaniards from Guiana!

"I have done," said Taruma, stepping back.

At the same time King Tapáni stepped forward. He also spoke, but more briefly, telling of the great things King Taruma had done after half his people were slain or enslaved; telling of the great things King Aboa and the Ewaipanoma had done under King Taruma's guidance; how Aboa and Taruma had hurled back the Spaniards in their first attempt to enter Ewaipanomaia, and how that blow had delayed the proposed descent of the Spanish soldiery upon Carraori and its fair women.

These tribes, Tapáni continued, had taken counsel together and had united all their warriors under the great captain, Taruma. Taruma, declared Tapáni, had learned much magic from "this person of great wisdom, Esaparra, the tongue of Capuaralli," and from that great warrior Godawí. The united tribes were on the eve of descending upon the Spaniard when they took thought for the Tarupanoma.

"You, also, are of the Orenoqueponi,"

cried Tapáni, "and of that Arawak blood which can not mingle with the Carib poison flowing in the veins of the Macuregai, who have sold themselves and our land to the Spaniard. Therefore we come to you, O Queen, and to you, O Wise Women of her council, to declare that that which compelled your tribe to live apart is no more and to offer you the alliance of all our strength to protect *our* land and *our* women against the Spanish tyrant!"

I could clearly see that all this was having its effect upon the Amazon warriors, if not upon the council itself. Nevertheless, although the Elder Women remained outwardly sour and cynical and sneeringly incredulous, there lurked in their eyes a fear, though whether of the things which threatened from without or for the trembling of their power within, I could not fathom.

When Tapáni finished there was a pause. I became conscious that Taruma and the King of the Maquarima were looking hard at me. Clearly, too, the Council of Elder Women expected that I would next make some oration. On the instant I was overcome with a kind of paralysis of the mental faculties—an utter speechlessness; for I have never been able to make my tongue obey my will before others save in moments of close intimacy or rare excitement.

Yet I would have forced myself to it and was about to step forward when——

I still think that Godwin never intended I should speak, but had planned to insert himself upon my demonstrated inability—of which he was well aware.

At my first movement of fostering courage, his elbow pressed me back and himself stepped forward, much to the amazement and fury of the Elder Women.

"This man is a serf!" cried the leader.

"Nay!" said Godwin in her own language. "For the moment I speak for Esaparra, who knows not the language, yet is the tongue of King Aboa of the Ewaipanoma. Therefore; the Tarupanoma in their courtesy will listen to the words of a king!"

There came a loud hum of approval from the Amazons in general. Those who were not in the secret were overcome with curiosity. Aterima bowed her head in assent; and that, while it no doubt infuriated the council, who knew her love for this man, further encouraged the doubtful but leaning.

GODWIN, with quick wit and glib tongue, improved his situation.

I can not now remember all that he said. I doubt if I could have remembered any of it five minutes after the utterance. He had that gift, less common among the English than the Irish, of drowning his hearers under a deluge of words.

He repeated nearly all that Taruma and Tapáni had said, but garnishing their simpler utterances with his own eloquence—pretty balloons of speech which, ascending, caused many an admiring "*A-a-ah!*" but could have been punctured by a mere pinpoint of logic.

I can not even remember any two connected sentences of that remarkable burst of lively oratory. I doubt if any two sentences were connected, or if the whole speech was not one long, breathless sentence of which the hearers, as well as the speaker, forgot the beginning in eagerness to reach the end.

He had every one mazed, listening open-mouthed, entranced, their own minds and wills in a state of suspension, while he wove a spell of words like a rosy mist upon their senses.

Perhaps I write of this thing with a touch of levity; yet God knows it was not a matter of amusement to poor Godwin. I realized that when I looked at Queen Aterima.

She was bending forward in a kind of strained attitude, not hearing, I am sure, a word that fell from Godwin's lips, but intent upon the faces of the council and of the Amazon warriors, trying to read there some hope for herself and her child and her love.

And indeed there was hope, if not in the frank interest and now unconcealed delight of the Amazon women, then in the trouble and disturbance which was visible on the faces of the Elder Women.

They saw their power crumbling and could not conceive how it was happening—could not understand how the rigid laws of perhaps hundreds of years could melt in a few moments under the warmth of a man's eloquence.

I did not understand it either, save as this was the fruition of months of subtle dissemination of revolt among the Amazons themselves.

Once the Elder Women tried to stop Godwin. That was when he enlarged upon what Tapáni had said about the need for the tribe's isolation being a thing that was

no more; that the time had come when the tribe must have the assistance of men; when each Amazon should take to her a husband of her own heart's choosing, to have and to hold for a lifetime in a bond indissoluble save by death.

But this attempt to stop him was the final undoing of the council.

It precipitated the acclaim for Godwin, Aterima and the principles expounded by the man—an acclaim which came in the form of a loud outcry against the attempt to silence him.

Godwin heard and knew that his moment had come. While he spoke he had been moving nearer and nearer to the queen. Now he suddenly turned his back upon her as if placing his massive body between her and the people, and cried in the higher tone which foreruns the end of a lengthy speech.

"Therefore I say *to* the Tarupanoma *for* the Tarupanoma: We ally ourselves with our brothers of the Orenoqueponi against the Spaniard who would seize our land and despoil our women!

"Therefore I say to the Kings of the Aromaia and the Maquarima and the Ewaipanoma—and I speak for Aterima the Sea-Born, Queen of the Tarupanoma, whose lord I am:

"For her, and for her people, I myself shall lead the Amazons at your right hand!"

WHAT happened then only that which I deplore in history can conceive—imagination. I myself am still dazed to remember the daze in which I witnessed it.

Amid a great uproar Godwin was standing. So also was Aterima. She had given her hand to him, and between them there was the beautiful boy who was their son under that very law which Godwin had demolished!

For it was demolished, and with it the entire government of the Amazons.

I remember voices without the council-house hailing Aterima and Godawí. I remember the chief of the Elder Women issuing a sharp command, a number of Amazon guards springing toward Godwin as if to seize him, and a greater number of Amazon warriors surging forward to prevent it.

Then Taruma uttered a few words in a voice so quiet that I marvel to think it was ever heard by the Orenoqueponi warriors who attended us.

Instantly the battle which threatened between the opposing factions of the Amazons was halted by the men of the Aromaia, the Maquarima and the Ewaipanoma. Our people formed a bulwark which not only protected Godwin and his queen but strengthened the Amazons who had taken up the queen's cause.

In a few moments it was over—this bloodless revolution in Carraori!

The Elder Women somehow melted out of the scene. Seeing their defeat and retreat, those who had been loyal up to this moment deserted to the triumphant side. All now joined in a great acclaim, frankly linking Queen Aterima with "King Godawí!"

When the tumult subsided Godwin spoke for himself and his queen. And now his manner was strangely quiet and his voice a little husky, the words not falling from his tongue with that previous glibness of artful speech.

"Tarupanoma!" he said. "Our troubles are not over. Mayhap they but begin. But by your gods and mine, I will serve you as if I were indeed your king by right of birth, as is my son."

Then he dismissed them— And, mark you this! they obeyed as if the dismissal had been a king's—and Godwin's eyes roamed over the heads of the embassy until they encountered mine.

"Francis!" he cried softly. "Come here, comrade o' mine."

I went to him, my eyes strangely misty. He took both my hands and placed one—Oh, I could not see, but I felt a little hand in my left palm and a littler hand in my right.

"My wife, Francis—and my son."

And I heard a low, sweet voice say with infinite love for my comrade's comrade:

"*Com-rade!*"

XVIII

Budleigh. 1637.

SEVERAL weeks passed, perhaps a month. During these exciting days I had a very hazy notion of time. Godwin, however, who seems to have kept his calendar after a fashion, stated that the revolution in Carraori occurred on the twenty-third day of October, *Anno Domini* One Thousand Six Hundred and Sixteen, a date about which he was hardly likely to be forgetful.

Thereafter it took time to readjust

matters in Carraori and for King Godawí to reorganize and instruct that portion of his army which he planned to lead against the Spaniards.

At first he was of a mind to arm the men of the Tarupanoma also, but abandoned the idea for two reasons. The first was that it was too soon after the revolution to assert its chief result by arming the hitherto despised males. The second and more practical consideration was that these men were physically inferior and were absolutely ignorant in the use of arms, besides lacking spirit, after the manner of all who have been browbeaten and downtrod.

But preparations for the descent upon the Spaniards went on apace, and presently there was need for bringing matters to immediate trial.

The couriers of the three kings, ever flying between Taruma, wherever he was, and Ewaro at the rendezvous and Yarubo who held that secret position on the other side of the river, brought report that although the Spaniards had not yet moved they were apparently discussing plans for an avenging advance with greater strength into the Ewaipanoma country.

In another month the cool weather would be setting in. With the coming of that the Spaniards would move.

Two weeks after the revolution in Carraori Godwin declared himself and his warriors ready to join his allies at the rendezvous, and the time of sailing for the mainland was set.

Taruma and Tapáni and half of the escort had gone from Carraori a few days after Godwin became established in power, but they had left me as their "tongue" and the other half of the escort as their "right arm."

This latter half, together with a strong guard of Amazons, was to remain at Carraori even after Godwin and I left with the main force of the Tarupanoma, as Godwin did not propose to expose his queen and his son to the perils and discomforts of the war-path.

During this time I had opportunity to make closer acquaintance with Aterima, with whom I was able to converse the more intimately for that she had a smattering of Spanish, inherited no doubt from her mother and her mother's father, the romantic Martinez. She was familiar, of course, with the common Orenoqueponi dialect, as was I; and between that and Spanish we managed very well.

It is not in the province of this record to discuss her, save to remark that she was a sweet woman and very European in her tendencies of mind. Her love for my comrade was a beautiful thing, and when these two were together with that handsome boy teasing and laughing between them, I began to understand better the nature of my comrade's long madness of despair.

So much for that.

IT WAS the third week in November, as I now know, when, with the allies all assembled at the rendezvous and ready for immediate attack upon San Tomé, the kings and chiefs held a final council.

Outside, about the fires of this great camp, the Aromaia, the Maquarima and the Ewaipanoma were mingling in terms of great intimacy. If there were any rivalry among them it was over the Amazons. These women-soldiers, when not under immediate discipline, were not without those charms common to the sex, and the influence of this sex-charm was very clear in the innocent recreations of the camp-fire hours when the warriors were free to pursue their own fancies.

Undoubtedly old King Topiawari was a wise prophet; for clearly now I saw "the writing on the wall" which foretold, as had Topiawari, the disappearance of that tribe known to early explorers as the "Amazons."

I remember thinking that if our company were not presently annihilated by the Spaniards, I would be willing to make wager that within a few years these women would have laid aside the spear and taken up the cooking utensil, when not otherwise busy scolding their children, who would be Aromaia, or Maquarima, or whatever their mother's husband happened to be.

This in passing. For presently tidings came to our rendezvous which not only drove all such reflections from my mind but broke up the council of the kings and chiefs and turned that camp into a turmoil of excitement and activity.

Some days previously a runner from Yarubo had brought word that the Spaniards were about to move, but apparently on some excursion down the river—probably, as was thought, to confer with their allies, the Macuregai.

But now another courier brought from Yarubo tidings that were both good and bad.

This man staggered into our camp and all but collapsed at the feet of Taruma, for he had made a two days' swift journey in little more than a day, swimming the river in despite of *lagartos*, in order to short-cut the great circle above Caima.

Breathless he gasped out his news, telling first the good, which for an instant brought to Taruma and Godwin and me the conviction that our troubles were ended. Only two words the man uttered before he stopped to breathe heavily.

"Capuaralli—come!"

Had he said the Day of Judgment had arrived we could not have been much more astounded. Godwin stared at me. I stared at Godwin. Both of us were speechless for a moment. Then my comrade found his tongue and said with a true fervor of gratitude:

"Thanks be to God on high!"

Then we urged the courier to tell us further. That is to say, Godwin and I urged in our eagerness and excitement, while Taruma rebuked us, saying:

"Nay, my brothers. These tidings gladden my heart even as yours. But this man has traveled hard and far. Give him time."

Even when the man's breathing had become steadier and it seemed indeed as if he would sink to the ground and fall asleep, Taruma did not let us rouse him by our own methods. He procured a cup of raw spirit of the palm-heart and gave a little of it to the man to drink. Then, as the courier's eyes opened and brightened, Taruma said gently—

"Now—tell us briefly, faithful one."

The man spoke, Taruma nodding encouragement and understanding, but checking him where he repeated or waxed overwordy.

As briefly as it was related the courier's tidings were these:

Sir Walter Raleigh's ship had appeared off the mouth of the Orinoco a week before and his company begun the ascent of the river in boats.

Capuaralli, on account of age and illness, did not accompany this river expedition, which was commanded by some other white *acarewana*, but sent his son, also called Walter Raleigh, in his stead.

"His son?" I echoed, staring at Godwin. And then I think we both realized for the first time that twenty years had passed over our heads in Guiana.

For some reason, the courier continued, the Spaniards and their Macuregai allies had allowed the English company to pass Caribana's village at the mouth of the river without offering attack or other obstruction.

In fact, Taruma's people in San Tomé had since learned that the Spaniards and warriors had hidden themselves as soon as the English ship appeared; not from fear, but to deceive Capuaralli, who found the Macuregai village inhabited only by children, women and old men. These declared that the warriors were away on a hunt.

Thereafter Raleigh's company, congratulating themselves no doubt on this fortunate beginning of their expedition, went on up the river.

But runners from the Macuregai made greater speed through the jungle and informed the Spaniards of San Tomé, who at once prepared to attack the English company before the latter could reach the Spanish settlement, taking them in their boats by ambush.

This, then, was the meaning of that apparently unimportant move down the river!

The worst of the courier's news was yet to come, but it was tempered with one circumstance which filled us with a hope that the blow might be turned to our advantage.

THE ambush was successful in the beginning. The Spaniards opened fire upon the boats. The English, under Captain Keymis, as I know now, returned the fire and disconcerted the Spaniards by grounding the boats and, instead of surrendering, carrying the fight right into the ambush.

But they were greatly outnumbered and must have been slain to a man had not the Spaniards suddenly discovered that a new enemy had appeared in their rear. And that enemy, as they were swift to discover, was no other than the "headless" Ewaipanoma whom the Spanish soldiers feared as very devils.

The end of the ambush failed: the tables were turned.

But neither side scored a victory, for the English had already suffered dreadfully, Sir Walter's son, among many others,

having been slain. But Keymis led his men in pursuit of the Spaniards as they fled at sight of the "headless" warriors and drove them with considerable loss back to San Tomé.

The Spanish settlement, Yarubo's courier said, was now being strongly fortified and *El Gobernador* had sent messengers to bring in reinforcement from Manoa, the town of the Orejones. Also, Yarubo's spies reported that already Spaniards from Macuregai and Caribana's warriors were approaching San Tomé; they having followed on the heels of the runner who reported the English coming, knowing full well that their added strength would be welcome.

This, then, was the gist of matters. For a while I did not know whether to be glad for this unexpected arrival of him for sight of whom our eyes had yearned for twenty years.

For all our plans were, if not upset, at least threatened with disaster. The Spaniards, still ignorant of the Orenoqueponi's united movement, were yet adopting these very measures of defense and wariness which they would have taken had they indeed been informed.

And now, aside from the fact that we might not arrive in time to save Keymis and what remained of his company from further attack and complete annihilation, we would be opposed by the full united Spanish forces of San Tomé, Macuregai and Manoa—and all of Caribana's warriors!

True, we would still outnumber them; but against this advantage, even with the addition of Keymis and his English, there was still on the Spanish side the greater strength of trained soldiery with firearms. Opposing these, Keymis and his handful of trained men would avail little.

Looking at the matter from all sides I perceived that, whether or no we came in time to support and save the English company, a great battle was ahead of Taruma and his allies!

As I say, this courier's tale turned the camp of the Orenoqueponi into an instant turmoil of activity. Taruma had at once issued the command to arm and press toward the river without delay.

In the meantime, Godwin had learned from the courier, prodding him to keep him awake, Taruma having gone away, that Yarubo had made friends with the English *acarewana*, Keymis, before retiring to the appointed position which he had left by mistake, thinking the sounds of fighting his cue and that Taruma had attacked.

Yarubo had been able to convey to Keymis a little of the situation, but only by signs, he knowing neither English nor Spanish and none of the English understanding the Ewaipanoma tongue. That little was probably very little and confusing to Keymis.

It was in order that the English captain should take hope in his dilemma that I proposed a clear message to him, to be carried by a fresh runner who might be able, on his own ability and after some conversation with Yarubo's courier, to find the place where the English had fortified themselves.

Taruma agreed to my proposal. Even before our great company was on the march a courier was speeding leagues ahead of us with a piece of bark on which I had written with a charred stick:

To Sir Walter's Captain:
Hugh Godwin, map-maker, will attack Spanish town within 36 hours with 1,000 warriors.
Francis Sparrow, *Scrivener*.

I could not tell the English captain how to act, not knowing his position or his strength. Nor could our army go to him, not knowing his whereabouts. But the Spaniards and the Macuregai were the common enemy and their fortress the town of San Tomé. There we would come to trial of battle.

The English captain would undoubtedly understand the significance of my message, the names in it and the many things this "scrivener" did not say. If he had any wit and enterprise of his own he would make his plans accordingly; that is, if he were still alive to receive the message.

AS THERE was no time to waste, instead of traveling around Caima by land and the shallows, we crossed the river in the open water above the delta. Taruma brought his army to the south bank and spent the rest of that night ferrying his warriors across in war-*canoas* which he had caused to be brought up from the Maquarima shore farther down.

Thus, the dawn of the following morning found us traveling up the north side of the river, following a wide trail in which Burani read clearly the previous advance of the Macuregai and Spaniards.

That these had already passed to join their brothers and allies at San Tomé assured us that we were not like to encounter the enemy, or even spies of his, this side of wherever the English were encamped.

My great fear was that the Macuregai had stumbled upon the English camp and finished what the Spaniards of San Tomé had begun. Lest this had happened and the place where the English had been was now occupied by the enemy or his spies, Taruma had Burani send his best hunters out ahead, so that we might have warning of any such.

By crossing the river below San Tomé we had saved two days' march and now expected to come within striking distance of the Spanish settlement before night. Taruma's intention was to halt at a safe distance from San Tomé and there lie quietly until well into the night, at which time the Spaniards and the Macuregai, thinking they had only a handful of English to contend with, and knowing that the Orenoqueponi—in this case, the Ewaipanoma—did not attack by night, might post but a small guard and, in consequence, be caught literally napping.

About three in the afternoon our spies returned with news that they had come within sight of San Tomé, that the Spanish town was filled with white soldiers and Macuregai and that they were now engaged in the building of a stout stockade.

Taruma nodded as each point of their strength was described. He ordered that his own army make camp. He forbade the lighting of any fires, even though the wind was strongly contrary—that is, from the west. Then he called into council Tapáni, Ewaro, Godwin and myself.

It was while we were discussing the plan of attack which was to be carried out, contrary to all Orenoqueponi custom, in the middle of the night, that Burani appeared before us.

The ancient was as naked as the day he was born, save that he was clad from head to foot in mud and his scrawny body steamed from his recent exertions. I could but surmise what this indefatigable old man had endured when he told us simply that, not trusting the younger hunters, whom Taruma had long since committed to his experienced direction, he himself had sought and found the English company!

"The *acarewana*, Kemai, sends this to Esaparra the Wise," said Burani, taking from his cheek a small, folded piece of soft leather, such as might have been cut from an English jerkin. On it was burned with perhaps a knife-point made red-hot:

We stryke with you.
KEYMIS

From which I judged that our runner had found the English captain, whose name I now knew. But Burani said that he had not, that the *acarewana Kemai* knew of us and our plans, and that but vaguely, only through Yarubo and what he, Burani, had been able to convey by signs.

Keymis neither had seen our runner nor received my message, perhaps through the fact that Aboa, learning from Yarubo what had taken place, had commanded that the English "sons of Capuaralli" be bidden to his secret camp, where there was comparative safety from surprize attack by the Spaniards and where the English would be more conveniently situated to join in the concerted counter-attack.

A runner had been dispatched by Aboa to Keymis, and the latter, with his handful, had followed the guide to the hidden camp of the Ewaipanoma. There they now were, awaiting the signal—the sound of battle which this time would not deceive Yarubo.

So, the mine thus planted and awaiting the touch of Taruma's torch, we lay and watched for the night.

THAT night began the battle of San Tomé, the results of which were peculiarly unsatisfactory in one sense and indecisive in another, although the Spaniards were defeated, terribly defeated for the moment.

For nothing was gained in the long run by Taruma's great victory, save that for a time the Orenoqueponi were again masters of their own land, the Spaniards falling back temporarily upon Manoa. In due time they were again to gather a strength which was to last for years and slowly strangle vitality out of the aborigines.

I write this down at the outset to show that it would avail nothing, but raise vain hopes of another upshot, to tell in great detail how Taruma and his united warriors fell that night upon the town of San Tomé and fought the Spaniards and the Macuregai past the dawn of the following morning and all through the next day; how, while

the Spaniards and their Carib allies defended one portion of their stockade, Keymis and his men and Yarubo and his Ewaipanoma scaled another portion and fell upon the besieged from the rear; and how then, amid flame and blood, savage yell and English roar, the battle became general.

It was a bloody fight. I witnessed it all, though taking little part in the battle, save that I was compelled to slay a Spaniard who would have slain me. What the Spaniards and Macuregai lacked to equal numbers was more than balanced by their position as defenders of a fortified place and in their greater number of European trained soldiery skilled in the use of firearms.

It was only when the stockade was fired, and after it the town, and both sides were driven by the heat to fight in the open, that the even battle set in.

The losses on both sides were terrible. Afterward, when we took count of our losses, aside from the hundreds of our warriors who were dead or wounded, of our chief men we had lost Ewaro, that brave young chief being killed outright, and King Tapáni was mortally wounded by a spear-thrust, so that he died on the following day.

Godwin emerged from the fight actually covered with gashes, cuts and bruises, yet had no single wound that was serious; whereat he declared himself much ashamed! Taruma had some slight scratches, although he had been foremost in the fight. This, however, caused me no surprize, only a kind of marvel, for that Taruma seems to bear a charmed life.

As I say, the losses on both sides were terrible. The ground was strewn with dead and dying by spear or arrow or bullet. The green underbrush of the surrounding jungle was splashed with red and the very sun was dimmed by clouds of smoke from carronade and fusil and the reek of blazing San Tomé.

And amid it all, Godwin, himself looking like some Norseman disguised in savage habiliments and painted red with his own and others' blood, led his women-warriors, who did deeds of valor which vied with the like of Taruma's Aromaia, Tapáni's Maquarima and Yarubo's Ewaipanoma.

The Spaniards fought as became Spaniards. All honor to them as fighters, at least! They deserved a better ally than the Macuregai, who, the moment the fortunes of battle swung against the defenders of San Tomé, failed to obey the orders of *El Gobernador*, fought their own battle regardless of his ordered strategies, venting their personal spleen against the Aromaia and the Amazons, who in turn scattered them like chaff, remembering their own grudges.

And in the end the Macuregai fled, leaving the Spaniards to bear the brunt; whereupon these, seeing themselves outnumbered, retreated westward through the jungle, harried at every step by the Ewaipanoma who dogged their steps to the very lake's edge by Manoa.

Had Taruma and Captain Keymis followed the Spaniards and, like the "headless" men, taken toll of their retreat, Spanish rule in Guiana might have been checked for many a day, if not for all time. But Taruma had thought for his people, who had fought for nigh eighteen hours without a morsel of food and only hastily snatched gulps of water, as also had the Spaniards. And he had mercy upon both sides.

"It is enough!" he cried; and only the Ewaipanoma failed to obey his order to desist.

And then, too, Keymis was against pursuing the Spaniards toward Manoa, he fearing another ambush, not knowing of a certainty that all the Spaniards of Manoa were here at San Tomé.

IT IS not for me in this record to discuss the actions of Captain Keymis. He was a brave man, though possibly lacking in that recklessness which has won England many a desperate victory —aye, and cost her a-many!

For mark you this: Keymis had come on an errand and he had received explicit instructions from Raleigh concerning his conduct. He was to go to Raleigh's "mine" wherever that may be and load up with that gold which Raleigh hoped would win him continued liberty from the Tower from which he had been released on condition that he secure the gold without conflicting with the Spanish, with whose king England was at peace.

Now Keymis was discouraged. He was a man between love of Raleigh and respect for his king; between the devil and the deep sea, both of which were like to devour him. The Spaniards had attacked first. But Spain would never believe that! Nor would King James when Raleigh did not

bring back that gold which so often mends kings' opinions.

To reach the mine at this time seemed out of the question. Whether it was that mountain to which I have referred much—and I am now sure it was not—it was at least situated in the region beyond Caima. There the Spaniards still had some strength, or so I suppose Keymis believed, and the English captain had lost more than half of his own strength, with which he hoped to reach the mine and secure its riches.

Added to all this, Sir Walter's son, Walter Raleigh, had been killed in the shore skirmish following the ambush of the boats!

Keymis was discouraged by the increment of these many things, added to his belief that he could not now secure the gold and the fact that he had come in conflict with the Spaniards against the expressed stipulation of King James.

He might have tried to secure the yellow balm even yet. Perhaps he had thought for the remainder of his men, their lives as against Raleigh's safety. The fact remains that he did not push attempt further.

I but record the facts as they are known to me and leave others to judge of his justification for returning down the river, empty-handed, with but a mere surviving handful of his company and bearing news of the death of his commander's son.

XIX

Budleigh 1637.

LEAVING Yarubo in charge of the victorious Orenoqueponi, with Burani as their "eyes," although there was little probability of immediate further attack by the beaten Spaniards and the scattered Macuregai, Taruma and Godwin accompanied me down the river with Captain Keymis.

For I was going home to England!

Not so Godwin, however. Immediately after the battle, while he bound up his cuts and bruises, we had talked over this matter together.

He nodded and smiled when I spoke of our England being but a few months' sail away. But when I asked him if it was his thought to take his wife and son with him he looked at me with surprize and, I thought, a little reproach.

"Nay, Francis," said he. "I may not take my wife and son to England, for the good reason that where I am she and the lad must be. And I go not to England.

"Look not so mazed, old Owl!" he went on, laughing at my consternation. "Ye ha' thought not on this matter as I—as touching me and my affairs.

"In England, though I love the dear land, I ha' none that cares a whit whether Hugh Godwin lives or dies; none, I believe, that even knows there is such a person. I ha' no near kin, Francis, in England, while here in Guiana, not only have my best years been cast, but here I have loved and sorrowed and in the end been loved and made happy.

"Here is my home, comrade. Here are my people, and God knows, now that Tapáni is gone, they will ha' need of me and Taruma for many a day. But mainly, Francis, where my heart lies there let my body also lie in the end.

"With you it is different. I mind ye say there was a lass by Aldgate——"

"Hush, Hugh," I said, swallowing hard. "'Tis no time for jest."

I said no more. His mind was made up—and rightly, I thought, and still think; for his Aterima would not have been happy in England.

It had been his intention, if the battle ended well for us, to take Aterima and his son from Carraori and, at the same time acquainting Raleigh with them, show the Amazon queen some of the wonders of that race and land which he was renouncing for her sake.

But now he decided not to carry out this plan. For well he foresaw, as did I, that the meeting of Sir Walter would not be all of rejoicing. It would be no time for gentle amenities. Even Taruma, who had so long looked forward to meeting his "god" again, was silent and depressed as we rowed down the river to where the *Water-Sprite* lay in the sea-offing.

For the ghost of tragedy that haunted us all, as it seems to me it has ever haunted this great river for white men, was embodied in Captain Keymis where he sat moodily huddled in the stern of the leading ship's-boat.

I could see that the man looked forward with dread to meeting the eyes of Sir Walter. I could see that his mind was tortured, not so much at the prospect of breaking the news of young Raleigh's death, as by a great question: Had he done right in turning back?

Once I caught his eyes fixed curiously upon me. In reply to my unspoken question, he said:

"You are Sparrow, the scrivener?"

I said I was that same, surprized at the question coming so late.

"Strange," said he; "but only now does it come to me, the strangeness of it. When I heard from the Indian, Burani, that two white men were among the savages and that they were leading the warriors to my aid, I know well these must be the hostages, Sparrow and Godwin, of whom Raleigh had oft spoke and for whose safety he was much concerned through all these years.

"Yet so wrought was I with trouble, and so filled with grief for young Raleigh's death, that at the time I thought nothing of the miracle of your being alive and being instrument to save what was left of us. Only now does it seem strange—as you sit there."

Then he fell to brooding again, and my heart bled for him. Later I was to sorrow more for this man. That was when, at Trinidad, he committed the rash act upon his own life after Raleigh and he had again argued the matter of the captain's return down the river.

I have never wholly blamed Raleigh, either. Both were men in despair, and no doubt their words were not measured.

BUT the meeting aboard the *Water-Sprite* was not all of sadness, upon the surface at least.

Raleigh, from the deck, saw us coming. Noting, perhaps, that the company was diminished and that his son was not of it, he must have mistrusted disaster, for he retired to his cabin before we came aboard.

There he sent for Keymis to come to him.

What passed between these two will never be known. When Keymis came out alone, his face was white as a dead man's and he went in silence to his own quarters.

Thereafter, for some little time, Taruma and Godwin and I were left to entertain ourselves, for none of Raleigh's men seemed in the mood for more news when the heart of it all was plain as a pikestaff.

But by and by there sounded a step behind us where we stood whispering together. We turned; and there before us was Sir Walter.

Aye, 'twas he; but oh, how changed! He bore himself, despite this latest double blow of Fate, with all his old, calm dignity; but in the face of the man, in the brooding depths of his eyes, in the pallor of his skin, in the white of his hair, was writ large the tragic story of these later years.

His eyes moved from Godwin to me and from me to Taruma. A ghost of a smile played about his lips and he held out his two hands, one to his *quondam* map-maker, the other to his *quondam* scrivener.

"Hugh Godwin!—and Francis Sparrow!" he said, with a touch of marvel in his tone.

We each took and pressed a shapely, white, ringed hand. Between us Taruma knelt, and the King of the Aromaia touched Capuralli's feet with his brow!

"God is not without mercy," said Sir Walter with a curious abstracted air. "Still He allows me three true friends in the wreck of my fortunes. Into this hour, lads, you come like three shafts of sunlight through a stormy sky.

"Come to my cabin. I would question you severally."

TWO days later the *Water-Sprite* sailed, taking me, but leaving Godwin and Taruma despite that Raleigh urged them to depart the country, at least until such time as the English could make it safe for them, for Godwin's wife and child.

But my comrade was stubborn and Taruma shook his head with quiet fatalism. Taruma knew what must befall his people sooner or later and was ready that it should befall him also in their company.

Before the ship sailed Raleigh pressed upon them many gifts, including a musket and a pair of pistols each, with a quantity of powder and lead and a mold for making bullets. And he took from his own hat the feather-clasp, which contained a large ruby, and gave it to Godwin with fine courtesy.

"I ha' some experience in the matter of a queen's taste," said he with just a shade of bitterness. "I prithee convey this to her Majesty, Aterima, and say to her that Capuaralli thinks well of her choice of a consort."

There was one touch of comedy, although at the time my heart was too heavy for mirth.

Godwin had been speaking of other matters to Sir Walter, when suddenly my

comrade stopped short in the middle of some lively matter and said:

"Sir Walter, I beg of you to overlook this seeming irrelevance, but before it slips my mind to ask: What is the date?"

"This," said Raleigh, "is the twenty-ninth day of November."

Godwin sprang to his feet, all aglow with pride. He brought a heavy hand down upon my shoulder and cried—

"How now, old Owl!"

It was indeed a matter of pride, for our reckoning of that day, by Godwin's calendar, made it exactly November twenty-ninth!

"Indeed it is," said Raleigh, much interested; "November twenty-ninth, Sixteen-seventeen."

"Sixteen-*sixteen!*" cried Godwin.

"Nay," said Raleigh, smiling. "*Seventeen.* We left England on March first, Sixteen-seventeen and arrived here November twelfth, Sixteen-seventeen. 'Tis more like 'you ha' missed a year in twenty-one than that I should in less than nine months' sailing."

Godwin's face was a ludicrous map of dismay. For the best part of an hour he puzzled over the matter before dismissing it with a loud laugh. It seemed an inconceivable error in his calendar-keeping.

Yet the fact remained, and I can only think that a twelve-month slipped by unnoticed during the first ten years before we began our calendar, or that Godwin thoughtlessly carried the last numeral over a new year, as I have known many a man to do, even in London Town, surrounded by constant reminders.

AND so we came to the parting of the ways—my comrade and I—Taruma and I.

I pass over our last exchanges on the deck. Not much happened on the surface.

The last I saw of these two as the wind filled the *Water-Sprite's* sails and we stood out to sea, they were standing up together in a *canoa*.

Taruma was very erect and still and his left hand held a spear straight up over his head.

Godwin, still dressed in his Indian habiliments, stood with his arms folded across his breast, his face turned toward the ship and me, I like to think, where I stood by Sir Walter Raleigh's side.

He may have waved a hand to me ere the ship was too far distant, but I did not see. A haze—a kind of sea-mist—arose between us.

Raleigh's hand fell gently upon my shoulder.

"Come, scrivener," said he. "Your story is ended, but o' mine there is still a chapter to write."

But others have written it where I could not.

The first October issue will appear September 10th (instead of the 3rd), the second October issue on September 20th and the third on September 30th. These are the first under our new plan of publishing three times a month in accordance with the vote by our readers. (No extra charge on current unexpired subscriptions. For details, see "Camp-Fire.")

"Find the Man"

by R·T·M·SCOTT

Author of "Magic," "Such Bluff as Dreams are Made of," etc.

WHEN Smith walked down the gang-plank of the huge ocean liner he created no ripple of excitement in the United States—nor even in New York. One more Smith in the sea of Smiths made no difference. There was no deputation of Smiths waiting to receive him. There were no reporters scrambling to interview him. Lastly, there was no officer of the police detailed to meet him.

Had Smith been born under any other name he would probably have adopted the name of Smith; it attracted so little attention.

Fifteen years is a long time to be away from one's native land, and Smith wandered with interest through the man-built cañons of New York City. He was keenly interested in the great change and growth, but he looked as blank as any tourist who comes to scoff and is too conservative to show enthusiasm. Smith, however, was far from conservative.

To look blank was merely his professional way of appearing before the world.

Smith had commenced his career in a western city of the States. Chance had thrown him abroad and chance had kept him there—climbing higher and higher in his subtle art—for fifteen years.

In various parts of Europe and in the East he had worked, and so successfully that, had his identity been known, the whole police department would have been interested, and reporters from every paper would have been at the dock to meet him. But he was just one more Smith, and he wandered the streets of New York with an expressionless face, enjoying his first holiday in a long, long time.

Some people find that a holiday is an excellent thing to anticipate. Sometimes, when it arrives, the charm is gone, and the love of work returns stronger than ever. So it was with Smith. He thought that he wanted to play, but the fascination and excitement of his life clung to him.

The consequence was that Smith, in the center of a city block, turned suddenly from play in order to investigate the metropolis from his professional standpoint. As well as being abrupt his action was rather whimsical, as if it did not matter which way fortune beckoned.

He stopped a passing policeman and asked for the address of a detective agency.

The officer gave the address of a private detective by the name of Joe Holbrook, and Smith set off at once to put his new plans into execution. Upon nearing his destination he spoke to another policeman, asking for the office of Joe Holbrook. The officer looked at him, half in surprize and half in recognition, and then, as if mistaken, directed him.

Smith, always a keen observer, noted the look on the officer's face and tucked it away in his memory as he turned in at a large office building and shot skyward to the twelfth floor.

In an outer office of the agency Smith found a young man in charge.

"I would like to see Mr. Holbrook."

The young man looked up and hesitated before speaking. Again there was an expression partly of surprize and partly of recognition.

"What is the nature of your business?" the clerk asked finally.

"Job," replied Smith succinctly and with no expression at all.

The clerk passed through an inner door and returned shortly, motioning Smith to enter.

Inside sat a short, grizzled man of fifty, behind a table littered with papers. He was of the heavy, pugnacious type that might be expected to battle difficulties by brute force; yet a closer scrutiny showed a cunning alertness that does not always go with such people.

He was not a man who would show surprize except under the most unusual circumstances, and yet that was exactly what he did upon Smith's entrance. A distinct expression of surprized emotion swept over the old detective's face.

Although the look was quickly obliterated Smith did not fail to notice it. He was vividly impressed with the fact that he was stumbling upon something which might be very interesting. Nevertheless he showed no surprize himself, and stood silently waiting to be addressed.

"Your name?" barked the owner of the office.

"Smith."

"Full name?"

"A. Smith."

"Just a Smith?"

"Uh-huh," said Smith.

"Well, Mr. J. A. Smith," began the detective, regarding his visitor very keenly, "I see everybody who asks for a job. What experience have you had?"

"None—in New York."

"Humph!" grunted the older man. "That's about all that counts—in New York."

"I'll take a chance—in New York," was the cool reply.

"I would be taking the chance, my boy," returned the detective; and he was really old enough to use this term of address.

"Try me on a job in which you have failed," suggested Smith very quietly. "If I don't succeed in one week, you need not pay me."

"You've got nerve; I'll hand you that much."

Joe Holbrook, private detective, sat in moody silence for a few moments and then picked up a magazine of popular fiction. He turned to the back pages and made a pencil mark on one of the paragraphs before tossing the book across to Smith.

"I'll let chance decide," continued Holbrook. "That magazine runs a list of missing people. Find the man my pencil hit and I'll take you on."

It would seem an exceedingly difficult test as many of these people have been missing for years and are not often found. Smith, however, took up the magazine as if the proposal were a most ordinary one and read:

INFORMATION WANTED regarding Robert Harrison, who disappeared last New Year's in New York City. One thousand dollars reward for information leading to his discovery. Address: John Faban, 126 Lingard Boulevard, Chicago.

SMITH glanced meditatively at the pencil which the detective had used in marking the paragraph.

"Can you give me any information about this man Harrison?" he asked.

"Do you want me to do the job for you?" growled Holbrook. "How do I know anything about Harrison when I picked him out by chance?"

Smith carried the magazine to the window and looked very closely at the marked paragraph. Holbrook seemed rather surprized at this action.

"Looking for Harrison's finger-prints?" quizzed the detective.

"I will report in a week," said Smith and walked out of the office.

Had Smith glanced quickly over his shoulder as he left the private office, he would have seen a sad and wistful expression come over the features of the old detective. He did not need to turn since it was reflected for him in the glass of the door as he passed out.

An hour or so later Smith stood on the steps of an up-town boarding-house and questioned a woman who, arms akimbo, looked curiously down from the step above.

"I say, my good woman, have you a room and bawth?"

"Well," replied the landlady of that far from fashionable institution, "I have a room, my good man, and there's a bath in the house."

"I would like to—aw—look over your—aw—diggings, don'tcha know," went on Smith, totally ignoring the "good man" which had been hurled at him.

The result was that in half an hour Smith had engaged a room at twice the amount which the woman would gladly have accepted. Not having any baggage, he had grumblingly yielded to payment in advance. The location of the bath on another floor had been an almost insurmountable obstacle, but again Smith had finally yielded.

Smith's next act was to telegraph John Faban in Chicago as follows:

> Will discuss whereabouts of Robert Harrison at four o'clock any afternoon this week at 1042 West Nth Street, New York City.

The name he signed to the telegram was A. Cyril de Fitzroy-Montgomery, which did not exactly resemble Smith.

The next day after lunch Smith sat in his new room and waited. At four exactly, no caller having arrived, he put on his hat and left.

On the street Smith's casual eye took in the few passers-by. Cane and gloves in one hand, he sauntered slowly to Broadway and entered a subway station. On the platform he again took in the people with seeming indifference, and noted a slender youth who had been standing outside his boarding-house.

Smith paused to buy a paper at the newsstand and missed the first train that arrived. The youth loitered at the nearest gum slot-machine and also missed the train. Smith would have smiled if he ever smiled when he was working.

The little mirror in the gum-machine permitted a full view of the newsstand, and Smith's glancing eye, as he unfolded the paper, took in the fact that the youth was using the mirror to watch him. He was undoubtedly being shadowed.

When the next train arrived both Smith and the young man entered the same car. A few stations farther on Smith stood up to give a lady a seat, and, just as the sliding doors were closing, stepped unconcernedly out upon the platform. Out of the corner of his eye he saw his trailer rise hurriedly from his seat, but it was too late to follow.

Upon the second afternoon Smith once more sat in his Nth Street room. This time he was to have a visitor. Barely a minute before four o'clock a heavy step sounded in the hall, the door was rudely opened without the courtesy of a knock and—Joe Holbrook entered.

That detective had shown faint surprize upon the first occasion of seeing Smith. This time his surprize was quite open.

"What the ——!" exclaimed Holbrook.

"Exactly," replied Smith.

"Are you Cyril Something-or-Other de Montgomery?"

"*Alias* Smith—in your service."

Holbrook sat down heavily upon the bed.

"What do you know about Robert Harrison?" he demanded.

"I know that you are interested in him," replied Smith. "I knew that in your office, when you marked the paragraph in the magazine. The pencil you used was heavier than the one you used when you marked it at some earlier time. It was very simple."

Smith leaned languidly back in his chair, threw one long leg over the other and calmly lighted a cigaret. It was evident that his visitor was turning something over in his mind. It was Smith's business to read the mind of his fellow man. Suddenly he leaned forward and asked:

"Do you want me to go on working in the dark, or will you answer questions?"

"You sure are quick," replied Holbrook. "I've decided to tell you. Shoot!"

"I resemble somebody. Who is it?"

"Robert Harrison."

"Who is Harrison?"

"Holbrook is my professional name," answered the old detective, his voice softening. "Robert Harrison is my son."

"The story?" asked Smith, glancing out into the hall before sprawling once more in his chair to listen.

"IT'S very short," said Holbrook, biting the end off a cigar in a vicious manner. "My son was last seen on New Year's Eve at the Gatz Restaurant. I'm afraid it was a drunken party. Somebody turned out the lights. A shot was fired and a waiter was killed. In the confusion many left before the police took charge. My son was one of these.

"A gambler and a crooked politician came forward and swore that they saw my son fire the shot just as the lights came on. The gun that did the killing was found and finger-prints obtained. That is all I know, and I have done everything possible to trace my boy."

"Is this John Faban, who is advertising from Chicago, an operative of yours?" asked Smith.

"Yes."

"Trust him?"

"I think so."

"He wired you about me?"

"Yes," said Holbrook. "I got the wire about two hours ago."

"And yet I was followed yesterday," returned Smith very dryly. "I wired Faban the day before yesterday, and besides yourself he is the only man in the country who knows I am interested in Robert Harrison. There is a leak in your office, or your man in Chicago is not playing a straight game with you."

"Son," exclaimed the detective, "you have tumbled on something that Joe Holbrook forgot to look for. I'll keelhaul that pup till he's black in the face."

"It would seem better," said Smith, "to let them make the attack. Suppose you called your Chicago man on the telephone this afternoon. Give him the impression that I really know something. Suggest that somebody got drunk and blabbed. Say that I have promised to spill the news to you tomorrow night for cash. Leave the rest to me."

"It's worth trying; but if what you suspect is true they may kill you."

"Not before they find out who has blabbed," replied Smith. "I'll take a chance."

That night, although Smith was a light sleeper, he failed to hear a cunning master-key fitted into the simple lock of his door. Neither did he hear the silent and stealthy tread of feet. He felt, however, the pressure of something wet upon his face; and he awoke with the sickly smell of chloroform in his nostrils.

Alive at once to his peril, he struggled to rise; but strong hands pressed him down, and before the inner vision of his closed eyes came a succession of bright colors which ended in oblivion.

When consciousness returned Smith found himself in the dark. He struggled to collect his wits. At first he thought that he was still in his boarding-house room and that his assailants had gone away and left him. He soon discovered, however, that he was fully dressed.

The room, too, was larger and had two windows instead of one. From the bed where he lay he could just sense the outli of things by means of a faint light comi through the windows from the street. A occasional roaring sound had puzzled hi during his returning consciousness. Th occurred again, and he realized that he w very close to the elevated railroad.

Smith was feeling exceedingly ill from t effects of the anesthetic. He was ang with himself for having been caught u awares. This anger was considerably i creased by the fact that his enemies had l him in a nauseated condition and with splitting headache.

The situation, however, was not alt gether to his disliking. He felt that must be nearing the heart of the myster Smith never lost confidence in himself, b he knew that he must now use all of his e perience and ability in order to turn t tables upon his captors.

Fortunately Smith was not bound. Soft he slid his feet to the floor and rose into standing position. He found himself st dizzy from the chlorofom. Nausea a headache forced him quickly to lie dow again. It was fortunate that he did so.

Scarcely had he resumed his place on t bed when a door opened and several peop entered the room. Smith heard the click an electric switch, and through his close eyes he saw the glow of light. He lay pe fectly still.

"Have a look at him and see what yo think," said a gruff voice.

Somebody came over to the bed an moved Smith's head from side to side. H was evidently closely scrutinizing the face the apparently unconscious man.

"I can do it," the man said finally.

"Get busy then," was the reply. "I' send Harrison in to you."

Smith through the fringe of his eye-lashe saw the back of a very powerfully built ma as he left the room. For a moment h thought of attempting to overpower the on remaining man; but almost immediately th door re-opened and the big man returne with a companion, the sight of whom brough a quick beat to Smith's heart.

Undoubtedly it was Robert Harrison, th detective's son. Smith could see the dis tinct resemblance to himself. Such luck h had not expected, and, sick as he was, h thrilled with the excitement of the game.

There were few words spoken. The bi man, who was in charge of the proceedings

directed Harrison to sit on a chair at the head of the bed. Then the little man commenced work. He propped Smith's head higher up on the pillow and opened a box of make-up which he started to apply to Smith's face.

Smith grasped the meaning of this at once. He was being made up to resemble Harrison. The similarity of the two men had been noticed, and any discrepancy in appearance was to be wiped away by cleverly applied make-up.

SMITH opened his eyes and stared stupidly. Then he attempted to turn over and go to sleep again.

"Coming out of it, eh?" spoke up the big man. "I gave him an extra dose in the taxi. It will be half an hour before he has any sense."

He looked contemptuously at Smith and left the room through the only door, which opened into another room where voices sounded.

The little man followed to the door and whispered a question.

"They're safe enough," replied the big man over his shoulder. "The windows are barred and I'm in here. What's eating you, Hertz?"

He slammed the door in the little man's face, cutting off the sound of conversation from the next room.

There had been only a few seconds of opportunity, but Smith had seized it. Leaning over toward Harrison, he had just time barely to whisper—

"Slip me the dope by talking." Then he sank back on the pillow and commenced breathing heavily.

Harrison had started slightly; but the man, returning to the bedside, did not notice anything unusual. The work of applying the make-up was commenced again before Harrison spoke.

"So you are going to croak him and pretend it's me?" he said.

"Sure," replied the man, rapidly applying his art. "Isn't it worth it? Twenty thousand bucks is good pay for croaking anybody."

"You won't get it, Hertz," retorted Harrison disdainfully.

"No," was the reply, "but I'll get five hundred for this little job."

"Who did shoot the waiter at the Gatz?" asked Harrison. "Was it Kling?"

The fingers at work on Smith suddenly stopped.

"For ——'s sake be quiet," the man whispered. "Do you want all our throats cut in the next five minutes? He may come back any minute."

"I know Kling did it," went on Harrison in a lower voice. "He used a pistol belonging to Harrington, the wealthiest man present. Harrington was so drunk he doesn't know what happened. He thinks he fired the shot and has been paying blackmail ever since to Kling for keeping me locked up so that my finger-prints can't prove me innocent.

"Now he's going to bump off this fellow so as to get big money from Harrington for my death. Then, I suppose, he will trot me out again and go on with the merry game of blackmail.

"I know the finger-prints on the gun belong to Kling. He killed the waiter to close his mouth."

"Is that so?" came a deep voice from the door; and the big man entered, closing the door behind him. "You are right. I did it, and I will now make a slight change in my plans."

The little man at the bedside shrank into a corner as Kling strode forward and shook Smith roughly by the shoulder. The result was to bring out a moan and a clawing at the pillow as the prostrate form moved into a more comfortable sleeping position.

"I thought I had you buffaloed, Harrison," went on Kling, turning to the man in the chair at the head of the bed. "Once you got a bullet in your leg for yapping what you thought. Now it will cost you your life. I'll heave you off the big bridge tomorrow night for the edification of Mr. Harrington. As for this fellow"—he again shook Smith—"he will serve for you afterward and will probably follow you."

"I would as soon take a chance in the river as stick around with you any longer," replied Harrison.

Kling sat upon the edge of the bed and drew out a cigar.

"Take Harrison back to his room," he said to Hertz.

Something hard pressed against one of Smith's knees. He moved his hand ever so cautiously toward it. Little by little his fingers approached their object. Harrison had risen from his chair.

"Remember this, Kling," he said. "Joe

Holbrook will get you as sure as you are headed for ——."

"Your father is getting too old," sneered Kling. "He doesn't even know that I have agents in his own office. His Chicago man belongs to me."

Smith's fingers reached the hard object which had pressed against him. Under Kling's coat and slightly protruding from his hip pocket he felt the handle of something he knew right well. Fortune indeed was giving him a chance.

Harrison was half-way across the room when Smith came suddenly to life. Kling felt the wrench from his hip pocket and turned with a snarl—only to look into the muzzle of his own gun. Harrison and Hertz heard the movement and faced about in surprize.

"Kling," said Smith, "I am too sick from your —— chloroform to stand any monkeying. Hands up, you and Hertz both. You are as near death as it is possible to come and escape."

Hertz obeyed with alacrity, but Kling moved slowly and with evident unwillingness, while rage blazed from his eyes. Meanwhile Smith got to his feet. The tenseness of the situation was fast wiping the effects of the chloroform from his brain.

"Face the wall, both of you," Smith ordered. "You Harrison, search the little one."

Harrison's search rewarded him with a second gun, while Smith extracted from the breast pocket of Kling a large roll of bills of the hundred-dollar denomination.

"It's easy to make money—in New York," commented Smith as he dropped the bills into his pocket. "Harrison," he continued, "just keep the little one covered. If necessary, you don't mind shooting to kill?"

"Not the littlest bit in the world," replied Harrison very earnestly. "It would give me joy to shoot up this whole bunch."

"Kling," went on Smith, "sit on the bed. You can put your hands down; but your life hangs on doing what I say."

"Who in blazes are you?" growled Kling as he obeyed.

"Just one of Joe Holbrook's agents," returned Smith. "Now how are we to get out of here?"

"It can't be done," snarled Kling. "The windows are barred, and you couldn't break out in a week. The only exit is through the next room, and there are enough of my me in there to eat you alive."

"Think again," said Smith coolly.

"What can I do?" asked Kling sullenly "My men wouldn't pass you through eve on an order from me."

A COIL of rope under a burea caught Smith's eye. He pulled out. It was the usual fire-escap rope common to some small hotels and hav ing a hook on the end. Underneath one o the windows was a big iron staple. Smit fitted the hook into the staple, raised th window and threw the loose end of the rop out between the bars.

"Kling," he said, "you are a liar. Th ring has been put into the wall recently It is useless unless the bars on the windo can be moved. How do you work th trick?"

There was no reply.

"All right," continued Smith, "we wi shoot our way out. Harrison, you shoot th little fellow just as soon as I shoot Kling Then it will be each of us for himself whe the rest come in."

Smith raised his gun and aimed straigh for Kling's head. The big man did no move or speak as the trigger finger tightene

"Pull up on the hook!" suddenly gaspe Hertz as he felt the cold muzzle of Harr son's weapon against the back of his neck Groveling on the floor, the little man con tinued to gasp over and over the sentence-

"Pull up on the hook!"

"Wait!" exclaimed Smith. "I have it.

Seizing the rope, he pulled up hard on th staple in the wall. It gave slightly, an then came to rest while two of the bars sli silently downward, leaving an opening larg enough for a man to pass.

Suddenly there was a knock upon th door. Kling's eyes gleamed.

Smith leaped to the center of the room

"Give me your gun and get down tha rope as fast as you can, Harrison," he or dered. "I'll hold them off."

"What about you?" asked Harrison.

"Get down before it's too late," insiste Smith. "Where I can get in, I can get out.

Harrison handed over his gun and di appeared through the window without an other word while the two guns in Smith hands made little circles in the air as the covered Kling and Hertz.

There was another knock on the door, an

the handle moved from within. Smith put a bullet through the center of the door, and there was a moan and the sound of a falling body. Words and an oath came from the next room, and then silence ensued while Smith's guns continued to trace the cruel little circles in the air.

The rope at the window became motionless, showing that Harrison had reached the bottom. Smith, noticing this, stepped to the window and sat upon the sill, his two guns vibrant with life like the heads of angry snakes. His was the attitude of the born gunfighter—alert to the last degree the second before going into action.

Smith saw at a glance that it was impossible to climb down the rope quickly enough to escape being shot from above. He saw also that the elevated road turned the corner at his very window and almost touched the building; but although the tracks were only one story below him he knew that he could never reach them in time.

A voice from the other room called Kling's name, and again Smith sent a bullet crashing through the door. This time there was no sound of a falling body. They were becoming wary.

In the distance Smith could hear the rumble of an approaching train. He wondered if he could attract the attention of somebody on board. Even if they did see him it was most unlikely that help could arrive in time.

For a whole minute there had been absolute silence in the room; and then with a crash the door fell inward. With it came a rush of men.

Smith's guns roared as fast as he could pull the triggers. His first shot was for Kling, who had jumped straight for the window when the door fell in. After that both guns played upon the men surging through the doorway.

Glass splintered in the window above Smith's head as his fire was returned; but the advantage was with him since he knew what to expect and his assailants had to take in the situation after their entrance.

As the last cartridge was fired from the window and the hammer fell with its futile click, Smith found himself hanging out of the window and clinging with one hand to the sill over which he had been firing. There was a rush to the window just as a train rumbled slowly to a crawl before rounding the corner.

The tops of the cars were only a few feet below him, and Smith saw his chance and jumped. He struck the smooth, rounded surface of the car-top, slipped and fell prone upon his moving refuge. One harmless shot was fired after him before he was carried around the corner to safety.

IT WAS late the next morning when Smith awoke in his luxurious surroundings in one of New York's largest hotels. He stretched lazily and then noticed that his telephone bell, which must have wakened him, was still ringing. When he took down the receiver his conversation was far from enthusiastic.

"Yes," he said. "Just Smith. How many? Who else? Well, I suppose so. Let 'em all come then."

Smith opened his door wearily when his buzzer sounded, and Joe Holbrook walked into the room. Behind the detective came a burly police captain in uniform, and then followed a dozen of those peculiar young men who seem to be bundles of nerves held together by means of a melancholy ennui—newspaper men.

"Your son got home all right?" asked Smith.

"Yes, he came home," answered Holbrook, "after he took the police to the slaughter-house you created."

"Did they get Kling?"

"The undertaker got him," replied the detective, "just after he confessed to the killing at the Gatz Restaurant last New Year's. It clears my son."

"Mr. Smith, may I ask—" began a reporter.

"Just a minute, you fellows," interrupted the police captain. "We have received a little inside information from Europe about you, Mr. Smith. Are you the Smith who has done such wonders for Scotland Yard in England, for the Prefecture of Police in Paris and for the Criminal Intelligence Department of India?"

"I am—aw—in touch with those institutions frequently," replied Smith with a slow smile.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Joe Holbrook.

"Mr. Smith," broke in a reporter, "do you think you understand the psychology of the American crook?"

"Uh-huh," said Smith. "I was born in America."

The Coconut Grenadiers

by E·O·FOSTER

Author of "Privil Morey, the Pair o' Thim"

"Dollars is like privits: the only way to hold 'em after pay-day is to put 'em under guard."—OLD SPUD.

MAJOR JOHN T. MORPHY was in a meditative mood. Pay-day was at hand and to him fell the duty of furnishing the escort to guard Uncle Sam's greenbacks, and incidentally Major Stanton, the major paymaster, and the paymaster's clerk, from the major's post at Los Banos to Paquil at the head of the Laguna de Bay. The month before the paymaster had been held up at Pasig, knocked senseless, his old clerk killed and his bodyguard of two men wounded by three masked bandits who made good their escape with nearly one hundred thousand dollars, intended for the men of the Second Washington regiment.

Since that time Morphy or "Old Spud," as he was lovingly called by the men of his battalion of the ——teenth Infantry, had been promoted major and was now in command at Los Banos which had been occupied by the American troops, since the capture, nearly two months before, of Pappa Isuan, and the imprisonment of the remnants of his shattered gang of cutthroats.

The paymaster had arrived, unaccompanied, the night before on the *Napindan* and was planning to leave for Paquil that afternoon. Ordinarily there would have been but little cause for worry, but the intelligence section at Manila had sent word by the paymaster that a heavy force of Aguinaldo's men were encamped in the hills back of the little town at the head of the Laguna. The *Napindan* could not run up to the town and the danger lay in an attack by the natives when the paymaster transferred his guard and his funds by banca to the shore.

"Orderly, orderly! Where the divil is thot long-legged—Oh, it's ye, is it? Well, just give my compliments to Major Stanton and tell him the commanding officer would be pleased to see him whin he is at liberty."

Private Morey, Second, made for the door. He had forgotten to salute, and remembered a bit too late. He turned quickly, snapped his heels together and executed the regulation one-two-three in a manner to please the strictest drill-master.

"What the —— are ye doin' now? Salutin', is it? Will, it took ye long enough to rimimber it. —— yer salutin'. Git the —— out o' here and tell Major Stanton whot I told ye to till him. Git a move on ye—. Salutin' again, is it! Jist wan more break from ye and ye'll wake up tomorry in the guard-house. Git out o' here!"

There was a short conference when the pay-master arrived after which it was agreed that the *Napindan* should leave Los Banos on her regular trip to Paquil that afternoon with the paymaster and his escort aboard; that the *Napindan* should proceed as far as the mouth of the Paete River where out of sight of spying eyes they should transfer to the big Dougherty wagon and be hustled to Paquil by the six-mule team while the Insurgents were busy watching the *Napindan's* crew load a dummy pay-chest into the banca that would be waiting for her. If an attack was made the enemy would

meet a warm reception from the detachment the major intended to hide in the forward hold of the old vessel.

No one outside of headquarters was supposed to be aware that the paymaster was in camp, and it was not intended that his presence should be known to the "*amigos*" in white suits who were always hanging around seeking for stray bits of news valuable to Aguinaldo's forces. It might be possible to pay the men when they gathered in the big mess-hall for dinner and keep the secret until the *Napindan* had departed.

Guard mount was at hand. In front of the major was a pile of pink pass-slips awaiting his signature. Private Morey, First, battalion clerk, had written two of them, and Private Morey, Second, headquarters orderly, had placed them on the major's desk, taking good care that the Moreys' names should head the list.

"Orderly! Orderly! Orderly!!" The kettle in the major's brain had begun its morning humming. "Orderly!" broke in a shout from his lips.

"Did the major call?" Private Morey, First, stood at attention before his commanding officer.

"Ye know the major called, but 'twas for the orderly, not a clerk thot should be busy this minute checking pay-rolls. Mind yer eye, now, and whin I call for thot brither of yourn just tind to yer pencil pushin', or 'twill be the worse for ye, Privit Morey, first, second or third, whichever it may be—Oh, yer brither is not here. And might I ask on whom he is a calling this bright morning? Down at the river, he is, is he? And fussing with thot old contraption he calls the ingine of his war-canoe, I suppose. Is thot first call for guard mount? It is, ye say. Will, don't I know it? Hand me me saber and git the —— out of here before I slap ye in the mill, the pair o' yez."

DOWN on the big parade-ground Lieutenant Miles, camp adjutant, grabbed the rifle Private Gibson, Company E, ——teenth U. S. Infantry, had thrown to "port," swung the breech so it would catch the glint of the morning sun, reversed it, lifted the sight, and twisted the bayonet in a futile hunt for "dust, rust, or grease," and pitched it back at Gibson. There was not a tremor to be observed as the husky infantryman met the shock of the ten-pound weapon, closed the chamber and magazine, and came to attention. A moment before Private Walters, Company A, Second Washington Volunteers, had been gone over in a like manner, and with a like result. The two "orderly buckers" of Los Banos were so far 50-50.

The watching garrison was now on tiptoes, for the rivalry between the regulars and the volunteers was great, and had been growing greater ever since a pair of gold leaves had fluttered down on the major's shoulders shortly after the capture of Pappa Isuan. There was a moment of hushed expectancy as the lieutenant ordered the two men to "front and center."

"Going to drill 'em down," First Sergeant Regan, of A, muttered from his post behind his supernumerary.

"Drill 'em down, nothing." First Sergeant Luttge, of E, himself an orderly bucker of renown before his soldierly characteristics won him his chevrons and, later, the diamond of a top sergeant, had assisted in the rites which preceded Gibson's march on to guard-mount and felt sure that his man was the cleanest.

Luttge was right. The lieutenant unbuttoned the flannel shirts of the two men, glanced at the soiled tape which held Walter's identity tag, passed to Gibson and, after observing the snowy cotton strip which held Gibson's tag, touched him on the shoulder as he ordered the two men to their places in ranks.

"Caught him on his dogtag. Whoopee! Company E against the world."

Allard, company cook, who had wagered fifty pesos with the company cook of A, was jubilant. His cheer was the signal for an outburst of applause from the men of the ——teenth as the guard wheeled into line for their march past the officers of the day. Suddenly the bugles began that monthly call so dear to the heart of the soldier and the disgruntled Washingtons joined the cheering, almost drowning the lively quickstep of

"Pay-day, pay-day,
Going to get paid today, today,
Pay-day, pay-day,
Going to get paid today!"

The bugles were going strong, too strong to hear the adjutant bellow "Cease playing!" On and on the music went, the guard

lifting its feet in snappy cadence as the happy soldiers took up the chorus and told how

"Old Ben Butler stole the spoons
Down in Orle-an-s!"

There was a slamming of doors, a rattling on the headquarters' porch. Old Spud was on the war-path. It was pay-day, all right, but he, the paymaster, and the adjutant were the only men supposed to know it, and here was the guard swaggering along to the ruffianly tune which now had changed to,

"Got five years to do this in,
Don't give a —— if I never get it in,
Got five years to do this in,
Don't give a —— if I never get it in—
For I'm going to get paid today."

It is likely that all the scurrilous words hung around this simple bugle call would have been spilled before the musicians had played the guard off the field had not the chief bugler turned his head just in time to see the major hustling toward the parade ground, buttoning his blouse as he pursued his "hop-and-go-fetch-it" course.

There was a *blat* from the chief's bugle as if from a calf in mortal distress, and instruments and chorus stopped so suddenly that a distant lizard's obscene call broke like ribald mirth over the quiet parade.

"Mr. Miles, Mr. Miles, and did I not tell ye there was to be no worrud of pay-day till Major Stanton had already paid the min off? I did, ye say? 'Tis —— will ye know I did. And whyfore did ye lit the buglers spill the news all over creation whin ye knew thot—ye did not till thim? Will who in the divil did? Ye don't know, as usual, ye don't know anything. I'll find out. Where's thot —— Privit Morey? I'll bet he's the guilty man, bad luck to him, the pair o' thim."

The major raved and stormed, but the Morey twins were not to be found. As had happened once before the culprits were missing and so was their war-canoe, as the major soon discovered while sweeping the lake with his field-glasses.

"Stole away, did yez? 'Tis good riddance to bad rubbish, the pair o' yez." The kettle was boiling again, just enough to set the words quietly humming through the Major's lips. "Clerk and orderly to the commanding officer was a little too rich for yez. Will, whin yez get back, ye'll follow the police cart around for a month and see how yez like being clerk of the swill barrels and chambermaid to all the —— animiles thot dirty up the parade. I'll show ye, the pair o' yez."

The cover on the kettle began to rattle a little bit monotonously as the steam of the major's wrath commenced to dwindle. He stood framed in the open window gazing at the distant mountains peeping over the rugged shoulders of the lower range back of Paquil.

A thought of how the Morey twins had rounded up old Isuan single-handed in the shadow of those hills came quietly over him as he watched the big banca swing out of sight under the lee of Malihi. He shrugged his shoulders and turned quietly to his desk. The passes lay waiting his signature. He dipped his pen in the ink, and began signing his name to the slips which would mean liberty to a small part of his garrison.

THERE was a knock at the door and without the usual pause in stalked Colonel Wadleigh of the Second Washington.

"What the——"

"I say, Morphy, pardon my butting in on you in such a hurry, but old Juan de Jesus has just been telling me he is certain that one of the Morey brothers was mixed up in that robbery of the paymaster at my post last month. Ordinarily I would place no credence in his tale but Major Spillane told me that he saw Pete Morey spending money like a drunken sailor in the Chinese bazaar on the Escolta last week."

"Colonel Wadleigh——"

The steam had risen so suddenly that the cover of the teakettle did a James Watt and the major's wrath boiled over.

"Colonel Wadleigh" he repeated, his even accents and perfect English accenting his anger, "less than two months ago Peter Morey and his brother risked their lives in a most successful attempt to put old Isuan out of business. By the very grace of their act I was made a major in the regular establishment, and by virtue of being a major of regulars, I ranked Major Spillane out of the command of this post. He did not like it, but he had the good manners to ask for the transfer you gave him. You are a big rooster on your own dung-hill, but I am cock of this walk, and the sooner you turn your back on John T. Morphy, major ——teenth U. S. Infantry, the better it

will be for the both of us. I might say that I have just signed a pass for the man in question, that I know he is planning a trip up the lake today and that I shall not rescind it. My respects, sir, and—good morning!"

"By the way, major," the colonel had still a shot left in his locker, "by the way, I brought up a detachment of my own men to escort the pay-master to Paquil. If you have any doubt as to my authority so far as the *Napindan* is concerned we can take it up at division headquarters later."

This last shot missed the target entirely. The major had been worrying about the safe delivery of the pay-master and his funds, and now it was off his shoulders. He chuckled in quiet satisfaction at the way he had "pulled the tail feathers of that pompous old rooster" and turned to his desk again. He saw the passes and chuckled at the Moreys missing pay-day. He was turning a joke or two himself that morning, and so the forenoon wore away, each moment adding to the old boy's content.

NOON came, and with it the Moreys, *put-putting* across from Malihi in the big banca. After they had drawn their pay they reported at headquarters and requested the honor of the major's company for a little cruise around the lake.

"'Tis a gall yez have, goin' absint without leave, and thin askin' me to accompany yez on yer philandering."

The old gray eyes lit up with amusement, the rugged old cheeks twisted the lips into a semblance of a smile. Here was a chance to watch the colonel "deliver the goods" at Paquil.

"Yis, I'll go, and thanks to yez, for if ye did not have something up your sleeves ye would not ask me. By the way, Colonel Wadleigh was jist here to prefer a charge agin yez. Whot have yez to say for yerselves? And whot was the charge? It was none of yer bizness, ye and yer plotting disgrace on the outfit, like as not, ye ungrateful divils. Shut up, I say, and git a move on now. Am I to be kipt here all this bright afternoon listenin' to the pair o' yez."

The *Napindan* pulled quietly out of the dock turning her nose toward Paquil. On the bridge between Captain Franklin, its commander, and the pay-master, stood Colonel Wadleigh in all his glory. Below, ten men paced the deck in a military manner, keeping watch and ward over the iron bound pay-chest. The *Napindan* was still in sight when the major, his clerk, and his orderly, "the pair o' thim," went skooting toward Malihi in the big banca. Hidden in the shade of the tules a half-hour later the twins drew three gorgeous war robes from an old chest hidden forward, laid by them three masks of grotesque shape and began draining the milk from a score or more of coconuts.

The major's eyes opened wider and wider at the strange proceedings, but he was a good sport and considered himself a guest, not the commanding officer of this particular party, so he said nothing. The coconuts drained, the twins began enlarging the eye-holes in the nuts until the three orifices were merged. Next they cut and fitted lengths of bamboo in the holes, after which Peter marked and withdrew them, handing the hollow lengths to Ray. Ray filled them almost level with rifle powder, inserting an ordinary firecracker in each tube, leaving the tiny fuse exposed as he cemented the explosive in with soap.

"If the major will put his war togs on we will finish the job in hand before starting in pursuit of the *Napindan*."

"Now I have watched the pair o' yez with a shut mouth and an open mind for the last half hour, and I'm going to don yer habilments of war if it kills me, but if yez don't want to be the dith o' me, yez had better spill the beans and till me whot all this blunderbussin' is about."

There was no response from the hooded figures, but through the goggles sewn in his mask the major could see the twins pouring some floury red substance into the empty coconuts, afterwards replacing and sealing in them the bamboo tubes they had previously fitted. There was a quick twist of the flywheel under the sinewy impulse of Ray's begrimed hands and the banca shot from the tules, its sharp bow throwing a broadening stream of ripples on the surface of the Laguna.

Ray worked forward to the bow and began lighting a row of punksticks which he set, one by one, in a row of holes cut in the forward thwarts. Back of him were the pile of doctored coconuts, and back of the coconuts, the major. In the stern, Peter, perched jauntily on the gunwale,

worked reversing levers and ignition switches with his feet, holding the banca to its course with one hand while with the other he nursed a big black cigar whose glowing end testified to the hot spark held within it.

Some five miles away the *Napindan* lay with her nose in the mud off Paquil. There was a faint rattle in the distance somewhat like the popping of corn. To the major's war trained ear it meant but one thing. The insurgents were making a feint against the garrison at Paquil to cover the sweep of their war-canoes on the *Napindan*.

"For the love of Mike, ye young divil, pass me a piece of thot joss stick. There's a revival openin' in the hills yonder, and I want to burn a bit of paper with the heathen. Yis, yis, I can get all the coconuts nicissary, but divil a bit of fire I have about me. Light a cigaret, did ye say? Will ye jist pass me a bit of thot punk or they'll be something waiting fer ye at Los Banos whin we git back thot ye don't expict."

There was a crash from the bow of the *Napindan*. The crew had begun to sweep the tules with the old Hotchkiss. The major could see, as he had seen once before, the big war-canoes stealing from the tules each side of the town, but this time there were a dozen of them, and all loaded to the water's edge. He scented the battle from afar and yelled to Morey to "jam —— out of her!" As he turned to see if his command had been obeyed Peter kicked the spark ahead, and the increased momentum caught the major off his guard and he tumbled in a heap against the motor.

"What in ——"

The major lay cursing like a pirate for a moment while he untangled his togs and got his mask set straight again. Thin with a "I'll teach ye, ye young divil," he heaved a coconut at Peter's head. There was a slip and a rip, and the canoe slid slowly to a halt without even a sputter from the carburetor, torn half from its setting by the Major's missile.

Peter was transformed into a raging demon.

"You —— old —" he began.

He caught himself just in time and began with wrench and screw-driver the task of repairing the injury.

"—— old fool is right, me bye, but 'tis not fer ye to be sayin' it. Get a hump on ye now and repair thot contraption or I'll take command of this party and ye'll all take a hand in thot shindig forward or die tryin' to swim there. Git a move on ye now for the love of Hivin before thim dirty gugus mess up the works of the *Napindan* and git away with Uncle Sam's money."

THE firing was getting brisker every minute. Captain Franklin was trying to get the *Napindan* off the mud flats before the encircling war-canoes were able to work alongside. So far the guard had been able to hold the Insurgents off. It was only after the old Hotchkiss gave one rattle of despair and refused to vomit her two-inch shrapnel longer, that the tide of battle began really to turn against the Americans. The volley firing of the guards carried to the major's ears. The churning of the *Napindan's* screw was faintly echoing against the banca's bottom and here was the old major, so near and yet so far, from the kind of scrap he dearly loved.

The Moreys sweated and fumed over the carburetor; the major cursed and prayed. It was a bad job, but after what seemed hours to the twins and an eternity to the major the big canoe began to creep slowly toward the fight, its motor giving an intermittent cough from time to time in place of its usual husky bark.

The first banca load of Insurgents piled over the bulwarks and were driven back by the Washingtons, Old Wadleigh fighting like a lion at their head. On the bridge, the paymaster stood a-straddle of his pay chest, which he had moved when the attack began, his revolver disputing the passage of the increasing enemy who sought to make it theirs. Captain Franklin, his helmsman down, stood to his post, ceaselessly whirling the wheel as he signaled the engineer to "Go ahead," "Back," "Stop," everything but "Sidewise."

At last the *Napindan* began to move slowly astern. Suddenly her rudder stuck and jammed, and her propeller began to tie itself in a hard knot with the heavy Manila rope which the headman of one of the bancas drew across the *Napindan's* stern. The *Napindan* was helpless.

On the forward deck only the colonel and two of his men were left on their feet. Banca after banca disgorged its ragged, blood-mad horde on the decks. The engine-room crew kept the stern clear, sweeping any Filipino that ventured aft

overboard with a stream of scalding water from the boilers below. Stanton went down with a bolo gash in his leg and the pay-chest was in the hands of the howling bandits. Colonel Wadleigh was knocked senseless by a big Igorrote who swung a war-club as if it were a feather. The fight was over so far as the *Napindan* was concerned.

It was a strange sight, a nightmare dream, in keeping with the half-hour past, that banca which came stealing alongside as Captain Franklin made ready to jump and take his chances in the tules. A second later and a big coconut, a trail of sparks marking its course, flew past the bridge and exploded between the wheel-house and the bow, just over the struggling group of Insurgents who were trying each to gain possession of the pay-chest.

"Jist a minit, Mr. Franklin," punctuated the flight of another of the curious missiles which began falling from all directions, "jist a minit, and ye'll see Old Spud's Coconut Grenadiers give the dirty divils the surprize of their lives."

The major was mad. The major was happy. Here was that forty-to-one fight he had always dreamed of, but it was like all good things, not destined to last long.

"*Ker-choo.*" A first faint sneeze heralded the coming storm.

"*Ker-choo, ker-choo, ker-choo, ker-choo.*"

From stem to stern the chorus of sneezes began. It cooled the ardor of the party struggling over the pay-chest. It changed them from raging lions to bleating, sneezing crying sheep. They had no further desire for wealth. They would gladly have exchanged the wealth of the Indies for a breath of fresh air, for a moment's relief to their smarting eyes.

"*Ker-choo-o-o!*"

With a snort Colonel Wadleigh recovered consciousness. He awoke sneezing and continued sneezing till he wished he were asleep again. The peppery cloud sifted down to the engine-room and put the crew out of commission. It was wafted upward, taking a passing tribute from the wounded paymaster and the irate captain. Its pungent particles spared neither friend nor foe. Only the three fantastically robed, hideously hooded warriors who had changed a seeming Insurgent victory into a certain defeat in a few seconds were able to stalk about in grandeur as they silently herded the suffering enemy into the depths of the forehold.

"*Miaou-tss!! Miaou, miaou, tss, tss!! Mia-o-u-u!!!*"

The *Napindan's* mascot, a big Maltese cat, came sneezing from the galley, her tail growing bigger and bigger with each explosion. She ran like mad around the deck and at last with an unearthly yowl lit square on the shoulders of the ring-leader of the plot as he lay sobbing for breath across the pay-chest. He felt the stab of pussy's searching claws, and thought the devil himself was after him. He turned over and looked up at the grim figure of Old Spud towering over him, and knew it. It was time for confession—the glittering eyes back of the mask seemed boring down into his crime-laden soul. Juan de Jesus, postmaster at Pasig, tale-bearer, tool of Aguinaldo, thought his last moment had come. It was time for confession, and at the feet of the old veteran he told how he had planned both robberies, and that the gains of the first still awaited Aguinaldo's agent in the post-office safe at Pasig, within stone's throw of Colonel Wadleigh's headquarters.

A shout from the stern of the *Napindan* announced that the engine room crew had untangled the propeller, and a few minutes later the major, unable to restrain his jubilance, pulled his mask from his head that he might regale his brother officers with the story of the rescue.

"*Ker-choo! Ker-cho-o-o!!*"

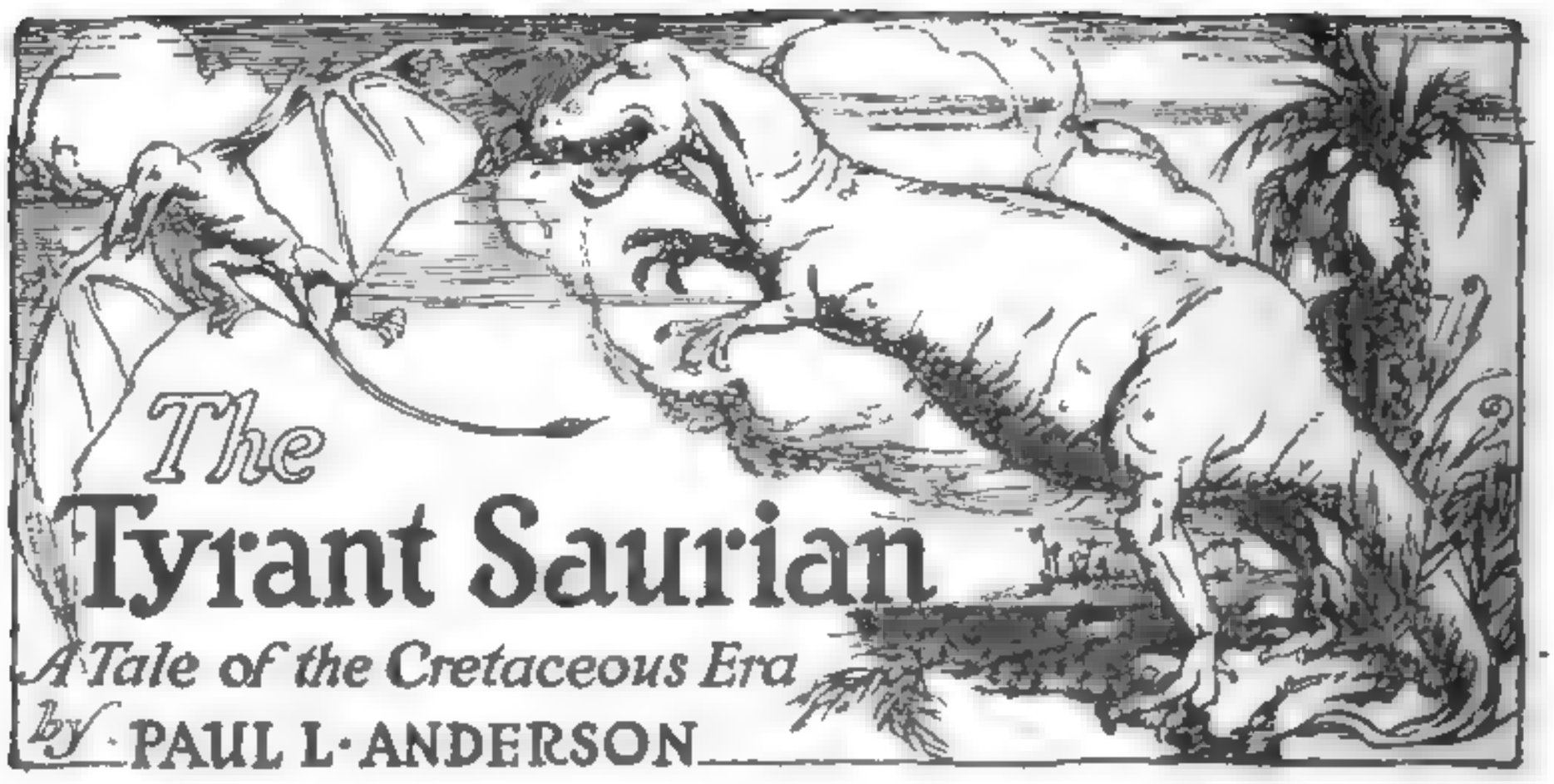
The result was disastrous. From the folds of the mask, the red cayenne dust had sifted quietly into the major's nostrils.

"—— the—*Ker-choo!*—eyes of the pair o' young — *Ker-choo! Ker-choo!! Ker-cho-o-o!!!*"

Tears began to pour from the old boy's eyes. He had dropped from the pinnacle of glory to the depths of ridiculousness in less than a minute. He could stand it no longer. He made a running jump to the canoe lying alongside and standing in its stern, paddled valiantly until he was struck by the gentle breeze stirring the laguna's surface. Then he paused, slipped gingerly from his gaudy robe and began to laugh—and sneeze.

"*Miaou, t-s-s!*" A faint "*T-ss*" only, came from the bow where sat the ship's mascot also taking the air.

The major gazed for a moment, turned and waved to the *Napindan*, now free of the tules. His day's fun was over.



The Tyrant Saurian

A Tale of the Cretaceous Era

by PAUL L. ANDERSON

THE great continental sea that in large part covered what is now the western portion of North America lay steaming under the heat of a sub-tropical sun. Through the haze that hung over its dull and sluggish waters could be seen, far off, a few small islands projecting but slightly above the surface, islands that would later, through vast movements of the earth's crust, become mountain-peaks.

A broad marshy plain, grown up with thick grass, stretched north and south as far as the eye could see, its limits lost in the haze, and from the water's edge it reached back a mile or so to a series of low, wooded hills which rolled with gentle undulations to the western distance.

A wide and lazy river, slow-moving, smooth, wound from among the hills to empty into the shallow sea. Where it issued between two hills, these latter had been cut by the action of the water into a flight of irregular terraces, and from one of these level benches came a harsh hissing and clacking as a group of twenty or more pterodactyls shuffled clumsily about, jostling one another in their awkward shiftings.

Ungainly and ugly they were, great flying reptiles, not unlike birds in casual appearance, but unfeathered and with leathery wings that spread—in the larger ones—full twenty feet across. Hardly able to walk, unable to rise from a flat place, they were obliged to shuffle painfully to some slight rise of ground whence they could project themselves into the air, to catch the wind and begin their soaring flight. Once in the air, however, they were swift and graceful, and capable of long-sustained flight, hardly moving their wings, but taking full advantage of the air currents.

Life in plenty was to be found about this sea, both animal and vegetable, but mostly reptilian, for this was the Age of Reptiles, full three million years before man appeared on the earth. Indeed, not even the earliest of the apes had yet developed, and the only mammals then existing were of the most primitive types, monotremes and marsupials, egg-laying or pouch-bearing.

A few birds—rather, a few types of bird, for their actual numbers were many—were to be found, but by far the greatest part of the life was reptilian.

And such reptiles! Crawling, creeping, walking, leaping, flying, swimming reptiles. Herbivorous reptiles, carnivorous reptiles, slow-moving, harmless reptiles, and swift, savage, predaceous ones; little ones and big; titanic beasts beside which the hugest mammoth would be a toy; lizard-like, fish-like, bird-like, beast-like; some whose general form was curiously like that of animals of today, and others that resembled nothing save some ghastly nightmare shape. Oh, there was life enough, in very truth!

Life—and death as well, swift, sudden, remorseless death for the unwary, whereof an instance was quickly shown.

Without sound, without warning, a giant form burst from the forest behind the pterodactyls, hurled itself in two great bounds across the intervening space, and struck

down one of the flying reptiles which, careless, had got too far from the edge of the terrace.

The others, with harsh screams and cries, pitched into the air, soared far off over the water, filling the air with their raucous noise that diminished faintly into the distance, while the captor, making but two mouthfuls of his prey, lifted his head and looked about for other food.

OF ALL the reptiles that frequented the earth, this was the most terrible, a huge carnivorous dinosaur, *Tyrannosaurus Rex*, "king of the tyrant lizards."

Indeed, he was the most terrible organism that has ever lived, and well deserved his name. Not unlike a kangaroo in general form, but larger than any kangaroo, the tyrant saurian carried his head full twenty-five feet above the earth as he stood erect on his powerful hind legs, each foot armed with three great claws.

His front legs were small and weak, of little use, but the great head, with its two rows of gleaming teeth, furnished an unequaled weapon of attack. A ponderous tail, some twenty feet in length, served to balance the great body as the beast traveled in giant leaps and bounds, but so great was the strength of those mighty muscles that for all its weight the tail was carried lightly as a fox's brush.

Nearly forty feet in length, incredibly agile, stronger than any living thing that trod the earth, of high vitality and great tenacity of life, and more savage and ferocious than any tiger, truly the king of the tyrant saurians deserved his name. Truly he was a thing to inspire terror wherever his form was seen.

Now, having finished the pterodactyl, the tyrant lizard looked about in search of other food, for no small amount was required to furnish fuel for that mighty engine.

Out on the surface of the water, perhaps a hundred yards from shore, there floated a dozen or so dark spots, and on these the great beast fixed his eyes. At that distance he could not make out what they were, but they might be food, and he started in that direction.

Of a sudden there came a rush and a swirl in the water; the pointed snout and shining head of a giant mosasaur showed for an instant, and the dark spots fled wildly in all directions, save that one, seized by the serpent of the sea, was shaken fiercely for an instant and swallowed at one gulp.

Gradually the commotion in the water subsided and the landscape was at peace again, quiet under the streaming sun, no motion showing save only the lapping of the wavelets among the rushes by the shore. The tyrant saurian turned away, knowing now what were the dark spots, knowing also that no meal for him lay there; for these birds, aquatic, with aborted wings, flightless, unable to walk, had yet so developed their powers of swimming that they could drive their slim, six-foot bodies through or over the water faster than a fish could travel. They were the prey of the mosasaur, and not for the tyrant lizard, whose hunting lay on dry land.

Looking all about, he took his way once more into the forest, knowing now the roosting-place of the pterodactyls, knowing that should other hunting fail he could return to prey on them again.

Hours passed, the sun shining hotly through the gray haze, climbing slowly to overhead, starting its declining path. The shadows of the hills were beginning to fall across the marshy plain when out from the wood of oak and birch and sycamore on the farther side of the river there tramped a company of strange beasts.

Down the slope they came, out on the flat, and there, spreading out, fell to grazing on the long, thick grass, some going to the edge of the stream and tearing up the rushes and young willow shoots, to grind them into fodder.

Not unlike rhinoceroses in general form were the newcomers, though far bigger, the larger ones thirty feet in length, vast, slow-moving, graviportal, with long and heavy tails, arched backs, heavily bowed front legs. Herbivorous dinosaurs they were, harmless, unwieldy, built for defense rather than for flight.

From the head of each the bones of the skull extended backward and up to form a great frill or ruff of bone about the neck, a frill that served at once as armor and as an attachment for the powerful muscles and for the tough, leathery skin. From the forehead of each, just above the little pig-like eyes, projected two long, sharp-pointed horns, reaching forward and slightly upward, and from the nose, above the parrot-beak, rose another, the upper ones being some three feet long, the lower one somewhat less.

And so it was that these great beasts, feeding on grass and foliage, harmless in attack, were yet the most wonderful defensive organism ever seen. Their sharp beaks served admirably to crop their food, and the great frill of bone protected the neck, so that when they formed a circle, heads out, no enemy might pass that bristling hedge of needle-pointed horns. Marvelous in defense—as they had stern need to be.

SCATTERING over the plain, the band of triceratops fed slowly, indolently, like cattle, for they were far from hungry. Through the day they had browsed in the forest, cropping limbs from the trees, rooting up tender and succulent shoots; and now, their gigantic bellies filled almost to repletion, they had wandered down along the shore for a little change of diet.

For an hour or more they idled about, feeding, grunting, snorting; then by some common impulse turned again to the wooded hills. Stringing out, they rambled up the slope, plunging one by one into the dense shadow, till but one remained, a calf that could not keep up with the others.

A funny little beast it was, a perfect reproduction of the bigger, but not more than a third the size of one full-grown. Perhaps two hundred yards behind the others it grunted and puffed, struggling to catch up; then, happening to look behind, it broke into shrill squeals of terror and redoubled its efforts, for it had seen death coming on swift feet.

The pterodactyls, full-fed—for they had caught some fish from the sea—had returned to their terrace.

They had taken no notice of the triceratops, nor these of them, for neither had aught to hope or fear from the other. The triceratops were too large to be assailed by the pterodactyls, nor, being herbivorous, would they attack. So the pterodactyls, soaring home, had meant to settle down to roost; but as they approached the terrace there came a rush of wings and from the ground rose a flight of birds about the size of pigeons. True birds, these, small but swift, air-borne of strong wings, beautifully feathered.

With frightened cries they fled, hotly pursued by the great leather-winged reptiles, dodging, twisting, turning in desperate efforts to escape. And many did so esca but many were caught by the pterodact who settled down to enjoy this unexpec meal.

In a few short minutes the only tra left of the birds were scattered feath floating down the breeze, and the pte dactyls, after much grunting and hiss and rustling, lapsed into a gloomy silen And now for the second time that day th came that terrible rush from the forest the tyrant saurian, not having found fo returned to prey on the smaller reptiles.

This time his attack failed. The pte dactyls, roosting near the edge of terrace, flung themselves into the air, a the great saurian reared and snapp in vain. But the frightened cries and r of wings had alarmed the little triceratc who squealed most pitifully and lumbe onward toward the sheltering forest, e as the tyrant, balked of one meal but see a fuller one in prospect, leaped from terrace, bounded across the river, and to up the pursuit.

The little calf was half-way up the sl but still a hundred yards from safety—fr the woods into which the last of the ba was disappearing. The huge beast of p was within a quarter of a mile, coming l the wind, hurling himself over the mars plain, head forward, teeth shining, e glowing like coals with hunger and t lust of the hunt.

Death for the calf seemed certain. no possible effort could he reach the for before that dreadful engine of destruct would overhaul and strike him dov Frantically he lumbered on, his squeals terror ever louder, ever more agonized; a apparently his cries were heard, for a fem of the band, turning back, saw the pe swooping on her calf, and started down t slope.

Clumsily she ran, yet with speed strar in so awkward a bulk, hastening to t rescue, striving to reach the calf bef that mighty death could strike. And s succeeded, for just as the beast of pr gathered for his final leap the calf ran l hind his mother, halted not, and div into the forest, while the tyrant sauri furious at missing his prey, plunged forwa to attack the greater bulk that promis food for several meals.

But that sullen, cumbersome bulk suddenly made the promise seem sinister.

THEN began a fearful battle, a battle of titanic forces, of unbelievable strength and agility, of desperate attack and still more desperate defense, of rage and hunger and the instinct to destroy on the one hand, and on the other of blind madness and the mother-instinct that has existed since life first trod this earth.

Rearing to his full height, the tyrant saurian leaned forward, struck downward, grasping with savage teeth at his foe's backbone, at that vital spot which, shorn, leaves the great muscles helpless. Well then for the mother-beast that she wore that frill of bone, for the mighty jaws, missing their deadly aim, clamped down on the unyielding ruff.

The skin behind it was torn slightly, but not deeply, and the triceratops, lunging forward, pierced cleanly through and through the knee-joint of her assailant with one dagger-sharp horn.

Screaming with rage and pain, the tyrant saurian released his hold, fell back a moment, then returned to the assault, circling round and round and round, seeking a chance to pounce. But the wound in his leg bothered him and he could not move with his accustomed agility, so that the mother was able to keep fronting him, to keep those terrible horns ever toward him.

At length, desperate, the tyrant leaped again, dodged sidewise, struck, this time tearing a long strip of leathery skin and flesh from the mother's shoulder, a gush of blood marking the wound. Bellowing, the triceratops rushed forward, attacking, striving to catch her enemy, but the more agile beast evaded her clumsy rush, struck again, and once more rent the skin and flesh.

He seemed to know that this was his chance of victory, to wear the mother out with repeated wounds, draining her strength, and he set himself to do it, slashing, avoiding, slashing again, hoping to weaken her by loss of blood and in the end to pull her down. The slow-moving triceratops seemed to realize this too, to sense his purpose, for after a time she gave over her clumsy rushes and strove only to present a front to the attack. In vain! Time after time those cruel teeth sank in her side, rending the flesh, draining her life away.

The air was full of the bellowing roars and snarls and screams of the fighting beasts, the earth was soaked with blood, the grass was tramped to a horrible red muck, but still the fight went on.

The sun had disappeared behind the hills and the landscape took on the gray-green color of twilight. From the distant terrace came the clacking of the pterodactyls, and from the sea the cries of the swimming birds, now returning. Night was settling down, and the cool of evening rose with the swirling mist, but still the fight continued.

The little calf peered, frightened, from the forest, not knowing whether to wait or to flee, and ever the tyrant saurian returned to the attack. His foe was growing weaker; she would soon fail, and then to tear and rend the soft tissues, feasting through the long night, gorging his voracious stomach with the delicate flesh!

Maddened by hunger, by rage, by the pain in his wounded leg, the tyrant flung himself forward, reached down, plunged for the deadly spine hold. This time he missed the bony frill, sank his teeth in the flesh over the spine, bit deep, crunched, held on, driving those awful fangs ever deeper and deeper.

Frantic with agony, with the torture of those crushing jaws, the triceratops flung her head up, thrashing from side to side. By great good fortune the horn on her nose encountered the tyrant's belly, sank deep, rending the flesh, and the other horns followed as the mother-beast surged forward.

The tyrant roared with pain, released his grip, flung loose, strove to escape; but the triceratops lunged onward, twisting her head as she went. The three great horns ripped and tore, severed the tissues, drove deep into the huge beast's entrails, cut and tore and slashed, remorseless, terrible.

Thrashing, roaring, snapping, snarling, the tyrant went down, rolled over, struggled to rise, but the mother-beast pursued ever, gouging, thrusting, driving home those fearful weapons, till at length the tyrant lay still save for a slight quivering of his giant tail.

Foredone, weak from the loss of blood, the mother triceratops took three steps toward the forest, rolled over, lay still——

Presently the moon rose, silvering the field of battle, throwing into relief those two huge bulks. Out from the forest crept the calf, down to his mother's side, nuzzled the inert form, whimpering.

Roused by the touch, the mother got to her feet, slowly, unsteadily, and the two,

mother and calf, lumbered off into the sheltering woods.

But the king of the tyrant saurians lay dead where he had fallen.

The King of Spades

Author of "The Out-of-Dates," "The Theft of the Kalthumpian," etc.

WALLASEY was too quick on the draw to be insulted with impunity, and when the stunning crash of the shot died away, when the thin smoke vanished among the much other smoke that made the atmosphere of Mike Shannon's saloon almost unbearable, old Quirk was seen to have got that payment which he had asked for. He was sprawled back in his chair, his fingers crooking convulsively and the color ebbing horribly from his face. His own pistol was half-drawn, so that no man might unfairly blame Wallasey. The onlookers, gathering themselves up from the fouled floor of the big room, admitted they had heard old Quirk shout in that husky voice of his—

"Cheatin'—by heck!"

"An' I say it again," croaked the old-timer, through the blood-bubbles on his lips. "Here—lemme look!"

He struggled terribly to reach the littered table, but the life was leaving him too quickly.

"You asked for it—no man calls me a cheat an' feels happy ever afterwards," said Wallasey, and there was no suggestion of pity or regret in his vivid blue eyes. "Any one say different?"

Masterfully he challenged the assembly, the still-hot pistol swinging carelessly in his steady hand; and no man there present had courage to protest, whatever his inner feelings might be. Young, hard as steel and as lithe and merciless as whalebone, the gambler stood there defiant, watching his recent opponent die with twitchings and writhings.

Dick Wallasey's was a name that stood for cool recklessness and for an utter indifference to public opinion. Even in that land of wild passions and crude justice, where men 'slaved themselves to the semblance of paper in order to win a fortune, and, winning, threw away their gains with a mad, laughing recklessness in a couple of hours' hard gambling, Wallasey was admired for his icy deviltry.

"I—I say it ag'in," wheezed old Quirk. He had taken the heavy leaden pellet through his lung, and death still held aloof, though its agonies were gripping him hard. "'Twasn't no fair game, that. You—lyin'—cheatin' son of a gun, you! Lemme—lemme——!"

"Quiet, old man—quiet. You'll—" It was Martin's hand on his shoulder that drew him back into his chair. "Give us a chance, old man—we'll patch you up yit. Where's Doc Parsons?"

Some one had already gone for the

dissolute medical practitioner, though, knowing his habits, with but scant hope of securing his services.

"There's no doc'll cure me—I've got mine, thanks to—to—that——"

The big pistol muzzle swung again to steady directly between Quirk's already glazing eyes.

"Quit that, Wallasey! By the living hookey, ye don't—ye don't shoot a man twicet."

Some one, more daring than the rest, struck the pistol aside, and the gambler shrugged his shoulders. His face was white and hard, and his nostrils showed pinched.

"Tell him to quit his back-chat, then," he said.

"Quit it?" The words reached the brain of the dying man. "Quit it! I'll never quit it! A lyin', thievin' swindler—I'll tell ye that long after I'm dead an' forgotten. Yes, I'll never let ye forgit it—'twasn't no fair show-down, this. I'll ha'nt ye, Wallasey, you that've robbed me of—of——"

A terrible fit of coughing checked the bitter flow of words.

"Lay him down—he'll die easier so," said Shannon, the sawed-off shotgun still under his arm. "What right had ye to shoot, Dick? An oldish man, too!"

"Shouldn't have called me cheat, then. Me, that's always played a dead-square game, as every man here knows. Any one deny it?"

There were not a few there who had their doubts, but Dick Wallasey was an awkward man to cross, and such of them as had wondered occasionally at the gambler's luck, kept their tongues quiet. The gasping, wheezing old-timer was sufficient of an object lesson to even the most daring. A .45 bullet fired at close range makes a devastating wound.

"Let me alone." Quirk fought against the hands that would have moved him. "Let me alone, d'ye hear? There's that to be said—done——ah!"

With the last effort of his expiring strength he lurched himself forward on to the table, his twitching hands scattering the scattered cards.

"Look ye—see? That one? Drew one to a flush, didn't he? I watched—suspectin'. He had that card ready. Look at it——"

Terribly he selected the doubtful card; with scrambling fingers he turned its face to the table and compared its back with the backs of the scattered pack.

" 'Tain't fair!" he screamed.

The scream died to a husky whistling. Then, with the death-agony upon him, his eyes wide-open, staring like a basilisk's eyes at the white-faced gambler, he lifted himself to his feet and stood there, swaying, while men who had seen death in many forms, and most of them horrible, stood aloof.

"Some day, Wallasey," the old-timer said thickly through the blood-bubbles, "ye'll try that trick again. Some day—" his voice was clearing now, and the black hatred that possessed his being kept him steady—"that swindlin' soul o' yours'll let ye down. Some day—the hour o' yer biggest need—biggest need—mark my words! My curse on ye!" he said very slowly, mouthing the words so that each one fell like vitriol. "My curse—my bitter—bitter——"

He dropped back lumpily into his seat and those about heard the life leaving him in gasps and whistlings. It was no pretty sight, but it did not appear to affect the professional gambler's iron nerve. Indifferent to the death-throes, his hands were busy with the scattered cards.

"There—that's the card he said was wrong—that's the card. No——"

His hands began to move more hurriedly. He tossed card after card aside in a growing excitement.

"Where is it? Which of you's picked it up? Come on now—let's have no more foolin'. Which of you's——?"

"Had Highland blood in him, old Quirk, hadn't he?" said some one. "They do say that Highland blood's different from the usual."

"Who's lifted that card?" asked Wallasey, aware that sweat-beads were breaking out on his forehead.

"Swear to Heaven no one's laid hand to that table since ye shot," said Shannon. "Folks ain't that anxious to join in a mix-up with you, Dick."

The gambler collected the pack and counted it swiftly. There were only fifty-one cards and the joker. One card had disappeared. And as he made the discovery a queer, irritating itching came to his right knee. He resisted the impulse to reach down and scratch the irritation, because he

knew the eyes of all men were upon him. But it seemed to him as though little insistent fingers were at work, touching his breeches just above the boot-top. Instead, he made a fresh examination of the cards. Count as he might there were only fifty-one and the joker. One card had vanished as completely as if it had never been.

"Mind ye—" There was now the death-rattle in old Quirk's voice—"mind ye, Dick Wallasey, I mean it. In the hour o' yer biggest need—when—when—Gawd! Air—gimme air!" He slumped forward in a heap, and the spirit left him with a choking rattle.

"A bit hot in here, ain't it?" said Wallasey.

LATER, in his own well-secured shack, after having counted over his winnings, he reached down to that spot where he customarily secreted such cards as might come in useful during a hot game. Under normal conditions he played straight, as do most professional gamblers, but it was always well to be prepared for the unforeseen contingency. He had discovered that fact through checkered years. He drew forth the carefully concealed cards and with more than one glance over his shoulder spread them out on the table—yes, they were all there. At least——

"Let's think this out," he muttered. "Where's that—where's that——?"

Detail by detail he reconstructed the evening's play. He had certainly drawn the spare king of spades from his boot to complete his straight flush—a king-high flush at that; but he had as certainly replaced the king with his discard. He was quite certain of that. And yet, on a closer examination, one card was missing.

"Folly!" he grunted. "You're seeing things, Dick. The cards are all there. That's the five you—you palmed. Just a bit newer in its look; that's all. Why, they're all there—but there was one missing on the table. Now—judging by what's gone before—let's think this out!"

But all the thinking in the world could not replace the missing card. The king of spades was absent in some mysterious fashion.

With a bitten-off oath he tore the five of spades across and across and threw the fragments into the noisy stove. I just as well to hide evidence, no how trivial it might appear—and th of that card was certainly a little b than the rest of his concealed hoard.

"This room's too darned hot!" h wrathfully, wiping his forehead. "W it mean? That's what I'm tryin' at—what does it mean? I looked they said old Quirk had Highland bl his veins, too!"

He made a fresh and extremely v examination of the cards and th back a trifle limply. Something ha pened somehow. The king of spad undoubtedly missing. And he ha trusted to sight alone, in his sear that card; he had relied on sundry pin-pricks, which, in connection wi own sandpapered finger-tips, were a guide.

That was his secret; marked cards denomination carefully concealed they could be got at quickly, w fumbling. The swing of a man's careless hand past his boot-top—wh to take objection to that? But if swinging fingers selected with ur accuracy a card, already ear-marke if, by deft palming, such a card wer stituted——!

"It isn't as if I'd made a regular tise of it," he said, with a note of com in his voice.

Then he went to the cupboard, n just a trifle unsteadily, where he ke store of liquor. Only very seldom drink—he recognized the need for a head when playing hard. Tonight, ever, he drank deeply. He had just a man—in fair fight, as every one adr because old Quirk had been the accus had reached first for his gun.

But he could not rid his mind Quirk's clutching fingers and his con face, with the gasping mouth that s out curses as it quivered. He had men before, and never known the of a nerve, never a moment's remors was part of the game: a game of e bluff. You knew at the back of your that your own life was the main stu the game, as did your opponent, and weakened, or if he was slow on the d well, what about it?

You relied on your stock-in-tra face that might have been hewn out c

granite, a certain dexterity in the handling of cards, and eyes that betrayed nothing of the secrets of the brain behind them. Then when bad luck came you took it with a smile; even when the man who had accused you of cheating reached for his gun you still smiled, and shot as quickly as you could.

"Oh, it's all right—it's all right," he assured himself. "One sure thing about it: that king wasn't there on the table. Whatever's happened to it it'll never—never get up and hit me in the face. You're safer'n houses, Dick—come, now—your nerve's good for a deal like that. It isn't as if you was young to the game—you!"

And as he complacently mixed himself another glass of spirits he felt a sort of gentle scrabbling at his knee. It was more like a breath of passing wind than an actual touch, but it fetched the cold sweat-beads to his forehead again.

"HAVE it your own way, Wallasey. It isn't for me to give advice to a man who played before I'd got rid of my first breeches. But—I'd think a second time about it, if I was in your shoes. This kid's a whale—he swallows everything that's going."

"He's bigger than old man Jonah's whale if he can swallow me," said the gambler. "I ain't afraid of tenderfeet, not at my time of life. Looks to me as if this young cub was just about my meat, if you ask me anything. Can't you see, man, that I've got to take him on—I've just got to. There's a boy that's just loaded down with cash—got more'n he knows how to spend and I want that money bad. It means all the difference to me. My last game, this—let me win and I pull out for good. Orange growing down Santa Rosalia way, that's mine for the future. An orange ranch and a woman on it.

"Say, Tom, I've met the real right woman at last. I've given her my promise that when I've filled my sack just this once more, I quit cards, marry her and wear the white choker of a blameless life. This money-stiff child is meant for me. Think I'm all the biggest kinds of a fool? This is a chance, sort of chance that makes a man believe in heaven and angels and such like matters. Who is the babe, anyways?"

"Youngster from 'way back East—so much as any one knows. College man, judgin' by his talk. Quickest lad on the draw I've ever set eyes on. There was Bill Hickey—an' you know what Bill can do when he's fevered!—thought he'd play his usual bluff. Ever seen Bill Hickey dance? I did, this afternoon. He was jest reachin' for his gun when this kid's first bullet hit away Bill's left heel. After that, Dick, it was jest a movie-show—never thought it could happen in the real West. But it did. Bill danced like all the blame' Russian ballet rolled into one galvanized gunman. An' even then he couldn't seem to move so fast as he'd have liked.

"Oh, yes, he's sure a star dancer, Bill, when properly het up. An' he was still dancin' when this boy raffled Bill's guns for him. Yes, sir—both guns. Raffled 'em, same as if they was tea-cosies at a church fair. There's cold cheek for you! Bill Hickey dancin' like all the stars o' the mornin' for glory, an' a boy that's still experimentin' with safety razors, rafflin' his guns!

"'Dance, old sour-dough!' says this infant prodigy. 'Dance hard! Lift 'em higher an' nimbler,' he says. 'I've seen worse dancin' in a New York roof garden, Mr. Hickey, but you can do better still, an' you've got to. Smack it about,' he says. 'You're shakin' the bills outer your pockets like leaves in Autumn, Bill, an' they'll pay for drinks round; but go on dancin'.'"

"Sounds like he might have been a bit feverish," said Wallasey. "Bill's gettin' sluggish, too. Well, I've seen all sorts an' kinds in a quiet sorter way, an' this boy's kind get heated up hard until it comes to a real showdown, an' then—it's their own affair if they find trouble. I'm a quiet man by nature, as you know. But you say he's loaded down with money, and that smells good to me. I covet his money, Tom."

"A hundred-dollar bill ain't big enough for young Creases to light his cig'reet with, Dick."

Wallasey laughed. Out there in the darkness of the street, gazing at the lights of the saloon, he shifted his pistol under his armpit, after assuring himself that it was all ready for quick action; then, with a jaunty step, he made for Hennessey's.

"I'M LOOKING for some one to play *cards*," said a clear voice. "The limit's the clear blue sky this birthday night of mine. It's your money I want."

"I sometimes play a quiet, friendly game," said Wallasey, sauntering forward, his hat tilted at its old defiant angle. "But—" he stopped and leaned on the table, staring coldly into the boy's flushed face— "I like to know the man I'm playing with. I like to know he can pay his debts if he loses."

He laid down a thick wad of bills.

"I bought a few chips in case of sickness," said the boy. "My name's Ernest Hamilton; I came from New York on the Subway; it's my birthday night, Mister Man. Let's see, do I know you?"

"Wallasey—not that I'm ashamed of it."

He watched the boy stack white chips in heartening piles on the table. A white chip at Hennessey's meant fifty good dollars. Hamilton went on stacking with the chuckling glee of a child playing tiddle-dy-winks.

"I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Wallasey. The honor's mine. Shall we cut—your pile against mine, or would you prefer something slower and quieter?"

"Well, I was thinkin' that a little poker game, now—these other gentlemen might be interested."

He indicated several of the saloon's customary habitués, who were looking on with interest. Then he stooped down and brushed his hand against his knee.

"Where's the dog?" he asked sharply.

He had felt a sensation precisely as if a dog's soft ear had rubbed against his leg.

"There's no dog here," some one said. Wallasey knew a tiny shiver, a sudden drying of his palate. "Perhaps I won't play to-night, on second thoughts," he said.

The boy made no reply in words; but the smile that curled his lips was for all the world like the sting of a whiplash. All the mocking taunts in all the world could not have beaten that cold contempt.

"Be —— to you!" said Wallasey, striking the table a savage blow. It was not often he lost his temper; the successful prosecution of his trade demanded that he should ever keep his emotions in an iron check. "Let's have cards, Mike."

The cards—new packs—were brought. Tearing them open, Wallasey felt all his old, cool determination come back to him There was that in the touch of the things that was like the scent of wine. And he wanted the boy's money badly—as badly as he ever wanted anything in his entire life Just this one last game, ran his thought, and then—the quitting. It was a promise to that woman who had come to mean more than all the world to him. He was growing older, and recently a hunger for rest and security had come upon him: his old-time vitality, his abounding nerve force, were—not exactly failing, but sore of stirring with the first suggestion of discontent. This unbridled colt of a youngster this baby-faced hoodoo from the cocksure East, should realize Wallasey's dreams for him. And because of that laugh he would strip him as clean as a bleached bone And it should be a square game, too, altogether a square game.

An electric tingle seemed to run from his finger-tips to his brain: this was going to be his big night. He knew he could not help but win. It was an old sensation, a message from the Unknown. When his luck was climbing to its highest point, his fingers always tingled that way.

"Any limit?" the gambler asked carelessly.

"I've told you mine—it's clean out of sight," the boy said, chewing a cigar-butt.

Only two other men sat in. They were men well known to Wallasey, good poker players both. But he was worth the pair of them put together, he knew. Only curiously enough, the thrill had suddenly left his finger-tips and was titillating his knee, just above the boot-top. Dealing, he glanced down. He was sure that a dog's ear had brushed him, or else a child's fingers, perhaps—it was as though a little hand had tapped his leg. There was nothing there.

For the first three-quarters of an hour nothing of a sensational nature occurred The play was steady, indifferent hands being the order. Wallasey in particular was playing in a reserved way, waiting for the luck to come. It would not be long delayed now. Hamilton was laughing more than at the beginning and was taking bigger risks. He drew three cards to a pair Studying the draw, his face settled into the likeness of clean-cut marble.

"Twenty," he said; and pushed twenty white chips forward.

Wallasey looked at his own hand: he had drawn one card to two pairs. Now he held a full hand—three eights and two sevens. As hands had been running, his cards were good—excellent, indeed.

"I pass," said the man on Hamilton's left.

Wallasey pushed a stack of chips forward.

"See your twenty and raise you ten," he said, not lifting his voice.

"Too thick for me," said the fourth man, and threw into the discard. "Can't seem to cotton kindly to five hundred dollar raises at my time of life."

"Twenty more," said Hamilton.

He pushed the chips forward. Leisurely Wallasey did the same.

"See you," he said.

With a laugh the youngster threw his hand unseen into the discard.

"That's getting more like it," he said. "Who wants any more of my good money? Come along, gentlemen, the game's just beginning."

He commenced to play recklessly now, and after an hour of fluctuating luck, the two other players dropped out. The game was growing much too hot for them—Hamilton was staking wildly, attempting to bluff on unreasonable hands.

"Easy money for me," thought Wallasey, surveying the stacks of chips. "This cub's just manna sent down from heaven."

The deal was with him. Hamilton picked up his hand, frowning for a moment over it.

"Yes, I'm coming in," he said. "Thousand-dollar ante."

"Anthing you like," said Wallasey, who had dealt himself three aces. "Cards?"

"Fresh hand," said the boy.

He threw away his original hand and looked at what Wallasey had newly given him. Then, with another laugh, he threw the second hand into the discard.

"Unseen—a jackpot, eh?" said Wallasey, annexing the chips. "Care to pull out now?"

"Not on your life, Mr. Wallasey. I've a strong weakness for late nights; I thrive on them as some folks thrive on bright sunshine. Let's settle down to a game now, shall we?"

"I'm willing."

Neither could open the jackpot, and the deal passed. Until it was an ace-pot down play could not be opened. Then Hamilton dealt and Wallasey studied his cards. He had secured four spades to a straight flush: nine, ten, knave and queen, together with an ace of diamonds. It was a full, opulent-seeming hand, with nothing of any worth in it.

"OPENING?" asked Hamilton sweetly. "Say, isn't this game just about the stickiest thing ever?"

"Can't open."

To those unversed in the noble game of poker it may be necessary to explain that an ace-pot can only be played if one or other of the players secures a pair of aces, or cards to overpower a pair of aces, in the original deal. If a player does secure such cards he can open the game—providing there is no limit—for any amount he cares to risk; and any other player, even though he may not possess cards sufficient to open on his own behalf, can then enter the game on subscribing a similar amount to the pool as that orignally put forward. To come into a game means that such entrant is entitled to a fresh draw of cards to strengthen his hand.

"I'll open," said Hamilton, looking quietly at his opponent from eyes that still seemed to hold little gleams of mocking laughter in their depths. "I'll open for——"

His brows drew together in a bit of a perplexed frown. He thrust out a hand and moved the stacks of fifty-dollar chips carelessly this way and that, somewhat like chessmen on a board.

"I'll open for one thousand dollars," he said.

Wallasey studied his hand afresh, and felt his fingers tingle.

"It's the luck coming," he thought. "The big luck."

He drew mental pictures of the orange grove in Santa Rosalia, shared with the woman of his choice. And such a woman! No need down there to live this life of perpetual strain—not knowing from hour to hour what one's fate was to be! A calm, ordered existence. The tingling of his fingers ran to his brain. The thrill was not unpleasant; it was indeed exhilarating. Then that thrill settled about his right knee.

"I'm in," he stated, moving his thousand-dollar contribution forward. "I'm in for a thousand dollars."

He brushed his right hand against his knee, and inwardly he stiffened. He could hardly tell why; but presently, he decided, he would look down, just to make sure. It seemed to him as if his delicate finger-tips had noticed something unusual about the top of his boot. The boot-top was of soft leather: beautifully soft. Wallasey had always prided himself on his footwear; he had always been a good deal of a dandy. His knee-boots were the best that could be got: almost as close fitting as a woman's glove.

"Cards?" asked Hamilton.

Wallasey frowned over his hand and glanced carefully down toward his right leg. It was just possible to see the top edge of a card tucked away in the pocket inside the boot-leg.

"Curious, now—I don't seem to remember—" he thought. It was long and long ago since he had given up that plan of concealing useful cards in his boot. It was a clumsy method, and he had devised better ones. "Must have forgotten—thinkin' of Connie," he thought.

"Cards?" said Hamilton again.

"Gimme one," Wallasey said, discarding his ace of diamonds.

Hamilton dealt the card.

"Dealer takes two," he said.

He threw the pack down beside him and sat back in his chair. He sorted his cards with untrembling fingers.

"Opener bets," said one of the onlookers.

That tingling feeling in Wallasey's knee was getting more acute. Just as he picked up his new card, the tingling grew well-nigh unbearable. He looked at the last card dealt to him: it was the two of hearts. With the card still in his right hand, he unostentatiously rubbed his knee. Then he looked again at the cards he held—and discovered that he was in possession of a straight flush in spades, king high. Something in the nature of a miracle had happened: there was a complete straight flush beneath his eyes.

"Didn't I say my luck was in?" he asked himself.

For the fraction of a moment excitement shook him. He lost his customary crystal-clear coolness. It must, he decided, have been a temporary delusion, his belief that he had drawn the two of hearts. It had been the king of spades all the time, otherwise, how could the card have come into his hand? He had performed no sleight-of hand trick; he had simply reached down t scratch his knee; and it was three year since he abandoned the practice of conceal ing odd cards in his boot. And, too, h had vowed to play a dead-square gam tonight: it was really beneath his dignit to do otherwise with an unlicked youn cub, with more money than he knew wha to do with, as his opponent.

"I'll make it another thousand," sai Hamilton, studying his full hand.

He had drawn to three aces and ha secured two kings.

Wallasey made a mighty effort of wi and steadied his throbbing nerves. It wa a hundred to one against Hamilton holdin anything to approach that good straigh flush. In all his lengthy gambling caree Wallasey had never picked up such a han off the table. He had faked as good a han certainly; but—a straight flush, king-high was a hand to gamble on.

"My luck's come," he thought.

But he was too well trained to betray an sign of exultation on his iron-hard face He hesitated; he scrutinized Hamilton' face. The boy was just a little pale, ono his tongue-tip crept out and moistened hi lips.

"He's bluffing!" Wallasey thought, re membering how previous hands had bee thrown in unseen by Hamilton. "Bluff ing—yes; and the strain's tellin'."

He folded his five cards together, h looked at the saloon's ceiling, he scrutinize the faces of those who sat about. Alread a man or two had come to overlook th game. It was as if some mental messag had been delivered, stating that the bigges game ever known in Hennessey's was com mencing. A little breathless silence fell, i which the roaring of the stove assumed th proportions of a Wagnerian overture.

"I'll see your thousand," said Wallase quietly, "and raise you two thousand."

Almost ostentatiously he refrained fror looking at the boy's face; but out of th corner of his eye—an eye that was traine to take in the meaning of every triflin shade of expression, he saw the youngster' lips twitch in a careless smile.

"She's up again, Mr. Wallasey. See yo and raise you two thousand."

The chips were exhausted, but he skinne four five-hundred dollar notes from the wa he drew from his pocket, and added then

to his stake. There was an immediate electric tension in the air; a watcher pushed his chair back, so that its feet crunched on the sanded floor. Three or four other men in the saloon deserted the ornate bar and joined the little crowd about the table.

"A big game goin' on there," said the bartender, polishing glasses as unmovedly as if thousands of dollars, and even millions, were of no account. "Wallasey's out to skin that curly-haired boy."

There were now five thousand dollars, in chips and money, before Hamilton. Wallasey's stake was three thousand. If he quit, it meant the loss of that sum. If he quit on a straight flush, king-high! He fingered the stacks of chips before him; he deftly turned over the bills.

"Count up to make sure it's right," he said. "It costs you ten thousand cold iron dollars to see this little hand, stranger."

THERE was a bit of a gasp from more than one of the onlookers. This was like older times, when Hennessey's was a rendezvous for men loaded down with good virgin gold; when princely fortunes were won and lost in the course of a few hours of the night.

"Ten thousand, eh? Sure you're not making any mistake, Mr. Wallasey? Ten thousand dollars is a whole lot of money. It's sort of lucky that I drew on my credit note before sitting down to a game with you. Would you mind looking at that?"

He reached for his pocket and flicked a paper open under Wallasey's eyes. The gambler stared at it hungrily. It was an authorization from a famous New York bank to issue to the holder of the certificate cash to the amount of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That the document was perfectly bona-fide was evident to all who saw it.

"Not that I've touched that yet," said Hamilton, "as you'll see if you look at the blanks. Ten thousand good iron dollars to see you, is it? Suppose we put a curl or two on that figure and say that I see you and raise you another ten thousand? Twenty thousand dollars is my price for an exhibition of five perfectly harmless cards. Twenty thousand dollars."

He pushed over his entire roll.

"Count it, will you, one of you gentlemen?" he asked.

There was not wanting eager volunteers; men who tasted the desire to be potentially rich, even if only for a minute.

"Seventeen thousand here," said Hennessey, drying his fingers.

Wallasey's brain was now working quicker than ever he remembered it to have worked. To throw in his hand at this moment meant that he cast away ten thousand dollars. He had previously won something like five thousand; therefore, to weaken at this juncture, meant the direct loss of five thousand. Whereas, holding such a hand as he did, and knowing how the boy had bluffed on previous occasions, knowing, too, that this was to be his last flutter, and that all the happiness of the remaining years of his life depended on it——

"I'll see your twenty thousand," he said steadily, "and raise you five thousand more."

"There's certainly a bit of a draft blowing along the floor," said Hamilton. "Daresay that accounts for the general chilliness about the feet. I'll see you and raise you twenty thousand."

He sat quietly in his seat, studying his cards with wrinkled brows. Then he leaned forward and slapped the official credit note with a thin-fingered, but very capable hand.

"Give me a bit of paper, some one, and I'll write my I. O. U. on it," he said. Hennessey himself produced the strip of paper—it was the margin of an old poster—and a fountain pen. Hamilton wrote quickly and tossed the fragment of paper on top of stacked chips and loose bills of high denomination. Wallasey scratched the curious itchiness at his knee, studied his cards afresh, scrutinized the boy's face. Hamilton's lip was tilted a little at one corner; he seemed to be smiling complacently.

But he was a youngster, altogether unversed in the science of the game. Wallasey reflected that he held a king-high straight flush; and not one hand in half a million could beat it. If he threw in his hand now it meant—what? The destruction of all his hopes; the end of all his dreams! If he lost tonight of what worth was his promise to that woman who had enchained his fancy? Unquestionably it was now too late to draw back.

And he held a straight flush. Surely his nerve was weakening. He had bluffed through a bigger game than this on a much smaller hand. There had been times, in

the old, roisterous days, when men played really hard, when he'd captured a miner's poke with two kings.

"I'm waiting," said Hamilton.

"See you, and raise you ten thousand," said the gambler.

He pushed forward chips and notes and, since they were insufficient, looked at Hennessey.

"You know me," he said. "You know that I'm good for this stake."

"Yes; you've got my bond all right, Dick," Hennessey said.

Hamilton glanced from face to face, pursing his lips. Then he nodded.

"Good enough for me," he said. "See you and raise you ten thousand more."

Even out there, where men played recklessly still, the magnitude of the stakes astounded the watchers. Wallasey made a close inspection of his opponent's face. The youngster's expression was noncommittal.

"Must have big cards," thought the professional gambler; "but he can't—he can't beat mine."

He made swift mental calculations. If he weakened now he stood to lose the hard-won earnings of not a few years.

"I'll see you," he said. "You'll take my I. O. U., I suppose?"

"Good enough."

Hamilton laid down his hand, the cards face upward. It was a full hand, aces and kings, and it looked good there on the table.

"Not big enough," said Wallasey. "I scoop the pot, I think."

He threw down his own magnificent hand, and the pallor of his nerve-strain left his face. He was safe—safe! He had won the money he required to buy that desirable orange grove; he had fulfilled his promise to the woman. This was his last game, and he had won—won!

"You dirty cheat!" said the youngster, and reached out his left hand to the king of spades that headed Wallasey's straight flush. "That card wasn't dealt in this game——"

Wallasey gulped and reached for his gun. Doing so, his eyes marked the precise spot where the bullet would drive home in Hamilton's forehead. His revolver was swinging to bear on Hamilton's head, when the lad fired. His shot took the gambler fairly in the throat. It was impossible to see whence he had fired, so amazingly quick had been the action.

Hamilton stood up, his lips whitening a little. The white powder smoke still eddied about his face. He sneezed as the acrid stuff tickled his nostrils.

"You're witnesses, all of you," he said. "He was going to shoot—any one deny it?"

No one made any attempt at denial. The drawn pistol in Wallasey's twitching hand was proof enough even for the greatest skeptic present. The fact that he had drawn his gun from beneath his armpit showed a certain amount of premeditation. Wallasey slumped loosely into his chair; the pistol thudded from his nerveless hand, and lay there among the scattered cards. Little, maddening fingers appeared to be scrabbling at his right knee—he made an effort and reached down.

"There—that's the card," said Hamilton, throwing the king of spades clear of the litter.

"I may be young but I'm not altogether a fool. He had that card in his boot—look at it! He changed a weak card for that king."

He turned the king of spades over to show its back. It was a trifle darker than the backs of the rest—it seemed to show signs of wear. One corner had lost its glaze; as if some stain—say a bloodstain—had been carefully sponged away.

Wallasey was dying, but not yet dead. He laughed horribly; he lurched forward, his uncontrollable arms scattering the cards. Hamilton snatched them all up from beneath those threshing hands, stacked them and dealt them swiftly, face upward. The seventh card to appear was the king of spades!

"There aren't two kings of spades in any honest pack," said the lad. "There's the one he played, there's the other. I saw him reach for his boot."

One of the watchers reached forward and picked up the card that had completed Wallasey's straight flush.

"That's a card I seem to ha' seen before," he said. "Funny!"

"It's the card—the card I—played——" gasped Wallasey. "That time old Quirk——"

He drew the two of hearts from his boot and threw it on the table. It chanced that it fell beside the extra king of spades, and not a man present but was able to realize

the difference between the two cards. One was white and fair and new, the other was yellowing with age.

"Quirk!" said the lad. "Quirk! That was my father's name. He was shot out West somewhere by a gambler—I was adopted by a man called Hamilton. He left me his fortune on condition that I took his name. What does it all mean?"

Wallasey was the one man present who might have supplied a solution. But he was unable to do it; he dropped his head on his outflung arms, and died there before their eyes.

EBENEZER DENNY

by Hugh Pendexter

ONE of the picturesque characters of the Revolutionary War period scarcely mentioned outside of his own journal is Ebenezer Denny, an ensign and largely acting as intelligence officer in Virginia and along the Ohio. Modesty seems to be the key-note of his character, and yet almost any one of his many adventures would suffice for the background of a stirring tale.

He was thirteen years old in 1774, and active in carrying despatches to and from Fort Pitt, crossing the Allegheny mountains unaccompanied and making his way through a country infested with Indians. He became an ensign in the First Pennsylvania regiment and joined the Army at Little York just after the mutiny of some of the troops, and witnessed the execution of seven of the mutineers. He was in Wayne's forced march into Virginia, and participated in the first action of the Pennsylvania troops under Lieutenant Colonel Butler, near Williamsburg, against the British partisan Simcoe.

As Simcoe's rangers had recently forced Baron Steuben with his five hundred Virginia regulars and militia to make a night retreat of more than thirty miles—this was the baron's first and last separate command—they were in high spirits.

No such victory awaited them with Mad Anthony in command. When Wayne attempted to surprize Cornwallis and was forced to fight the whole British army as he retreated, Denny was prominent for his courage. He writes that the attack was so audacious that the enemy believed it must be a feint to draw the army into a trap.

Denny was in the advance attack at the siege of York, where the Pennsylvania troops distinguished themselves. Colonel Butler was given the honor of placing the American flag on the parapet and delegated the proud task to young Denny. Baron Steuben spurred from the ranks, appropriated the flag and the honor. Butler promptly challenged the arrogant foreigner to a duel, and a meeting was prevented only through the influence of Rochambeau and Washington.

Denny next served with Lieutenant-Colonel Josiah Harmar in the Carolinas, General St. Clair commanding.

It was Denny who carried the news of St. Clair's defeat in 1791 to President Washington—his old commander, Butler, was killed in the battle—in Philadelphia. He arrived at night and interrupted a dinner party at the President's mansion. Tobias Lear, the President's private secretary, wished to take the message, but Denny refused to deliver it to any one but Washington. Washington left his guests and came to an anteroom and received and read the report. Denny is the authority that he swore most vigorously, and violently exclaimed—

"Did I not in the last words I said to him, warn him against a surprize?"

Denny, who went through the campaign, always insisted St. Clair was unjustly censured, in that with the troops forced upon him it was impossible to guard against a surprize, the militia deserting by wholesale and many of the men being entirely unfamiliar with Indian warfare.

In this connection it may be remembered that when General Wayne was ordered to chastize the Ohio Indians he took ample time to drill his men, to perfect his line of supplies. Where Harmar and St. Clair had been pushed into making premature expeditions Mad Anthony stood firm, and the battle of Fallen Timbers sealed the fate of the red men in the northwest.

The Doom Trail

A Five-Part Story
Part Four

by

ARTHUR D·HOWDEN SMITH

Author of "Man to Man," "Claymore," etc.

The first part of the story briefly retold in story form

IT WAS on the night of my return, incognito, from France as a refugee to London, that I inadvertently ran to the aid of a man who was beset by cutthroats. He turned out to be Master Juggins, an old friend of my family's, and in gratitude he gave me succor in his home. But I was outlawed everywhere, for I had first trafficked with the Jacobite constituents of Charles, the Pretender, and then quit them, having wearied of popish intrigues.

Master Juggins resolved to use me for my own good, and incidentally advance his fortunes also. He proposed sending me to the new continent of America in the interest of his trade and to assist in counteracting a plot by a certain Andrew Murray, influential in Government and trade circles. I accepted gladly; and so in disguise accompanied Juggins to a meeting of the Lords Commissioners.

It was here that I learned how the opposition stood. Accordingly Juggins secured passage for me on the first boat bound for the New World. I sailed the following Saturday, and discovered to my disgust that Murray, his daughter and his friend de Veulle, a traitor whom I had once humiliated at Paris, were fellow-passengers. Murray was guarded by an ape-like negro, and I was on the lookout for trouble.

De Veulle saw through the disguise I was wearing, and a quarrel started. Shortly afterward some one crept up behind and overpowered me. I struggled, but it was no use. I could not resist the snakelike arms which mastered me. One shifted swiftly to a grip on my legs. I was whirled into the air and dropped clear of the railing—falling—falling, until the cold waters engulfed me.

WHEN I found myself in the water I thought death to be but a brace of minutes away, for I was rapidly growing numb from the cold. By some miracle I chanced upon a rope hanging over the side of the ship, and by it I was able to climb back on board. Once on deck, I seized an iron-tipped hand bar, and sought for the negro. I soon ran afoul of him and laid him low before he had time to recover from his surprize.

Murray and de Veulle witnessed the attack, and our quarrel commenced afresh. At this point Murray's daughter appeared, and though learning the cause of the disturbance set her heart against me. Thereupon we all declared a truce till we should reach New York.

Upon my arrival in the New World I went to a tavern, pending the time for an interview with the governor. As I passed through a side street I saw an Indian chief who was being harried by ragamuffins. These I drove off, and immediately the Seneca, whose name was Ta-wan-ne-ars, and I became fast friends.

Eventually I met Governor Burnet, who welcomed me and read all my documents which I had from Master Juggins. He put me in touch with the trade situation, and I heard also all about the Red Death and the Doom Trail for the first time. The governor explained that this Trail was a secret route established by Murray for smuggling goods into Canada. No one knew just where it ran. Any one who attempted to find it was certain to meet his doom.

This trail was aiding the French in their schemes to gain predominance of trade and ultimately to overthrow the British power in America. In return for his services Murray would receive a dukedom, wealth and great trade concessions.

It developed that my help was needed in securing information regarding a new fort under construction by the French at Niagara; and then the discovery of the Trail itself. I was introduced to Corlaer, an old woodsman and friend to our cause.

On the way back to my lodgings I was set upon by the Red Death—one of Murray's minions. He had very nearly done for me but for the timely rescue of the Seneca.

A few days later I started for Albany with Ta-wan-ne-ars and Corlaer. From there we pushed westward. About nightfall of the first day's tramp along the trail of the Long House, the Indian noticed that we were being followed. We hurriedly prepared an ambuscade and hid in the undergrowth near by.

TOWARD midnight seven Cahnuagas crept out to the clearing where they supposed we were camping. At that the Seneca fired his musket and shrilled his terrifying war-whoop. I fired also, and with one accord we rushed to the attack. We

overcame the Cahnuagas in short order and resumed our journey next morning. We finally reached the country of the Senecas, and sought the protection and counsel of Ta-wan-ne-ars' uncle.

We decided to go to the fort at Jagara. I was to masquerade as a Frenchman and Ta-wan-ne-ars as my servant; Corlaer we were to meet later if our venture proved successful. Accordingly after a brief rest we set out. We were welcomed by Joncaire at the fort, and I managed to deceive him completely. I was learning many things about Murray's plans and the Doom Trail when we were interrupted by the unexpected appearance of de Veulle. The Seneca and I were badly caught. We were made prisoner, bound and hurried away to La Vierge du Bois—a famous torture-place inaugurated by Murray and superintended by a French priest, who knew how to be cruel.

We also met once more the Red and Black Deaths and many of our old enemies.

Again I was confronted by Murray and his daughter. This time Marjory began to sense her father's injustice toward me, and she appeared much concerned. Ta-wan-ne-ars and I were then rushed off amid blows and punishment to be prepared for the torment. It developed that we were to be slain at a rite called the Moon Feast.

We were tied to separate stakes and subjected to various kinds of torture. The time came for the dance of Gahano, the Mistress of the False Faces. She approached us and I heard my Indian brother choke back a groan of love and hate. Her dance ended, the Red Death stepped up to slash Ta-wan-ne-ars with his knife. As he did so a yell checked him, and we all turned to witness the entrance of the Bear!

FOR the second time that night I twisted my neck to peer behind my stake, and sure the sight which met my eyes was weirder even than the white figure of the Moon Maiden. There within the circle of the firelight stood Ga-ha-no again. But 'twas a vastly different Ga-ha-no. On her head she wore a bear's mask, with the fur of the neck and shoulders falling around her body to the *ga-ka-oh* which draped her loins. In each hand she gripped a knife, and her white limbs staggered under her in pretense of the unsteady gait of a bear walking erect.

The False Faces began their chant, the drums rumbled crazily, and she wavered forward, arms flopping like paws, head poised absurdly upon one side. She pranced around the circle once, to the immense delight of the Indians, who hailed her with drunken laughter. Then she advanced upon us in the midst of a tense silence.

The fantastic figure followed an uncertain path, exactly as would a bear who was mistrustful of what he saw. The savages, keen to appreciate what they knew, applauded uproariously such faithfulness to nature.

They were equally enthusiastic when she advanced her muzzle suspiciously and smelled of my face. But they could not hear the familiar voice which whispered in my ear——

"Mr. Ormerod, when I have cut your bonds be ready to leap after me as soon as the Iroquois is free."

I started so that my surprize must have been apparent had it not been for the restraining rawhide thongs.

"What?" I gasped. "You!"

"Say nothing. Time is short. And I will——"

She danced, with her ridiculous gait, over to Ta-wan-ne-ars, and I watched curiously his look of affection and detestation change to one of quickly suppressed amazement. With his ready wit he shook his head at her and tried to bite one of the furry ears of her mask.

She backed away from us slowly, and her head balanced from side to side in contemplation. Then she charged upon me, knives flashing before my eyes. She slashed at me here and there, and each time she slashed she severed a thong. I pretended abject fear, and the befuddled savages shouted with glee.

She pranced to Ta-wan-ne-ars and performed the same operation upon him. He, too, gave evidence of fear. He cowered against the stake and lowered his head. But when she advanced her mask and nuzzled his shoulder, I saw his powerful muscles knotting themselves in preparation for the dash for freedom.

"Now!" I heard her say very low.

Ta-wan-ne-ars seemed to rise into the air, thongs flying behind him. I tugged and jumped and my own lashings parted—and I found myself running somewhat stiffly beside the Iroquois.

A second figure drew up to my side, and I felt a knife-hilt pushed into my hand.

"In case," said the familiar voice. "And here is one for the Iroquois, too."

I stared down in bewilderment at the bear-mask. 'Twas so unexpected, yet so obviously what I might have known she would do if the opportunity arose. That clean scorn, that brave honesty of purpose, I had marked in her, were earnest of her

determination to dare all for what she believed to be right.

A chorus of yelps like a wolf-pack in full cry split the night behind us. One of the False Faces sprang into our path, and Ta-wan-ne-ars closed with him. The Seneca's knife plunged into his throat, and he collapsed with a strangled scream.

As the pine-trees shrouded us I looked back over my shoulder. The Dancing-Place was covered with a mob of running figures who fell over each other in their drunken frenzy.

CHAPTER XX

THE ARGOSY OF FURS

"TO THE left," sobbed the voice from the bear's mask.

We turned between the trunks of the pines, the mat of fallen needles springy underfoot. Behind us the fires of the Dancing-Place were a faint radiance in the dusk. Branches crashed; bodies hurtled against each other; a bedlam of shrieks resounded to the skies.

"Let me help you," I panted to our rescuer.

"There will be no need," she answered, running stride for stride beside us.

"At the least, slip off your mask," urged Ta-wan-ne-ars.

"I shall be wanting it presently," she returned. "Do not be concerned for me. Many a mile I have run with the gillies over the Highland hills."

She stumbled as she spoke, and I set my hand under her elbow. Ta-wan-ne-ars did the same on the other side, and so we ran for a space, three and three, our bruised and rusty joints gradually limbering with the effort.

Presently we came to an opening amongst the pines, with a huge, flat rock in the center and before the rock the ashes of a fire. My foot struck something round, and a human skull, blackened and charred, bounded ahead of us. I felt a shudder pass through the slender figure in the mask.

"'Tis the altar of the False Faces," she murmured. "If Père Hyacinthe only knew!"

"What dreadful—" I started to say.

"No, no," she said. "Do not be asking me. I can not think of it without pain. But there is this to be thankful for: none but the Ga-go-sa will dare to follow us through the wood."

"Was that your thought?" I questioned.

"No. I was helpless. 'Twas the Mistress—she bade me call her Ga-ha-no—thought of everything."

Ta-wan-ne-ars stopped in his stride.

"What of Ga-ha-no?" he demanded sternly.

She glanced fearfully backward along the way we had come.

"We may not stay," she answered rapidly. "I will talk as we run. Oh, haste, haste, or all will be lost!"

The Seneca resumed his steady gait, but the moonlight filtering through the branches revealed the agony in his face, an agony which the ordeal at the stake had not been able to produce.

"Ga-ha-no thought of all," gasped our companion, her voice strangely muffled by the mask. "She came to me this morning—whilst I was pleading with them—told me how it might be done—fetched me here—procured me the mask and costume—taught me the dance. 'Twas she secured the delay—in your torture—made them send you food—bolstered your strength."

"Where is she now?" asked Ta-wan-ne-ars hardly.

She looked sidewise at him—I think in pity.

"With the Chevalier de Veulle," she said reluctantly.

Then with quick earnestness:

"'Twas part of her plan. It might not—otherwise be done."

He was silent, and we ran on for as much as a quarter-hour, coming then to the bank of a small stream, where a trail marked a ford.

"Under those bushes," she said, pointing, "you will find your clothes and weapons. We hid them this evening."

I scurried into the undergrowth and started to don the tattered leather garments which were fastened in a bundle to the barrel of my musket—the musket that Juggins had given to me, years and years ago, it seemed, in London, and which I had expected never to see again. But she halted me.

"No, no, Mr. Ormerod!" she exclaimed. "There is not time. You must go on alone, the two of you. They will expect you to strike into the Doom Trail. 'Tis the quickest way to the settlements. Ga-ha-no bade

me tell you to go west instead, making for Oswego at the mouth of the Onondagas river. So you may shake off the pursuit of the Keepers."

"But you?" I cried, standing up, bundle and musket in hand.

"'Tis my part to lead them into the Doom Trail."

Ta-wan-ne-ars joined with me in a violent protest. But she waved us aside.

"There is no other way."

"We can fight them off," I asserted.

"But I do not wish to leave," she said.

"What? You would stay here in this place of evil, knowing what goes on?"

"There is no other way," she repeated. "I will have learned much since my coming here, Master Ormerod, and amongst other things, to think the less harshly of you."

"For that I am thankful," I replied, "but sure, you must let us take you back to Fort Orange, Governor Burnet will care for you."

"It can not be," she insisted. "My place is here. Wicked as they be, these men here —and he who is called my father is not the cleanest of them—they work in a good cause. 'Tis for me to stay by and see they do what is expected of them for it."

"We will force you to come with us," I declared hotly.

She shook her cumbrous mask.

"You would not do so. Now be off, sir. The False Faces will be on us any moment—and I am not wishing to be caught by them, even though they would not venture to do me harm."

A BURST of ferocious yelling came from the heart of the pinewood.

"They have seen traces of us in the open space by the altar," intrepreted Ta-wan-ne-ars.

He swung musket and bundle to his shoulder, and faced the bear-mask, a splendid figure in bronze.

"Sister Ne-e-ar-go-ye," he said gravely, "did Ga-ha-no give you any message for Ta-wan-ne-ars?"

She hesitated.

"She said that if you asked for her I was to tell you to forget Ga-ha-no, that she was unworthy of your memory. But you were to believe that what she did for you tonight was in reparation for her first great wrong."

He bowed his head.

"And oh, Ta-wan-ne-ars," she went on impulsively, "she pays a bitter price. Forgive her."

Ta-wan-ne-ars looked up.

"Say this to Ga-ha-no," he answered. "Say Ta-wan-ne-ars thinks of her as a Lost Soul, tarrying for a while with Ata-ent-sic, and in the end he will come for her and bring her home again to his lodge. Say that Ta-wan-ne-ars never forgets."

He raised his right arm in the gesture of farewell, and stepped into the current of the stream.

"We part once more, Marjory," I said, offering my hand.

She took it.

"For certain words I have spoken to you, I am sorry," she said. "I know more now. You may be my enemy, but I believe you not to be a traitor."

"Thank you. And is that all you have to say to me?"

"That is all," she replied softly, withdrawing her hand.

"Do you take this knife, then," I said, sparring for time against my judgment and all expediency.

She refused it.

"If I am caught they will not harm me."

I shivered at thought of the hands of the brutal priests of So-a-ka-ga-gwa on her unsullied body.

"I will not leave you," I cried, and made to walk with her along the trail.

But she pushed me back.

"You will not be helping me by so acting," she insisted in her quaint Gaelic speech which had won me when I first heard it. "And—and some day I may need your help more than I do tonight."

"Will you call upon me then?"

"Yes."

The yelling of the False Faces burst forth much nearer in the wood.

"Please go, Master Ormerod," she begged. "If I am not overtaken, this mask will protect me as far as the chapel where my own clothes are awaiting me. They dare not enter there."

I captured her hand again and carried it to my lips.

"My name is Harry," I answered. "And I have never forgotten the song in the cabin of the *New Venture*."

"Thank you, Harry," she returned with a trill of elfin laughter. "And I do assure you I know other songs."

With that she was gone. Yet I had a

feeling I had never known before that she was still with me, and I stepped into the water with joy in my heart.

A score of paces down the bank I found Ta-wan-ne-ars, and we crouched under the pendant branches of a willow to see what would happen, muskets primed and ready.

The yelling in the wood increased in volume as the False Faces followed the course we had taken by broken branches and footprints in the pinemold. A misshapen figure with the head of some fabled beast squattered into the trail and galloped around, nose to ground like a hound seeking a lost scent. In a moment the ugly head was lifted, and a howl of satisfaction greeted the other monstrous shapes which joined it. The whole pack gave tongue and vanished up the trail after Marjory.

Ta-wan-ne-ars waited to give the stragglers time to appear, then rose and led the way along the bed of the stream westward.

"Can you pick your path at night?" I inquired anxiously.

He pointed upward to a group of four stars that sparkled in the velvet blue of the Summer sky.

"So long as Gwe-o-ga-ah* shines Ta-wan-ne-ars can not be lost," he answered.

We walked in the water for more than a mile, when the stream turned to the north and we stepped out upon a rock and dressed. Afterward we caught the overhanging bough of a tree and swung ourselves on to dry ground above the bank, never leaving a trace of our course up to that time. From this point we traveled on through the forest, pursuing no settled path, but holding to the westward in the direction of Oswego on the shore of the Cadarakui Lake.

We did not stop until after midday. Ta-wan-ne-ars knocked over a wild turkey with his tomahawk, kindled a fire of dry sticks and broiled the juicy bird before the coals. He insisted that I should sleep first, promising to arouse me at the end of two hours—he reckoned time, I should explain, by the declension of the sun. But when he finally did arouse me the sun was close to setting, and I saw by the sunken look of his eyes that he had not slept during his watch.

"Why did you not wake me?" I asked angrily.

"Ta-wan-ne-ars had no wish for sleep," he returned.

*The Loon.

"Nonsense," I retorted. "You can not go indefinitely without rest."

"I had my thoughts for company," he said simply. "They are not happy thoughts, brother. They would not let me sleep."

I WAS shaken by a profound revulsion of feeling. It came over me that I had never fully appreciated the extreme degree of the mental suffering to which he had been exposed.

"Your sorrow is great," I acknowledged, "but sure you know that she for whom you mourn——"

"She is a sick soul" he said. "She has offended the Great Spirit, and he has permitted Ha-ne-go-ate-geh to cast his shadow over her. But some day she will have performed the penance Ha-wen-ne-yu asks of her, and in that day he will permit Ta-wan-ne-ars to reclaim her."

"I hope so," I replied, stunned by the amazing confidence in eternal justice, the Christian charity, of this man who was, properly speaking, a lettered savage.

"Ta-wan-ne-ars knows it," he asserted confidently. "But I can not help thinking of the wickedness of my enemy."

His hand flew to his knife-hilt.

"I am confident of what will come, but I sorrow over what has been and is."

"I wish I had not spared him when his life was in my hand," I cried.

"My brother did not know," answered Ta-wan-ne-ars. "And already then the harm was done, the evil was sowed, the soul was corrupted."

He smiled gravely.

"Your search is ended, brother," he added.

"What do you mean?"

"The soul you sought has been found. It is no longer sick."

"Mayhap," I agreed, "but none the less 'tis out of reach and in great danger."

"We shall save it," he encouraged me. "Ta-wan-ne-ars knows. We must wait. The time will come."

He refused again to sleep, and we ate the remainder of the turkey—our hunger was prodigious—and pushed on, traveling most of the night. Not once did we see a trace of the Keepers, and when we halted Ta-wan-ne-ars said that we were on the marches of the hunting-grounds of the Mohawks. We slept together the remainder of that night, without a fire and on the top of a steep

rock which was set with boulders which the foot of any climber must set in motion.

In the late morning we killed a rabbit, broiled and ate it and tramped the virgin forest until long past sunset. That day we ventured to discharge our firearms, and to my vast pride I killed a small deer. The following afternoon we caught out first view of the inland sea from a height of land, and the next morning we sighted the stockade of Oswego,[c] the fort which Governor Burnet had established on the shores of the lake in his effort to divert the far-western fur-trade from the French posts.

The gate was closed, but as we approached it opened, and an enormous, pot-bellied figure in buckskin and fur cap sauntered out to meet us.

"*Ja*, idt is you," Corlear hailed us. "I knew that Joncaire was oop to another of his tricks."

"What do you mean?" I asked as he turned to walk back beside us, his fat face as solemn as ever.

"I hafe hadt a scare," he said. "I came back to De-o-nun-da-ga-a from a hundting-party to find a Tahsagrondie messenger from Joncaire who says he is to tell me you fooled der Gofernor of Jagara, but now you are caught andt hafe gone to La Vierge du Bois. Andt der Tahsagrondie says Joncaire is sorry. Ha, ha! I thought it was a funny message."

"Funny mayhap," I replied feelingly. "But 'twas amazingly true."

Ta-wan-ne-ars nodded confirmation, and for an instant I thought Corlear was going to betray surprize. But he shut his gaping mouth with resolution.

"What has happened?" he demanded. "I hafe come here to scout der Doom Trail andt learn how you diedt—andt you are alife."

So we told him, whilst the lieutenant in command of the post and his garrison of twenty lusty frontiersmen gathered in a knot to listen over each other's shoulders.

"Budt—budt," expostulated Peter, "you hafe been in La Vierge du Bois!"

"True."

"Budt nobody has efer been in La Vierge du Bois——"

"And come out alive," I amended. "I fear many poor souls have been sacrificed by those fiendish priests."

"Andt you fooled Joncaire!" repeated Peter admiringly.

'Twas that indeed which pleased him most. He insisted upon our repeating the tale with all details, and I believe he would have required a third account had it not been for the interruption which came during the afternoon.

We were sitting in the commandant's quarters on the upper floor of the block-house when the sentries on the stockade announced a large fleet of canoes approaching from the west. The lieutenant promptly issued orders to get out the trade-goods, and prepared for an impressive reception of the savages, deeming them emissaries of some tribe come to exchange their fur-catch of the Winter.

But the leading canoes held on past the fort, and none of those which followed gave indication of intent to steer inshore.

"Hafe you a canoe?" asked Corlaer of the bewildered lieutenant. "*Ja?* Well, my friendts andt I will go andt ask what this means."

We launched the canoe from the water-gate, and with Peter and Ta-wan-ne-ars at the paddles, sped out into the lake. Some distance from shore we overhauled the rear squadron of the fleet, every canoe loaded deep with packages of furs.

"Ho, brothers," called Ta-wan-ne-ars. "Who are you?"

The nearest canoe hove to.

"We are Necariagues," answered a paddler. "In front of us are Ottawas and Missisakies."

"The chief of the English fort, who commands here in the name of Ga-en-gwa-ra-go, invites you to come ashore and trade with him."

Up stood a large, stout man with lanky black hair, dressed in the uniform of the French marine troops, who had been ensconced behind a bale of furs.

"Ha, 'tis my friend from Arles," he shouted, "and his companion, the noble war-chief! So the Keepers did not keep you?"

"No, Monsieur de Joncaire," I replied. "We are still alive to plague you."

"*Ventre St. Remi*, 'tis not sorry I am! Try it again, my lad. Only try it again!"

"And what are you doing with these people?"

He roared with laughter.

"No more than shepherding them past the temptations of the English."

Ta-wan-ne-ars called again to the Indians in the canoes.

"Come ashore, brothers. We have rich goods to trade with you."

"We do not need to trade with the English," replied the Necariague who had spoken before. "We are glad we can trade with our fathers, the French. They have plenty of goods to offer us. Onontio has sent word he will pay better than the English now."

"Ha, ha, ha!" exploded Jonesaire. "Ho, ho, ho! *Mort de ma vie! Tonerr-rr-re de dieu!* 'Tis an odd world! The boot is on the other leg, Monsieur l'Arlesien!

"Present my compliments to Monsieur Burnet, Peter Corlaer. You may tell him I am not so discouraged as I once was. No, no, many things have happened.

"*Au revoir*—and avoid the Keepers. Avoid the keepers by all means. I am told they keep a strict watch upon the Doom Trail these days."

His paddlers dipped their blades, and his bellows of laughter were wafted back to us as his canoe followed the fur argosy down the lake toward the French posts on the St. Lawrence—posts whose magazines were already beginning to swell with the life-blood of English trade which was pouring over the Doom Trail.

CHAPTER XXI

A SCOUT OF THREE

"WE MUST scout the Doom Trail," I said as we carried the canoe through the water-gate and deposited it within the stockade. "I will write the governor at once of affairs at Jagara and La Vierge du Bois. But this last business makes it necessary he should have sure intelligence of what passes to Canada."

"*Ja!*" agreed Corlaer slowly. "Budt I hafe another scheme we might try first—tonight."

"What?"

He surveyed the scores of dwindling canoes, their silvery birchen sides agleam in the sunlight, their dripping paddle-blades shining as the paddlers drove them along.

"They will make camp by sunset at der point of der three rocks. Am I right. Ta-wan-ne-ars?"

The Seneca assented.

"That is eight—ten—miles from here. *Ja*, we can make it."

"Make what?" I asked impatiently.

"Der distance. Andt my plan."

"What plan, man?"

"To put der grin on der other side of Joncaire's face, by ——! Now you listen."

And he outlined an undertaking which seemed absurdly simple until I chanced to look up and see that fleet of canoes clouding the eastern horizon of the lake.

"They are too many for us," I objected.

"*Ja*, if they know we come," he admitted. "Budt they do not. Andt I hafe seen brandy-kegs in among der furs."

"It is well worth trying," said Ta-wan-ne-ars deliberately. "If it succeeds it will set back the plans of Onontio and Murray."

"Andt if it does not, then you tell der Gofernor Peter Corlaer tried once too often to get der joke back on Joncaire."

With which sage comment, Peter took himself off to arrange with the post commandant for drawing certain supplies we should require for this new expedition.

Two hours later an express left Oswego with dispatches for Governor Burnet, describing the situation at Jagara and our experiences at La Vierge du Bois, as well as the passage of Joncaire's argosy of furs, the greatest haul which had so far been made by either country that year on the frontier. Before the gate was slammed shut again we three slipped out and waved good-by to the garrison on the walls.

We traveled parallel with the shore of the lake and made no effort to set a fast pace. Ta-wan-ne-ars and I were still tired from our exertions in escaping the hellish abode of the False Faces. We were glad to halt when we glimpsed the glow of fires on the beach ahead of us.

From this point our advance was more cautious, and we parted company with Corlaer in some bushes, whence we could distinguish figures dancing around the flames and hear the distant yells of the guests of Joncaire as they caroused on his thoughtful provison of brandy. The Dutchman stripped to his belt. Ta-wan-ne-ars relieved him of his musket, powder-horn and bullet-pouch, and I shouldered his clothes and pack.

"By der blasted pine—a goodt mile beyondt der other side," whispered Peter as he waded into the water.

"You are sure you can stay afloat so long?" I asked with some misgiving.

"*Ja*," he said scornfully. "When you hear a noise like a fish rising three times, that is Peter."

He settled knife and tomahawk against either thigh, slung a spare flask of powder beside them, sank forward to his chin and began to cleave the water with powerful, overhand strokes.

"A merry evening to you," I called gently.

A grunt was my answer.

"We must hurry, brother," admonished Ta-wan-ne-ars.

He started off at right angles with the path we had been following, and we fetched a circle around the group of fires, coming ultimately to a high point above the shore half a mile beyond them. Here we rested, both because our weariness was very great and because we desired to witness Peter's exploit, and if need be, be prepared to aid him.

It was past midnight, and the fires had burned low and the brandy-drinkers soaked themselves stupid. Not a sound came to us, except for the calling of a wolf from the heavy timber inshore and the croaking of water-birds.

'Twas Ta-wan-ne-ars' eagle vision which saw the danger-signal. He gripped my arm.

"Look, brother," he hissed.

I looked, and a flame spurted upward between the fires and the water. There was a sharp explosion. A long minute elapsed, and then a chorus of excited yells rose, dropped and was sustained.

The flame mounted higher, and we could see figures running this way and that in confusion. A musket barked. Others echoed it.

"They saw him in the water," remarked Ta-wan-ne-ars.

"Do you think he escaped?" I asked.

"We should hear the scalp-yell if he was taken or killed. Hark! They still babble like animals."

WE LISTENED for ten minutes, and whilst the yelling continued, with intermittent shooting, there was nothing to indicate triumph or satisfaction. In the mean time the flames which Peter had kindled, after flourishing grandly, gradually died out as the awakened savages removed those canoes which had not caught fire and threw water on such as were only smoldering.

We waited another five minutes to make sure the search did not trend in our direction, but the bewildered tools of Joncaire were convinced the attack had come from Oswego and the shouting and firing shifted away from us toward the fort. So we picked up our burdens and descended between boulders and stunted trees to a little bay which was marked by the shattered stump of a pine.

Half an hour passed uneventfully. Then the steady lapping of the water against the beach was disturbed by the splash a fish makes in rising. It was repeated twice. Ta-wan-ne-ars leaned over and splashed the water thrice with his hand. A grunt boomed out of the darkness. Ripples spread in a widening circle, and a huge form stepped noiselessly ashore, ignoring our helping hands.

"Oof, that was a goodt joke on Joncaire," muttered Peter. "Some canoes I smash with der ax andt some I blow up with der powder andt more are burnedt. Where are my clothes? I am soaked like der muskrat. *Ja*, when we get to der woods I findt me a bear and gife myself a rub with grease. I hafe bubbles under my skin."

"You were long in coming," said Ta-wan-ne-ars. "My brother is not hurt?"

"*Nein, nein.* Those drunken swine couldt not hit me. I swam far oudt andt at der first up der lake to fool them. Then I turned andt swam back under der water. Oof, what a swim! I tell you I hafe bubbles under my skin! *Ja!*"

"Did you damage them much?" I asked eagerly.

Peter suspended the operation of struggling into his shirt and chuckled shrilly.

"I wouldt gife much to see der face of that Joncaire when he counts his canoes andt der fur-packs he has left. Twice now we get der joke on him."

Wet as he was, with the water dripping from his lank hair, he insisted upon quitting that dangerous locality at once. We tramped across country until the sun was high, and we stumbled upon an isolated family of Onondagas, who made us free of their *ga-na-so-te.* They relieved Peter's principal want by furnishing him bear's grease, with which he anointed himself vigorously before sleeping.

We spent two days with these people, recuperating in preparation for the stern task ahead of us. After parting with them we continued in leisurely fashion eastward, keeping well to the north of the Great Trail of the Long House and avoiding as much as possible contact with the Onondagas,

Oneidas and Mohawks whose countries we traversed. Some ten days after leaving Oswego we found ourselves on the verge of that untracked domain which was roamed by the Keepers of the Doom Trail.

Here we paused to take counsel with one another.

"Somewhere this side of the Mohawk the Trail begins," said Ta-wan-ne-ars. "Shall we follow the river and scout for signs there?"

" 'Tis there the Keepers must be most vigilant," I suggested.

"*Ja*," spoke up Peter, "andt if we do not come to harm, yet Murray will know we watch."

"What then?" asked Ta-wan-ne-ars.

"Let us scout der country well back from der river. You know aboudt where lies La Vierge du Bois. It shouldt not be difficult to strike der line of der Trail."

This plan we agreed upon, and, so that we might not be constrained to use our muskets in the forbidden territory, we obtained from a Mohawk village a quantity of jerked meat and parched corn mixed with maple sugar ample to sustain us for a week or more. And in order to assure that our departure would be free from the observation of spies we left our last camp after dark and in two parties, Ta-wan-ne-ars and myself going in one direction and Peter in another.

Our meeting-place was a grove on the bank of a creek, one of the tributaries of the Mohawk. We reached it without observation, and lay in concealment most of the day, starting again in the late afternoon and moving warily through the forest, following no particular course, but addressing ourselves rather to the effacement of all evidence of our passage.

We discovered nothing, and the next day and many others went by with no better luck. Sometimes we encountered the slots of deer or bear, and the woodcraft of my comrades would be baffled temporarily until they had proved beyond doubt that the trace was not used by human feet. Once we came upon signs of old encampments, and diligently scouted the vicinity, only to be convinced they were the relics of some casual hunting-party.

Our provisions were exhausted, and we were compelled to live from hand to mouth upon such game as Ta-wan-ne-ars could snare or kill with his tomahawk—and certes he was wondrous proficient in both arts. But we kept on, bearing always eastward and quartering the country in every direction. Game there was in plenty, sure testimony that man seldom came here; dense underbrush linked the towering trunks; there was not so much as a footprint in hundreds of square miles to reveal human occupancy.

Yet in the very midst of this deserted wilderness we came upon what we sought. We had abandoned the headwaters of the Mohawk and were following one of its middle branches, a shallow stream with pebbly, shelving banks, wading close inshore so as not to disturb the close-growing shrubbery on the banks. We all saw it simultaneously—a tattered, weather-stained fragment of canvas, caught on a snag in the current. I fished it out with my musket-barrel.

"A pack-cofer," declared Peter immediately.

"And safely identified," I added, putting my finger on an unmistakable thistle in green paint with three-quarters of a letter "M" above it.

A MILE farther on Ta-wan-ne-ars exclaimed and pointed upward to the trunk of a tall elm. Partly shaded by the foliage of the lower boughs a deep blaze was revealed in the bark.

We waded ashore and investigated. The underbrush was as thick as elsewhere, but presently Peter gave a heave with his bull-like shoulders and a whole section of growths, which had been laced together with vines on a backing of boughs, lifted gate-fashion. Beyond stretched a narrow alley, whose carpet of grass showed it to be seldom traveled.

"If this be not the Doom Trail 'tis worth a look none the less," I whispered.

Peter nodded, and slipped through the opening. I followed him, and Ta-wan-ne-ars brought up the rear.

Here in this hidden path the forest noises became remote. Even the birds ceased to twitter overhead, and the slightest stirring of the treetops made us drop to earth in expectancy of attack. Yet when the attack came we were taken completely by surprize.

We had progressed some five miles from the beginning of the trail, and had reached a point where it forked—or perhaps I should say was joined by a second trail. At any rate the united trails continued into a beaver

swamp, where they disappeared. We scouted the swamp, but could see no signs of a path across it; and Peter led the way to the right, intending to encircle it.

The beavers had thinned the timber hereabout and cut down most of the brushwood, so that we walked at ease between wide-spaced trunks. We were all of us alert, but the first warning that we were under observation was a green-feathered arrow which sang between Peter and me and buried its head in the ground.

"Don'dt fire, whatefer you do," muttered Peter as he threw himself behind the nearest trunk.

Ta-wan-ne-ars and I copied his example. I found myself on the right of the three. The others had selected standing trunks. I had chosen, perforce, a fallen giant which some forest wind had overthrown. I crawled along the trunk into the tangle of roots, and from there gained a clump of bushes growing about the hole from which it had been torn. I could see Ta-wan-ne-ars crouched behind his trunk, with his musket beside him and his tomahawk in his hand. Peter was concealed from view.

The green-feathered arrow had ceased quivering and I idly followed the angle of its inclination. My eyes traveled forward—and focused upon a hideous painted face which peered from a screen of sumach.

The watcher motioned behind him, and a second painted visage glided to his side. Ta-wan-ne-ars, seeking to draw their fire, thrust out the end of his scalp-lock, and the first watcher instantly drew bow and sent an arrow that grazed the trunk.

Nothing happened for a while. The Keepers waited, and Ta-wan-ne-ars and Peter remained under cover. I surveyed the situation. From the hole in which I lay a depression of the ground ran eastward past the lair of the Cahnuagas in the sumac clump. I started to crawl up it, dragging my musket after me, but before I had gone a dozen feet I was obliged to abandon the gun in order to insure that my progress should be silent.

Ta-wan-ne-ars, aware that I was up to something, called to Peter, and the two of them executed a series of feints which kept the Keepers occupied. When I was parallel with the sumac clump I sought shelter under a patch of wild blackberry-bushes. Cautiously parting my screen—which was exceedingly thorny and painful—I was able to view the Keepers from the rear. They were ensconced in what was evidently a permanent sentry-post. Beyond the sumacs was a low bark hut masked with boughs. At their feet were muskets. The bows they held were employed for the purpose of adding mystery to their attack.

So accustomed were the Keepers to the overpowering spell of the Doom Trail, which weakened the nerves of all trespassers that they were wholly confident of the success of their tactics in first frightening us and afterward running us down at pleasure. They stood behind the sumac screen, their bushy feather head-dresses close together, grins of anticipation cracking the paint on their evil faces.

I worked myself a little more in rear of their position, then rose quietly and drew knife and tomahawk. I was an amateur at casting the ax, but this was no time for hesitation. I flung it with all my might, and yelled the nearest approach I could compass to the war-whoop.

The tomahawk struck one of the Keepers with the flat of its blade, felling him. The other savage turned quickly and loosed his arrow at me, aiming wide in his confusion. He stooped for his musket, but I was on him with my knife and he was forced to leap back and meet me on even terms. Ta-wan-ne-ars and Peter came running between the trees, whooping encouragement.

They arrived in the nick of time, for the Cahnuaga I had tried to tomahawk was on his feet, ready to shoot me as I dodged the knife-blade of his mate. The Seneca brained this man with the butt of his gun, and Peter methodically tripped my adversary and helped me pinion him.

Ta-wan-ne-ars paused long enough to remove what was left of the scalp of his victim, then crossed to us and set his bloody knife to the throat of the survivor.

"Is it to be torture or a quick death, Cahnuaga dog!" he demanded.

The red eyes of the Keeper glared up at him.

"Death," the man spat, and strove to gnaw at the hands which held him.

"Then speak truly. Who travels the Doom Trail today?"

"Nobody. We watch always."

Ta-wan-ne-ars pricked him slightly.

"You watch always," assented the Seneca. "Yes. And who comes?"

A shout echoed through the forest aisles.

The red eyes of the Cahnuaga flared exultantly. His mouth opened.

"Yaaa-aaaa-aaa-ah—"

Ta-wan-ne-ars drove his point home, and the scream ended in an awful bubbling gasp.

The shout was repeated.

CHAPTER XXII

WE MEET RED DEATH AND BLACK DEATH

THE crashing of branches sounded as some heavy body ran along the Doom Trail.

"Did ye hear that screech?" shouted a rough voice.

"Yaas, Red, me hear him. He bery much like feller feel somet'ing he not like."

Peter nudged me, and Ta-wan-ne-ars seized the bow and quiver of one of the dead Keepers. We crouched beside the bodies behind the sumac screen. My gun was still where I had left it in the gully by which I had approached the lair of the watchers. In its stead I selected the musket of the man the Seneca had just knifed.

"Funny they don't answer us— 'nless that was an answer we heard," continued the rough voice. "Give 'em another hail in their own lingo."

A third voice was raised—in the Cahnuaga dialect, which was a corruption of the Iroquois speech and perfectly understandable to my comrades.

"*Qua*, O Keepers who watch," shouted the third speaker. "We acquaint you that we approach. We have with us the Red One and the Black One."

We remained quiet, but Peter possessed himself of the gun of the second Cahnuaga and placed it where he could reach it as soon as his own piece was discharged.

"That's —— funny, Tom," called the first speaker, who was plainly Bolling.

"Yaas, him —— —— funny," answered the negro.

They were approaching over the trail which forked into the one we had followed from the stream with the pebbly banks. And at this point apparently they came to the juncture of the two branches.

"Hullo," commented Bolling's great voice—he spoke habitually in a roar. "Somebody come by this way."

"Mebbe them Keepers go look for us the other way," suggested Tom.

"Mought be so, but I ain't figgerin' on takin' no chances with them green arrows. French put the Injuns up to dippin' the points in rattlesnake p'ison, and I seed them try it on a poor devil of a Mohican they gathered in. I ain't hankerin' to die in no snake-snarl."

The Indian who had shouted before repeated his hail.

"Them Keepers done gone away, Red," declared Tom. "Mebbe some Maquas[1] come dis way. The Keepers chase 'em out o' hyuh."

"——! I'm agoin' to find out," returned Bolling.

He trotted out of the mouth of the trail into the open space on the brink of the muskrat swamp.

"Nobody here," he called back after a casual look around. "Guess you was right, Tom. The Keepers got after somebody—or else the lazy dogs have turned in for a sleep. I'll find out later for sure. Now you rustle them packs up, and I'll get the dugout ready."

He dragged a canoe hollowed from a tree-trunk from its hiding-place in a bed of reeds, and produced two paddles from the prostrate trunk of a hollow tree. But we paid scant attention to him. Our eyes were fastened upon the odd procession which emerged from the trail in obedience to his summons.

First walked the negro Tom, a huge pack bowing his enormous shoulders. After the negro, in single file, came eight Cahnuagas, each with a large pack braced on a *ga-no-ko-na-ah*, or burden frame. They carried their muskets in their hands.

"We've got to hurry if we're goin' to get everything ferried over the swamp tonight," grumbled Bolling. "Waall, what's bitin' you?"

This question was addressed to a Cahnuaga, who, in unslinging his burden-frame, had chanced to see the arrow in the ground which the Keepers had shot in their first attempt to bait us.

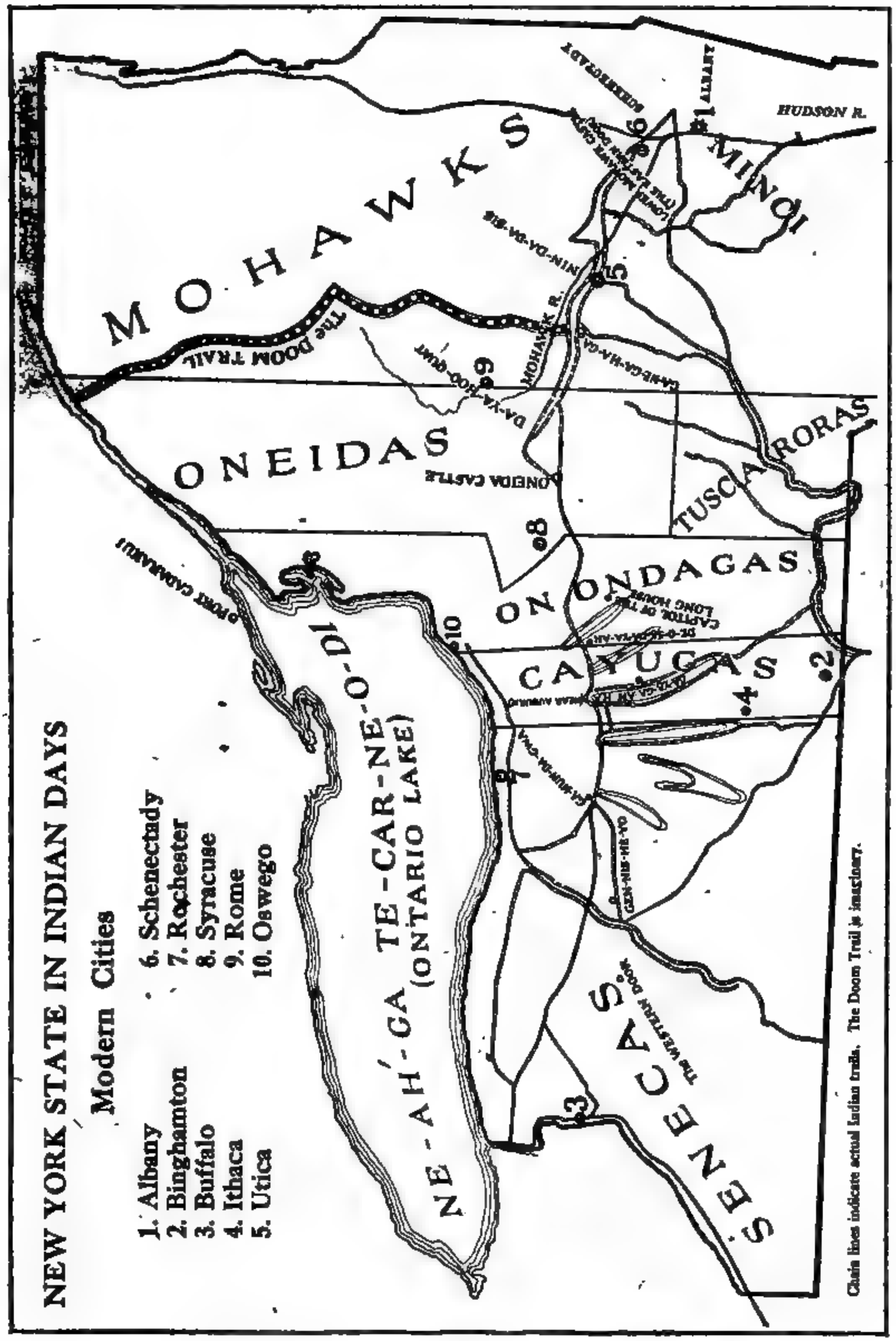
The Cahnuaga pointed silently to the green-feathered shaft.

"By ——!" swore Bolling with a start. "D'ye see that, Tom?"

The negro dropped his pack and shook some fresh priming into the pan of his musket.

"Nobody nebber done come here befo'," [illegible]

[1] Hostile term for Mohawks.


MOHAWKS
ONEIDAS
ONONDAGAS
CAYUGAS
SENECAS
TUSCARORAS
HUDSON R.
MOHAWK R.
THE DOOM TRAIL
ONEIDA CASTLE
PORT CHAMBAULT
CASTLE OF THE LONG HOUSE
NE-AH'-GA TE-CAR-NE-O-DI
(ONTARIO LAKE)
NEW YORK STATE IN INDIAN DAYS
Modern Cities
1. Albany
2. Binghamton
3. Buffalo
4. Ithaca
5. Utica
6. Schenectady
7. Rochester
8. Syracuse
9. Rome
10. Oswego
Chain lines indicate actual Indian trails. The Doom Trail is imaginary.

he said dubiously. "Howcome dat arrow dere, Red?"

"—— it, how the —— do I know? I want to tell you this ain't no joke. Something's happened here."

Bolling glanced about him uneasily.

"The Keepers have gone, that's sure," he announced. "What most likely happened was some party broke in here, and the Keepers chased 'em."

He chuckled wickedly.

"Ain't no blood nor nothin' around, so it 'pears likely the Keepers got the jump on 'em."

Ta-wan-ne-ars, who had been occupied in extracting arrows from a quiver and setting them in a row before him with points lightly thrust into the ground, now notched a shaft.

"Shall we begin, brothers?" he whispered. "Hold your fire until I run out of arrows."

"Ja," agreed Peter. "Budt do not shoot Red Jack or der nigger. We will safe them if we can."

"You can take on the negro," I spoke up. "Leave Bolling to me."

Peter looked doubtful.

"He is a goodt knife-fighter," he commenced to argue; but Ta-wan-ne-ars chose that moment to open his bombardment, and the Dutchman's remonstrance went for naught.

A GREEN arrow streaked across the grove and buried its barbed bone head in the chest of one of the Cahnuagas. The man shrieked and tore at the shaft with his hands. His companions scattered right and left. But Ta-wan-ne-ars gave them no respite. His shafts filled the air. The green arrows drove into the packs, quivered in tree-trunks, pierced another unfortunate.

"Are ye crazy?" shouted Bolling at the strangely hostile sumach clump. "Don't ye see——"

"Its dem —— False Faces," cried Tom, dancing with rage. "Dey got some hocus-pocus up. Fire at 'em."

Thus adjured, the Cahnuagas let off a ragged volley which whistled over our heads. Ta-wan-ne-ars discharged the last of his arrows and reached for his musket. At the same moment Peter fired, and I tailed him. We saw two of the Indians collapse. Peter caught up his second musket and he and Ta-wan-ne-ars shot again. 'Twas impossible to miss. Besides Bolling and Tom, only two of the enemy were left.

"Knife and hatchet for the rest," said Ta-wan-ne-ars grimly. "Are my brothers ready?"

Peter answered him with the Iroquois war-whoop, and we sprang from the sumach clump, dodging right and left through the tree-trunks.

"Here they come," yelled Bolling in warning.

He fired his musket, and I felt the wind of its bullet on my cheek. Tom shot with no better results. The two surviving Cahnuagas threw away their guns and fled.

"I will take care of them, brothers," shouted Ta-wan-ne-ars, casting aside his own musket. "One Seneca against two Cahnuagas—that should be fair odds."

He put on speed as he spoke, waved his hand and was gone, running like a greyhound after the two frightened savages, who were scurrying around the swamp.

The field was left to Peter and me and the two ruffians whom the frontier called Red Death and Black Death. They seemed nothing loath to meet us.

"Ho, ho, ho," roared Bolling. "D'ye see who it is, Tom?"

The negro's apelike face was distorted by a grin which showed his yellow tusks. His wicked little eyes gleamed ferociously.

"Massa Murray done goin' to gib us a heap o' presents fo' this," he answered. "Ah reckon mebbe we get all der rum we wants to drink."

"Waall, I will," chuckled Bolling, "but you won't."

Tom slobbered like an animal regretting its inability to eat sufficiently.

"Ah'm aimin' to try," he said.

"There ain't enough," returned Bolling. "Waall, young feller—" this to me—"was you intendin' to amuse me some?"

"I'm intending to let a little clean air into your dirty skin," I answered.

He threw back his head as if much amused.

"Ho, ho, ho! Now ain't you got the smart way o' puttin' things? Young feller, I'll tell yer what: you're too good for the frontier. You——"

As quick as lightning, and without an indication in advance to warn me, he flung his tomahawk at my head. I saw it coming, and instinctively did the only thing possible to save myself—raised my own ax to guard. Bolling's hatchet struck mine

and knocked it from my hand, leaving my arm sore and tingling.

"You wasn't expectin' that, was you?" he gibed. "Waall, young feller, there's a heap o' other things you ain't expectin', but they're a-goin' to happen. Yes, right now. You watch."

He poised himself on the balls of his feet, and pranced around me, his big, double-edged scalping-knife held ready in his right hand.

"I'm aimin' to carve you, my lad," he warned me. "You ain't got the chance a squirrel has ag'in' an eagle. There ain't a knife-fighter in these parts can stand up to me. D'ye know what they call me?"

"The Red Death," I said. "And I am going to redden more than your hair."

"Ho, ho, ho! The cockerel can crow! Boy, I 'most ready to be sorry for ye. I feel that bloody-minded, I ain't got no mercy left at all.

"It ain't just that I'm a-goin' to kill ye, ye understand. That wouldn't be so bad. But no, I'm goin' to take my time about it and carve ye up first—bit by bit. I'll take a little offen your arm first. Like that!"

He made a sudden leap, but I had been watching his eye, as the fencing-masters taught us to watch an opponent with the small-swords—and knife-fighting is much like sword-play in this respect—and I was prepared for him. I jumped backward, and his knife-point jabbed the sod underfoot. He was on his feet again in a second.

"Thought ye was smart, eh?" he snarled, his ugly face a blaze of ferocity. "Waall, for that, I'll torment ye the longer. Take this now!"

He attacked me with a peculiar sweeping blow that was aimed at my shoulder, but fell at the level of the waist. Had it passed my guard, 'twould have disemboweled me. I parried his blade with mine, and struck back for the first time with such venom that he leaped away in alarm.

The suspension in his attack gave me opportunity to glance over my shoulder toward the edge of the swamp, where Peter and the negro were circling each other warily, tomahawks poised for throwing.

The sight put an idea in my mind. I remembered my duel with the Cahnuaga in the glade by the Great Trail and the discovery that he was at a disadvantage when I used the knife as I had learned to use the sword. I promptly shifted my grip on the knife-hilt and held it straight before me as if it were a rapier. At the same time I inclined my other arm behind me to balance it. Bolling viewed this maneuvre with derision.

"Ye pore babby," he sneered. "Think ye can meet a knife-fighter like me with one arm? Or fight me off with the point? I'll show ye."

HE CHARGED upon me like a battering-ram, his knife a whirling point of steel, its broad blade slashing in both directions. I retired slowly, anxious to increase his self-confidence.

"Stand up to me!" he yelled finally. "Be ye feared?"

I laughed at this, and it made him furious. He stamped around me, slashing and stabbing, and it was several minutes before he discovered that however viciously he struck I was always able to parry him with an economy of effort. I kept my point in the restricted circle which the experts of fence decree to be the most potent guard.

Breathing heavily, he retreated several paces and stood, glaring at me, his knife upraised.

"You don't understand, Bolling, do you?" I mocked him.

"Understand what, ye —— —— swine?" he ripped.

"Fighting the way gentlemen fight."

"Ye call that a gentleman's way!" he laughed harshly. "I call it a coward's way! Why don't ye take the edge?"

"I will if you'll take the point," I retorted.

"Come on," he proffered, and he crept forward like a huge cat, feet spread wide, shoulders crouched, knife a menacing flame.

Somewhat to his surprize I did not give ground to him this time, but met him squarely as he advanced. My arm was extended, full-length, tipped with a good ten inches of steel. He struck, and I parried his blow. He slashed, and I put it aside. He struck again, and I almost succeeded in twisting his blade from his hand by an old trick of the *salle des armes*. But my knife was not long enough to get the necessary purchase with it.

"Why don't ye fight fair?" he growled, wringing his arm.

"Why don't you?" I returned.

He charged with wonderful celerity,

dropped to his knee and slashed upward so effectively that his point cut the skirt of my leather shirt.

"I'll get ye yet," he howled with glee.

But I refused to be intimidated. Indeed, I was no longer doubtful of the issue. I knew that I could outfight him or any fighter of his caliber by my adaptation of sword-play to knife-fighting.

I leaped upon him by way of answer, and pressed the fighting. He yielded ground to me, seeking to retreat into the woods by the trail; but I rounded him up and herded him steadily toward the edge of the swamp.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Peter fling his tomahawk at Tom and Tom hurl his knife in reply. Then my opponent shifted ground once more, and I was occupied in driving him back in the direction I meant him to go. We hovered nearer and nearer to the swamp edge, and Bolling's breath began to come in labored gasps.

I shortened our fighting-range, and gave him the point, drawing blood occasionally. He kept his head down, and parried desperately, trying to escape to one side, but I was on him so swiftly that he was afraid of a blow from the rear, and must needs stand to defend himself. At last he stood on the very brink of the morass, with no avenue of escape open.

I paused a moment.

"How will you die, my friend?" I asked. "You can smother to death if you prefer it."

His answer was a bellow of insensate rage and his knife, thrown point-first at my chest. By sheer luck I caught its point on my hilt, turned it aside and met his rush. He wrapped his arms around me, intent on carrying me with him into the ooze and slime. But I stabbed him to the heart before his bear's hug was completed, and he fell away from me, arms spread wide, and lay in a noisome heap by the tussocks of marsh grass.

I stood over him, panting from my exertions, when a shout from Ta-wan-ne-ars attracted my attention. The Seneca was returning from his pursuit of the two Cahnuagas. He shouted again, and pointed behind me. I turned to see Peter and the negro locked in each other's arms, and as I looked, Tom heaved Peter into the air and sought to throw him. But Peter locked his legs around the negro's waist, and they rolled over and over across the ground.

I reached them just as they struggled to their feet, grips unrelaxed. Peter warned me off.

"Standt clear," he croaked. "I finish this myself."

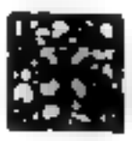
Certes, nobody but Peter could have finished it. The negro's strength was colossal. His arms were half again as long as Peter's and Peter was a big man. The negro's shoulder and back muscles were iron bands—we afterward estimated the pack he had been carrying at three hundred weight and a half. He fought like a wild-cat, with teeth and nails and legs. But Peter met him phlegmatically, refusing to be angered by the vilest attempt.

Once, whilst Ta-wan-ne-ars and I stood by, Peter tried to break his back. Any other man's back would have been broken. A second time Tom rolled the Dutchman on the ground and clawed at his eyes; but Peter kept one arm across them and escaped with bleeding cheeks. Again, Peter rose up to his full height and jolted the negro down upon his head. It seemed as if the fellow's neck must break if his skull resisted the shock. Yet he bounded to his feet unhurt, and with a swift look around made a dash for liberty, which Ta-wan-ne-ars and I headed off.

Then Peter closed with him. They had torn the clothing from each other's shoulders and flanks. They dripped blood. Their skins shone with sweat. Their chests heaved with the effort for breath.

Tom stooped and flung his arms around Peter's waist, driving his head for the Dutchman's loins. Peter retaliated by bringing up his knee against the negro's chin. Tom reeled back, and Peter swooped upon him. One arm hooked Tom's waist, the other caught him by the neck.

Dazed and with a mouthful of shattered teeth, Tom struggled feebly, but without avail. Peter twisted him, bore him to the ground, shifted grip rapidly, drove his knee into the quivering belly and throttled the life out of the black throat.



"SO I make an endt of him," panted the Dutchman as he staggered to his feet.

"Aye, we have made an end to Red Death and Black Death," I answered.

"And I slew the two who ran," added Ta-wan-ne-ars, touching two scalps whose clustered feathers protruded from his belt.

"A clean sweep," I said. "There will be none to carry the tale to La Vierge du Bois."

"That is ever the criminal's belief," interrupted a voice in French.

We spun round in amazement to face a gaunt figure in the black habit of the Jesuits.

"Black Robe!" exclaimed Peter.

Ta-wan-ne-ars glowered at the priest.

"What do you do here, Père Hyacinthe?" I asked in French.

"What is that to you?" he snapped. "I go about my Father's business; that is sufficient for the bloody-minded to know."

"If you will look at me closer, father, you will recognize my face," I answered. "Surely one has the right of vengeance upon those who would torture one."

He peered at me.

"You and the Indian were at La Vierge du Bois," he said. "Yes, I remember now. Did the light shine in your eyes, my son?"

"Not the light you mean, but I saw much evil which went on there behind your back."

"What?" he demanded.

I told him of the Moon Feast and the False Face rites and started to reveal the duplicity of de Veulle.

"Tell me no more," he interrupted with a sigh. " 'Tis already hard to bear these burdens my unworthy shoulders carry. I cry out now and again, 'How long, O Lord, how long?' But what bloody business have you done here? Are your skirts clear that you should assail the poor savages, who still relapse to superstition?"

"You say nothing of the Chevalier de Veulle," I commented.

"The man is your enemy," he returned shrewdly. "I do not think your judgment is unbiased."

Ta-wan-ne-ars raised his tomahawk, implacable hatred in his face.

"This man is leagued with the priests of evil," he said. "He is at one with Murray. Let us make an end of him."

Peter, methodically retrieving his clothing and equipment, grunted assent.

"No, no," I intervened. " 'Tis not fair to judge him by his associates. Let him go."

"He will only carry word of what has passed to Murray," objected Ta-wan-ne-ars.

I touched my forehead.

"He hath gone through the torture twice," I said. "I think the Great Spirit has set his seal upon him."

Ta-wan-ne-ars sheathed his ax. Peter, saturated as he was with Indian lore, nodded his head.

"Let him go," said the Dutchman curtly. "It don't matter if Murray knows we hafe found der trail. Sooner or later he hears of this killing anyhow."

I turned to the priest.

"You are free to go, father," I said.

He laughed mockingly.

"Yes, free, but I do not need your word for it. I go when the Word calls me, and I come when It calls me—and none stays me."

He raised a crucifix on high as he spoke. His eye chanced to fall upon the bodies scattered on the verge of the swamp.

"Do these poor souls require Christian burial?" he asked.

"They were devil-worshipers, father," I said.

He hesitated, then muttered several prayers in Latin and made the sign of the cross in the air. Without another word he turned on his heel and disappeared into the woods, following the route around the swamp which Ta-wan-ne-ars had taken.

CHAPTER XXIII

GOVERNOR BURNET IS DEFIED

'TWAS early Autumn when we returned to Albany. The leaves were coloring, and there was a nip of frost in the air. The flag over the battlements of Fort Orange stood out straight from its staff. The citizens who thronged the street leading up to the fort gate must needs hold on to their hat-brims.

"Are the streets usually so crowded?" I asked Peter.

He shook his head, and I accosted a tavernkeeper who stood in his doorway, regarding the passers-by with anticipation of the harvest he would reap later.

" 'Tis his Excellency the governor," he explained. "Master Burnet is come up-river from New York town this morning."

"What is toward?"

"I know not, my master. The governor and Master Colden of his Council have summoned certain gentry and merchants and the officers of the troops to meet them in the

Great Hall of the fort this afternoon."

I thanked him, and passed on.

"Here is great luck for us!" I exclaimed to Corlaer and Ta-wan-ne-ars. "We are saved the trip down-river."

"*Ja*," grunted Peter.

Ta-wan-ne-ars smiled.

"Does my brother already surrender to the spell of the wilderness?" he inquired.

I started, for indeed the Seneca's uncanny inward vision had perceived the question I was then debating in my own mind.

"How knew you that?" I demanded as we shouldered our way through Dutch farmers and burghers, English settlers of the newly opened districts, slaves, patentees, patroons, Indians from the Lower Castle of the Mohawks, frontiersmen and soldiers.

His smile broadened.

"My brother was pleased to think that he need not go down-river."

" 'Tis true," I affirmed. "I have no wish to leave the forest. I find even this village overcrowded to suit me."

Whilst I pondered this we came to the fort gate and gave our names to the sentry who stopped all save the few the governor had summoned to attend upon him. A messenger he dispatched brought back word that we were to enter, and we were escorted across the parade and into the quarters of the commandant adjoining the Great Hall.

Master Colden met us in the doorway.

"Zooks, but I am right glad to see you," he cried. "And his Excellency is overjoyed. But I will leave it to him to express his satisfaction."

He opened an inner door and ushered us into the presence of the governor. Master Burnet rose from the chair in which he was sitting by a flat-topped table which served him for desk, and came forward with hand outstretched.

"Master Ormerod, this could not have been better! I wished above all things for speech with you. Corlaer, I am deeply in your debt. Ta-wan-ne-ars, you have again incurred the gratitude of the province. I shall not forget that you have imperiled your life in our cause."

"Did you receive my report from Oswego, sir?" I asked.

"Certes, 'twas that—and this—" he tapped a document which lay before him on the table—"which brought me here."

He proffered it. 'Twas a report from a secret agent at Montreal, quoting the decision of the French fur-dealers, acting in conjunction with their Government, to raise the price of beaver from two livres, or one shilling six pence in English currency, the pound, to the level of four livres, or three shillings, the established price then prevailing at the English trading-posts.

"That, mind you," continued the governor as I returned the paper to him, "was the first reaction in Canada to the tidings that Murray had succeeded in legitimizing his trade over the Doom Trail."

"We have found the Doom Trail, your Excellency," I said.

"You have done well," he applauded. "Aye, better than I expected of you in so short a time."

"We also slew——"

"I beg your Excellency's indulgence," interrupted Master Colden, "but the gentlemen you bade to meet you are now assembled in the Great Hall. Can not Master Ormerod's report await the conclusion of your interview with them?"

"That would be best," agreed the governor. "But I wish Master Ormerod and his companions to come with me. It may be I shall appeal to them for first-hand testimony."

We deposited our muskets in a corner of the room, and then filed behind Master Burnet and the surveyor-general into the larger chamber adjoining, where some thirty men awaited him. Several were gentry who were members of his council. Three were officers in command of the frontier garrisons. The remainder were merchants, dealing to greater or lesser extent in the fur-trade, the great export staple of the province.

They rose when the governor entered and remained standing until he was seated. Master Colden founds seats for Ta-wan-ne-ars, Peter and me to one side of the room, and we watched with interest the battle which began almost with his Excellency's first word.

HE WASTED no time in preliminaries or generalities. He deposited several papers on the table in front of him, and addressed himself to his task.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I have summoned you to meet me here because a situation has arisen which is of the utmost gravity to the welfare of the province and the

larger interests of his Majesty's realm. Recently I have been in receipt of a communication in the form of a petition signed by many of the chief merchants of the province, beseeching me to abandon my opposition to the retention of the free trade with Canada which is now temporarily secured to them by the action of the Lords of Trade in suspending decision upon the law prohibiting the trade in Indian goods which I secured to be passed last year."

"That petition represented the sober thought of a majority of the merchants and traders, your Excellency," spoke up a prosperous-looking man in the front row facing Master Burnet.

"It may be so," replied the governor. "But I would suggest to you, my friends, that certain knowledge hath come to me which compels me to wonder whether you would persist in this attitude were you acquainted with it. Briefly I have lately obtained definite information that the French are beginning the erection of a stone fort at Jagara."

"There are many such reports in circulation," said another merchant, a hard-featured man with graying hair. "It seems to many of us, sir, that the fault is as much upon our side as upon that of the French. Why must we assail them if they seek to protect their interests?"

"I agree with the principle of what you say, sir," answered the governor patiently. "But in this case, permit me to point out that the territory this side of the Falls of Jagara is secured to us by the Peace of Utrecht. 'Tis not only that the French have no right to construct a fort there. They have no right to maintain a trading-post there.

"Yet my agent talked with the officers in charge, Monsieur de Joncaire and Monsieur de Lery, and they boasted of their intent to erect such a fort as would be a curb on our Indian allies, the Iroquois, and divert to their posts farther up the Cadarakui Lake the fur trade which now comes to us at Irondequoit and Oswego, Schenectady and Albany."

"Your Excellency is needlessly worried concerning the fur-trade," asserted the hard-featured merchant. "What matters it to us the way in which the furs come? They will go ultimately to the people paying the best prices for them, and those people are ourselves."

"I thank you for putting me in the way of bringing forward a most important point," returned the governor suavely. "At the time I received word of the building of the fort at Jagara, I received also this report from an agent in Montreal——"

"Why must we have spies?" interrupted a third merchant.

"To protect our just interests, sir," said the governor, and for the first time a hint of sternness rang in his voice. "This report announces the doubling of the price paid for beaver at the French posts, so that now they are on a par with us."

"We can afford to pay more than we do. London will still take it from us at a profit," rejoined the merchant who had first spoken.

"Aye, sirs," urged the governor; "but do you not see that presently, if things go on as they do the French may increase their price again slowly, a few sous at a time, until they are frankly overbidding you?"

"We will chance that," spoke up several [illegible]

"Trade is trade," cried another. "It goes where the money is."

"Aye, we have no fear," clamored others.

"And let us suppose," resumed the governor, "that the French permit you to draw supplies of furs through them. I can conceive they might do so if it netted them the prices they desire. Does that mean that you will always be safe in expecting to have your wants so filled?"

"To be sure," answered three or four men at once.

"I differ with you," replied Master Burnet. "The fur-trade is not only a means to earn profits. 'Tis a most important stake in securing military success. The nation which controls the fur-trade, my masters, will have the interest of the largest numbers of savages. The nation which owns the support of the most Indian tribes will be the nation superior in extending its territories in time of peace and superior in battle in time of war."

"It ill becomes a plain merchant to take issue with your Excellency," remarked the hard-featured merchant. "And 'tis like to go against me if I do——"

"Speak with entire freedom, sir," interrupted Master Burnet.

"Then I must say, your Excellency, that it seems to me you attach overmuch importance to savage tribes and war. There is enough land in North America for French

and English and Indians, too. But if you go around looking for attack, why, 'tis likely you will bring such a catastrophe upon yourself."

"Hear, hear," cried the bulk of the merchants and traders.

"You mistake me," answered the governor. "I aim to serve your own interests as well as those of his Majesty's other subjects which transcend even yours."

"Trade is everything," snapped the hard-featured merchant.

"So long as 'tis rightly conducted," amended Master Burnet. "Bear in mind, my masters, that the whole history of our possessions on this continent disproves the statement just made that there is land enough for ourselves and the French. The French are the first to dispute this view.

"They plan openly to drive us into the sea. The New France they see in the future will embrace all the settlements of the Atlantic coast together with the inland wilderness."

"If you bait them sufficiently, doubtless they will seek to fight us," asserted a merchant.

"But they know not the English breed if they think to do so," cried a neighbor.

"Or the Dutchman either," said a third.

"Good! That is the spirit I want to arouse," acknowledged the governor, quick to seize what he thought an advantage. "Gentlemen, you have heard some of my evidence. Additional, if you wish it, can be laid before you.

"What I desire from you especially today is your support in a plan I have been considering for moderating the exit of goods to Canada. The volume reached in recent weeks passes all reason. If permitted to continue 'twill exhaust our supplies. It plays directly into the hands of——"

But he was not suffered to continue.

"Free trading!" shouted a group.

"Stick by the law, governor!" warned one.

"The law is the law!" cried a third.

THE prosperous-looking merchant in the front row stood up and made himself heard by pounding his stick on the floor.

"Do I understand your Excellency to mean that you would alter the instructions received from the Lords of Trade?" he asked.

"My plan is rather to amend the carrying out of the law by certain restrictions until I can forward representations on the situation to their lordships," replied Master Burnet steadily.

"But as one of my brethren has just remarked, the law is the law."

"The trouble here, sirs, is that there is no law," declared the governor. "We have the suspension of the law, and in the interim there is no provision for a substitute statute."

"Tush, we want no such law," proclaimed the hard-featured merchant. "Let us not quibble. His Excellency might as well know the truth. Since Master Murray won his case we have been able to sell and buy as we chose. And our coffers have swollen thereby.

"The law was an ill-judged law. It restricted trade, reduced profits. Let the French secure furs if they wish. They may do the dirty work. We will sit back and reap the profits."

"Gentlemen, you still avoid my point," insisted the governor. "The profits you have made recently are unnatural profits, and were you in your right minds you would be the first to appreciate that they can not continue. I should be content to leave your education to the normal processes of time, but for the fact that the French are turning your assistance to account, and we are like to pay heavily to them for it in the long run."

"How?" inquired a skeptical voice.

"By permitting the French to confirm their prestige with the savages, by undermining the confidence in us of those Indian allies we have won hitherto. Your lot will be improved only so long as it pleases the French. If matters continue as they are, the French will force a war at the moment they deem most promising, and likely enough conquer us by reason of the very profits which you say have swollen your coffers."

"Better so mayhap," shouted the hard-featured merchant. "Better have free trade under France than limited trade under England or any other country."

"You talk treason, sir," said the governor coldly. "Moreover, you talk foolishly. There is no freedom of trade in Canada——"

"Well, we have it here; and by ——, we'll keep it as long as we can," replied the merchant.

"That is not like to be very long, my masters," announced a new voice.

ALL eyes were turned to the door. There stood Andrew Murray, a fashionably cut blue plush coat draping his fine shoulders, half-revealing the canary-yellow vest beneath; a beautiful periwig framing his handsome, masterful face; a laced and cocked hat tucked under his arm.

He bowed low to the governor.

"I must beseech your Excellency's pardon for my unheralded entrance," he said. "I am but just arrived in town, and I hastened here to present my case to you."

He swept his eyes over the room as he spoke and fastened them upon my face.

"You are welcome, Master Murray," returned the governor. "Had I known where to reach you I should have invited your attendance."

"I am honored, sir."

Murray bowed again. His eyes passed from me to Peter's stolid features and the calm, impassive face of Ta-wan-ne-ars.

"I venture to intrude upon you," he continued, "because of information I possess which I am sure will be of interest to you and all others who have the prosperity of the province at heart."

"I am interested," said the governor impartially. "Pray state your case, Master Murray."

"I shall do so all the more readily, your Excellency, because I am persuaded you can have no knowledge of the crimes recently committed by persons who represent themselves to be your agents."

"So?" observed the governor.

"Yes, sir," Murray went on. "I see in this room three men whom I charge with the wanton destruction of a large quantity of furs and the murder of two of my servants and a number of friendly Indians."

And that there might be no mistaking the objects of his accusation Murray pointed his forefinger at my comrades and me. A rustle of interest agitated the audience. Murmurs arose and hostile glances were bent upon us.

"Be explicit, if you please," said the governor.

"I will, sir," replied Murray boldly. "The young man known as Harry Ormerod, with Peter Corlaer and a Seneca chief called Ta-wan-ne-ars, raided a fleet of canoes on the shore of the Cadarakui Lake near Oswego and burned hundreds of packs of valuable furs which the far-western savages were bringing in for trade."

"I have heard something of this matter," admitted Master Burnet. "But I understood the savages were in charge of Monsieur de Joncaire, the French commandant at Jagara, and bound for Montreal."

"Monsieur de Joncaire was accompanying them, 'tis true," admitted Murray. "But the savages were bound for my own trading-stations. The loss, which will run into thousands of pounds, will fall upon our New York merchants."

The murmurs grew into an outburst of indignation which the governor quelled with difficulty. But before he could speak Murray continued his attack.

"Nor is that all, your Excellency. These same three men afterwards attacked from ambush and murdered two of my servants, a man named Bolling and a negro——"

"It sticks in my mind that both have been charged with murders of their own in the past," the governor broke in drily.

"They were never convicted of such a crime," returned Murray.

"Bolling was wanted for an attempt upon Master Ormerod's life in New York town," interjected Colden.

"I am not responsible for that," observed Murray. "It shows at best that there was enmity betwixt the two. But surely, my masters, enmity does not call for cold-blooded murder."

There was no misinterpreting the unanimity of the endorsement which his words received. Governor Burnet held up his hand for silence.

"I shall look into Master Murray's charges," he said. "So much, at least, he is entitled to. But first I wish to acquaint him with what I have laid before this gathering, all the more so because he is more vitally interested perhaps than any other.

"Master Murray, I am concerned over the extent to which the fur-trade is passing into French hands, and I am bound to say my information indicates that the French have your assistance in the matter. The quantities of trade-goods going up-river have enormously increased this Summer. They are hundreds of tons in excess of what formerly passed through Albany."

"Doubtless our trading-posts have profited thereby," suggested Murray blandly.

"On the contrary," returned Master Burnet with decision. "Our trading-posts have fared worse, if anything. Aside from the Iroquois, the savages are patronizing more and more the French traders. And as I have told these gentlemen here, the French have increased their trading-stocks already to such an extent that they have been able to establish parity with our prices."

"Yet the volume of furs coming through Albany has increased and not diminished," said Murray.

"What has that to do with the situation I have outlined?" demanded the governor with his first show of impatience.

"Everything, sir."

"I think not. Briefly, Master Murray, I am canvassing the sentiment of our merchants on the advisability of suspending for the time being, to some degree at any rate, the proclamation I issued in response to the action of the Lords of Trade in withholding the assent of his Majesty's government to our law prohibiting the trade in Indian goods with Canada."

Murray took snuff deliberately, and I, who had passed considerable time in his company, did not miss the gleam of frank hostility which showed in his eye.

"I am not surprized," he commented. "I am free to say, your Excellency, that I have noted hitherto a laxness on the part of the provincial authorities in administering the free-trade requirements of their lordships."

"You charge that?" inquired the governor coldly.

"I do, sir. And I give fair warning that, with a view to the best interests of the province and in response to the wishes of the majority of the merchants, I purpose to carry my complaint before the Privy Council at the earliest opportunity."

Governor Burnet rose from his chair. The cordiality was gone from his manner.

"This meeting is dissolved," he pronounced. "No, not a word, gentlemen—" this as several undertook to object—"I still hold his Majesty's commission as governor, and I purpose to secure assent to my authority by one means or another.

"I have striven to reason with you. I shall now proceed as seems best to me. Master Murray, file your charges in writing and be prepared to bear testimony in their defense. You may go."

CHAPTER XXIV

AN APPEAL TO THE LONG HOUSE

THE door of the Great Hall closed on the last of the turbulent group.

"But, your Excellency," I protested, "why do you permit Murray to make such charges without bringing up against him the information we gathered at La Vierge du Bois? Sure, 'tis some measure of offense to apply torture to a fellow-countryman; and for the rest, there is the testimony of Ta-wan-neears to corroborate me."

Governor Burnet shook his head sadly.

"Naught would have pleased that clever rascal more than to have had me confront him with you, Master Ormerod. You forget that unfortunately your own past is somewhat clouded in the eyes of the law. Did I charge him with anything on your evidence, he would assail you for a known Jacobite and outlaw, and whatever counter-charges we might make he would dismiss as mere efforts to offset your guilt."

"But——"

"No, sir, it may not be. Do you not agree with me, Colden?"

"I fear you are right, sir," replied the surveyor-general. "Murray hath worked up an intrigue which can not lightly be exposed. He hath set the entire province awry."

"'Tis that very state which concerns me most!" exclaimed the governor. "In my own Council I can not feel sure of a vote of approval upon any measure which would go contrary to the fancied interests of these mad merchants. So rabid have they grown that I dared bring with me from New York only Master Surveyor-General, here. And of those from this neighborhood I might rely upon none others than Master Livingston and Captain Schuyler. The officers of the troops would obey my commands, and in all probability endorse my policy; but frankly I dare not force the issue."

"Why, 'tis incredible, your Excellency," I cried with heat. "Here we have, beside myself, Peter Corlaer, who is surely known for trustworthy, if I am not. And Ta-wan-ne-ars is a chief as well as a man of education, even according to white men's standards. Must we suffer this self-confessed traitor to escape scot-free?"

The governor abandoned his chair and paced the length of the hall, his hands

clasped behind him. Five times he traversed it from the rough fireplace to the double doors hewn out of shaggy oak-slabs. Then he shook his head again.

"I dare not, Master Omerod. Unfortunately, as I have said, and through no fault of your own, you are discredited in advance as a witness. Peter is known for a sturdy hater of the French and devoted to me and to those who think as I do, notably your friend Master Juggins in London.

"Ta-wan-ne-ars is an Indian. He will acquit me of intent to offend if I say openly that my enemies will refuse to accept his word against that of a great merchant like Murray."

"Ga-en-gwa-ra-go is the friend of Ta-wan-ne-ars," said the Seneca. "He speaks with a straight tongue. It is better to hear what is unpleasant than to listen to smooth speeches which deceive."

The governor turned swiftly upon him.

"I thank you, chief," he answered. "You make it plain to me that I can speak to you without concealment."

"That is true," said Ta-wan-ne-ars gravely.

Governor Burnet hesitated a moment, deep in thought.

"There is no other way," he decided suddenly. "Draw up your chairs. I have much to ask of you, and 'tis no more than fair that I should present for you all the facts in the case.

"As I conceive the situation, the fate of this province and its neighbor colonies, as well as the sovereignty and prosperity of Great Britain, are at stake. And the future of the People of the Long House is intimately bound up with that of our people, as I think Ta-wan-ne-ars will concede."

"Ga-en-gwa-ra-go speaks always with a straight tongue," replied the Seneca sententiously.

"Advices from Paris," continued the governor, "state that the Pretender has been called to the Louvre on two occasions for secret conferences. The Duke of Berwick is gone to Spain—'tis reported to arrange for contingents of troops. Master Ormerod will understand the seriousness of such news.

"I need not acquaint you with the preparations the French are making upon this continent, but it may interest you to know that the Duke of Newcastle has been pleased to write me, remonstrating over my inability to get along better with the prominent man of the province. This I deem most significant, for it is no more than the voice of Murray speaking through the medium of his Grace's pen.

"'Tis for this reason as much as any other that I do not care to lock horns with Murray. To do so might very well secure my own recall, and that would leave the way open for Murray to prosecute his designs without any check whatsoever.

"I am in an *impasse*, gentlemen. In London a corrupt ministry is more interested in the spoils of office than in intelligent rule. In New York a powerful coterie of merchants, who have discovered a way by which, they are persuaded, they can all grow rich in a few years, have permitted themselves to become the active tools of an ingenious mind which would purchase the return of the Stuarts at the price of handing over to French rule the British domain in North America.

"My sole reliance today is upon a few personal friends like yourselves—and the political keenness and military energy of the Iroquois."

Master Burnet bent his gaze upon Ta-wan-ne-ars, sitting erect in a plain wooden chair, the natural dignity of the Seneca offsetting the incongruity of his half-naked figure, the wolf's-head of his clan sprawled across his chest, with the civilized furnishings of the Great Hall.

"Ta-wan-ne-ars is listening," said the Indian.

"That is well," answered the governor. "For what I am about to say is of the utmost importance to Ta-wan-ne-ars and his race. You have heard me admit my impotence. You know that the rule of the English is in danger. Will you go with my ambassadors, Master Ormerod and Peter Corlaer, to the Ho-yar-na-go-war, the Council of the *roy-an-ehs*, and support them in asking for the intervention of the Long House to smash the Doom Trail and Murray's conspiracy to win control of the fur-trade from our hands?"

TA-WAN-NE-ARS rose and his right arm went up in the Iroquois salute.

"Ta-wan-ne-ars will do as Ga-en-gwa-ra-go asks," his deep voice boomed.

Governor Burnet drew a deep breath of relief.

"I thank you, my brother," he said. "You have relieved the load of sorrows I have carried. I ask you this, you understand, not alone as a favor, an act of friendship, but because I believe, as I think your people will come to believe when they consider it, that the success of Murray's plot will mean the crushing of the Long House by the French."

"Ga-en-gwa-ra-go need not argue with Ta-wan-ne-ars," the Seneca responded. "Ta-wan-ne-ars believes as he does. Moreover, Murray and his friends are not the friends of the Long House, and we have old scores to wipe out in their blood. If my brothers, Ormerod and Corlaer, are ready, we will leave at once."

Colden, who had been looking out of the window upon the fort parade, came quickly across the room.

"It will be best to await darkness," he advised. "The town is full of people, and amongst them may be some of Murray's desperadoes. His tools were not exhausted with the deaths of Tom and Bólling."

"That is so," approved the governor. "And it serves to remind me that you have further details of your adventures to acquaint me with. Do you stay and dine with me, and whilst we eat we may discuss affairs and take account of how to combat our enemies. By the way, Colden, where is the Belt of the Covenant Chain?"

The surveyor-general drew from a traveling-trunk in a corner a band of wampum about three feet long and eight inches wide. Crudely woven into it in different colored beads were the figures of an Indian and a white man with hands joined. The governor examined it curiously.

"This belt was given to me by To-do-da-ho," he said, turning to me. "He bade me, at any time I required speech with him or desired his friendship and assistance, to send it to him as a reminder of his pledge of alliance. I entrust it to your hands, Master Ormerod."

Several hours later, when the lights of Albany were gleaming through the night, the governor said good-by to us at a sally-port. He offered no parting advice, indulged in no rounded homilies. That was not his way. He had laid all his cards before us on the table; he had taken us completely into his confidence; he had told us how much depended upon our effort. He was content with that.

"A safe journey," he called cheerily, "and whatever William Burnet may do for you, doubt not he will attempt."

That was all.

We set our feet to the Great Trail and made camp toward morning in the woods beyond Schenectady, deeming it best not to show ourselves in the settlements.

OUR journey was uneventful. We rapidly traversed the Mohawk and Oneida countries, and came presently to Ka-na-ta-go-wa, the seat of the Council-Fire of the Great League, where To-do-da-ho dwelt. Ta-wan-ne-ars' brothers of the Wolf Clan made us welcome and sent a messenger to the venerable *roy-an-eh*, announcing the arrival of a party of ambassadors from Ga-en-gwa-ra-go. The following morning we were invited to the Council-House.

In the oblong, high-roofed bark building, with the undying fire burning in its center, To-do-da-ho sat amongst his brother *roy-an-ehs*, the chiefs and Keepers of the Faith. Ta-wan-ne-ars pointed them out to me: To-nes-sa-ah of the Beaver Clan; Da-at-ga-dose and Sa-da-kwa-ha of the Bear; Ga-nea-da-je-wake of the Snipe; and so on. To-do-da-ho himself was a wrinkled wisp of a man who would have seemed a corpse as he crouched down, burdened with heavy robes, but for the warm brightness of his eyes that glowed from under beetling brows.

He made me welcome in a speech of high-sounding phrases, which Ta-wan-ne-ars translated; and I replied as best I could through the same medium, confining my remarks to expressions of the honor I felt in being so received and the affection in which the *roy-an-eh* and his people were held by the governor. We smoked the ceremonial pipe as usual, and the council broke up.

The real business was transacted the next day when we three had speech privately with To-do-da-ho, and I gave him the Belt of the Covenant Chain and the message of the governor. He heard me out in silence, and sat for a while smoking, his eyes fixed on vacancy. This was his answer:

"I have heard your words, O white man whose name I can not say. Ta-wan-ne-ars, whom I have known since he was a boy, says that you speak with a straight tongue, but I did not need his endorsement of you. I am a very old man, and the one thing I

have learned in life has been to tell true talk from false. I hope that you will soon be given an Indian name, so that we can speak to you more politely.

"Moreover, I know, too, that Ga-en-gwa-ra-go would not have sent to me a messenger with a belt who could not be trusted. Therefore I answer you with a straight tongue.

"What Ga-en-gwa-ra-go says by your mouth is so. I have watched with uneasiness the efforts of the French to control the fur-trade. So have many of our wise men, but most of our people are busy with their hunting and other affairs and they do not consider such matters. In this they are much like the white people.

"Ga-en-gwa-ra-go says that it is to the interest of the People of the Long House to break down the Doom Trail. I agree with him. But Ga-en-gwa-ra-go is a ruler of men, and he knows it is always difficult to induce a people to take a difficult course of action unless the suggestion comes from their midst. My counsel to you is that you continue on along the Great Trail to the country of the Senecas, and give the message of Ga-en-gwa-ra-go to Do-ne-ho-ga-weh, the Guardian of the Western Door.

"The Frenchman de Veulle has taken away the daughter of Do-ne-ho-ga-weh, and you tell me that he has used her to set up a foul religion amongst the renegade Keepers of the Doom Trail. Murray is equally guilty with de Veulle in this matter. Do-ne-ho-ga-weh has a just cause for vengeance against them.

"Let him, as Guardian of the Western Door, send out belts for a meeting of the Ho-yar-na-go-war, giving warning that the Franch are building a fort at Jagara to be a menace against us and that they are encouraging Murray in his disregard of the rights of the Long House. So he will arouse the resentment of our people much better than could be done if I acted solely on the suggestion of Ga-en-gwa-ra-go."

"Will you support Do-ne-ho-ga-weh in a demand for an expedition against the Doom Trail?" I asked.

"I will," he replied.

There was no more to be said, and we resumed our journey that day. Peter and Ta-wan-ne-ars both approved of To-do-da-ho's suggestion. And indeed, as I thought it over, its sagacity became more and more apparent. 'Tis the instinct of any people to be suspicious of requests for assistance from outside their own ranks.

We sent messengers on ahead of us, and traveled leisurely, arriving at De-o-nun-da-ga-a on the sixth day after starting from Ka-na-ta-go-wa. Outside the village we encountered a party of young warriors of the Wolf Clan, who strung the scalps of Bolling, Tom and their Cahnuagas on a lance and marched before us in a kind of triumphal procession.

The splendid old Guardian of the Western Door, attended by his counselors and retainers, met us at the village limits and escorted us to the Council-House, where there was high feasting and a rendition of the Trotting Dance which is used to open councils or welcome ambassadors.

"*Ya-ho-we-ya-ha!*" chanted the leader.

"*Ha-ha!*" replied the dancers.

"*Ga-no-oh-he-ya!*" yelled the leader.

"*Wa-ha-ah-he-ya!*" howled the dancers.

"*Ya-wa-no-he-ya!*" sang the leader.

"*Wa-ha-ah-ha!*" came the rumbling response.

WAS ON our former visit 'twas late at night when Do-ne-ho-ga-weh slipped back to our quarters, and we were able to talk freely of our mission. First, however, Ta-wan-ne-ars must recount our adventures at La Vierge du Bois and the scouting of the Doom Trail.

The *roy-an-eh's* face became convulsed with passion as Ta-wan-ne-ars described, in words I did not need to understand, the part which Ga-ha-no played in the evil life of the Keepers of the Trail. His hand played with the hilt of his scalping-knife as Ta-wan-ne-ars narrated how Peter and I had slain Red Death and Black Death.

Then Ta-wan-ne-ars translated my message from the governor and the advice of To-do-da-ho. I stressed the fort at Jagara, repeating excerpts of the conversation of Joncaire and de Lery. I told him of the increase in the price of furs at Montreal, the vast quantities of trade-goods which were passing over the Doom Trail and the unwillingness of the New York merchants to understand the political aspects of the French policy in permitting them to reap such golden profits. I emphasized the attitude toward the People of the Long House which the French would take once they had fastened their grip on the fur-trade and were safely entrenched at Jagara.

"Two things may be done, O *roy-an-eh*," I concluded. "Ga-en-gwa-ra-go might take up the hatchet against the French on behalf of Go-weh-go-wa and destroy the new fort at Jagara, or the People of the Long House might descend upon the Keepers of the Trail and destroy La Vierge du Bois, and its wickedness. For Ga-en-gwa-ra-go to take up the hatchet would mean a long war, with much bloodshed, even if his people would obey him. For the People of the Long House to smash the Doom Trail would mean the use of one large war-party and at most a few weeks on the war-path. If the Doom Trail is smashed you need not worry over the fort at Jagara, for with Murray gone Ga-en-gwa-ra-go can soon control his own people, and we will dispose of Joncaire in due time. 'Tis for you to choose."

"*Yo-hay!*" [1] answered Do-ne-ho-ga-weh. "Your words have entered my ears, friend of my nephew. They are pleasant to me. I like to hear them. They arouse thoughts of the pain I wish to visit upon my enemies.

"I am much pleased that To-do-da-ho suggested you should come to me. It is true, as he says, that the People of the Long House will be more eager to fight if the appeal is made to them by one of their own leaders. I will make such an appeal.

"We will summon a council of the Senecas to meet tomorrow. I will present what you have told me to them. We will send out belts to the Cayugas, the Onondagas, the Oneidas, the Tuscaroras, the Mohawks. You shall come with me to the Ho-yar-na-go-war and hear me make good my promises.

"*Na-ho!*"

He knocked the ashes from his pipe, and rose to go; but in the doorway he tarried strangely.

"Has Do-ne-ho-ga-weh more to say to me?" I asked him through Ta-wan-ne-ars.

"Have you a father, white man?" he answered.

"My father is dead."

"My son is dead, also. He died many years ago. I have a nephew—" a stern smile lighted his austere face—"but I would not have him otherwise.

"White man, your enemy is my enemy. You are a brave warrior. You are the friend of Ta-wan-ne-ars. Will you become my son?"

"*Ja, ja*," muttered Peter in my ear as Ta-wan-ne-ars translated with impartial accuracy. "Idt is a greadt honor."

"If Do-ne-ho-ga-weh thinks that I am worthy to be his son I shall accept his offer with pride," I replied.

"Good," he said phlegmatically, and his arm lifted in the gesture of salutation. "Tomorrow the Keepers of the Faith shall raise you up and find you a vacant name on the roll of the Wolf Clan."

CHAPTER XXV

THE COUNCIL OF THE *roy-an-ehs*

THE statesmen and warriors of the Senecas had come by hundreds to attend the tribal council at De-o-nun-da-ga-a. They squatted in serried ranks around the open place in the middle of the village where stood the *ga-on-dote*, or war-post, where public assemblies were held, where war-parties gathered when setting off upon expeditions, where prisoners were tortured and victories were celebrated.

They had come from near and far, from Nun-da-wa-o, the ancient village at the head of the Canandaigua Lake, which was the cradle of the tribe, and from the most remote *ga-na-sote* and the farthest frontiers of the immense domain which was ruled by the Keepers of the Western Door.

In front sat the eight *roy-an-ehs* and the two hereditary war-chiefs, the Wardens of the Door, the elective chiefs who had displayed merit in battle or negotiation, the Keepers of the Faith—and one white man, who was yet a Seneca, myself. Behind stretched row on row of warriors and huntsmen, and back of them the women and children.

The ceremonies were brief and were divided into two sessions upon different days. The first session was occupied mainly by the speech of Do-ne-ho-ga-weh, explaining why he had summoned the council and pleading for authorization of the sending of belts to the other nations of the League so that the Ho-yar-na-go-wat might be convened. He spoke at length in the midst of a silence so intense that the rustling of robes could be heard.

"You have heard my cause, O my people," he framed his peroration. "You know that the French have ravished one of the fairest daughters of the tribe. You know that I have been deeply wronged. You

[1] "I have heard—I have understood."

know that at Jagara, on land which is our land as much as that on which you now sit, the French are building a fort, and that they boast it will be a chain by which they will bind us in the future.

"You know that they scheme to gather into their own hands the fur-trade with the western tribes, so that we may no longer exact tribute of those who would pass through our territories to trade with the English. You know that ever since Onontio came to Quebec the French have been our enemies, and the English have been our friends. You know that these men, Murray and de Veulle, who have stolen my daughter, who have debased our ancient religion, who have deluded so many of the white men, who have built the foul nest of fiends who guard the Doom Trail, are the servants of the French.

"I ask you for vengeance. I ask you for the right to go before the Ho-yar-na-go-war. I speak with a straight tongue. I have witnesses by me. One is my nephew, Ta-wan-ne-ars. You know him. The other is O-te-ti-an-i,[2] my white son, who is a brother of the Wolf Clan.

"They are Senecas. They have been to Jagara, and talked with the Frenchmen there. They were carried captives to La Vierge du Bois, and escaped. They have seen the evil which is at work. They have found the secret of the Doom Trail, and they will lead our warriors to it.

"If you will follow them, O my people, you will gain rich spoils and take many scalps. The cries of your captives will delight your ears. Your families will be proud of you.

"Na-ho!"

The council broke up into separate councils of the five clans of the tribe, the Bear, Wolf, Turtle, Snipe and Hawk. After the clan councils had come to agreement, the *roy-an-ehs* of the several clans, as spokesmen, met and reached a joint agreement. Their response was made at the second session of the tribal council on the following day by Ga-ne-o-di-yo of the Turtle Clan, the senior *roy-an-eh* of the tribe.

"We have heard the pleas of the Guardian of the Western Door," he said. "We have discussed the stories told by Ta-wan-ne-ars and O-te-ti-an-i. We believe that all three have spoken with straight tongues. We believe that the Frenchman de Veulle has put a slight upon us, as well as upon Do-ne-ho-ga-weh and Ta-wan-ne-ars.

"We believe that Murray means harm to us. We believe that the trade over the Doom Trail is as dangerous to us as to the English. We believe that the French are our enemies.

"It is the judgment of the council that belts be sent to the brother nations for the meeting of the Ho-yar-na-go-war. Let the Counselors of the People decide what course is best.

"Na-ho!"

"Yo-hay!" echoed the audience.

THAT night the messengers were dispatched. They traveled night and day, with only the barest necessary intervals for food and sleep, and as they passed from nation to nation, the People of the Long House stirred with expectancy.

The Supreme Council of the League was summoned. Great events were under way. And on the heels of the messengers flowed a steadily swelling stream of men, women and children, for every family that had completed the harvest and Fall hunting was determined to be present upon so momentous an occasion.

The delegates of the Senecas found the Great Trail already choked with humanity when they set out from Nun-da-wa-o a week behind the messengers. It was like some highway of civilized life, with the difference that the current ran in but one direction. The faces of all were turned eastward toward the Onondaga Lake.

But when we reached the outskirts of Ka-na-ta-go-wa we encountered a second stream flowing westward. Senecas and Cayugas met and mingled with Oneidas, Tuscaroras and Mohawks, and Onondagas viewed the extraordinary confluence of people with grave interest.

The shores of the Onondaga Lake and the valley of the Onondaga River were outlined by the myriad camp-fires which marked the temporary habitations of this migratory swarm. The principal personages, of course, were entertained by their clan brethren in the Onondaga villages. But for the rank and file 'twas an occasion calling for the Indian's instinctive ability to make much out of nothing. Lodges of sticks and bark and skins, with fires in the doorways, sufficed for hundreds of families, and whole villages

[2] "Always Ready."

sprang up in a day, each grouped about some strong or well-known personality, a favorite orator or successful war-chief, whose name was appropriated for the site.

Dancing and games, trials of skill with weapons, singing and feasting and story-telling occupied the time of the multitudes to whom the Ho-yar-na-go-war was an opportunity for escaping the monotony of forest life. They left to their leaders the serious business of government.

The *roy-an-ehs* of the different tribes visited one another; consultations were held; and Do-ne-ho-ga-weh, Ta-wan-ne-ars, Peter and myself were called upon again and again to repeat our arguments and offer the evidence we had gathered. In this way the *roy-an-ehs* familiarized themselves with the subject in advance of its formal presentation. 'Twas their habitual method whenever possible, I was told.

It must have been a week after our arrival that Ta-wan-ne-ars entered the Council-House of the Onondaga Wolves and announced the belated arrival of the Tuscarora delegation.

"It ill becomes the youngest nation of the League to come last," remarked Do-ne-ho-ga-weh.

"Aye, and all the more so when they are allowed to appear only by courtesy," rejoined Ta-wan-ne-ars.

"How is that?" I asked, full of curiosity to familiarize myself with the novel customs of my adopted people.

"The Founders of the Long House created the fixed number of *roy-an-ehs* and divided them amongst the five original nations," explained Ta-wan-ne-ars whilst Do-ne-ho-ga-weh resumed his interrupted conversation with several Oneida Wolves. "When the Tuscaroras and other nations applied for the protection of the League it was given with the understanding that they could not disrupt our ancient organization. In the case of the Tuscaroras, however, because they had been a great nation, we gave them the privilege of being represented at the Ho-yar-na-go-war, although their representatives may not take part in the deliberations.

"How many of the *roy-an-ehs* will attend?"

"All of the forty-eight are here."

"Is that the total?"

"No, brother. The Founders created fifty places, but when they themselves died it was determined that no other men should ever hold their names. So, as the Founders were both Mohawks, that tribe today has but seven, instead of the nine, *roy-an-ehs* apportioned to it, and when the Keeper of the Wampum calls the roll of the *roy-an-ehs* tomorrow there will be no answer to two of the names—unless it be that Da-ga-no-we-da and Ha-yo-wont-ha make answer from their lodges in the Halls of the Ho-no-che-no-keh."

THAT afternoon To-do-da-ho proclaimed the meeting of the Ho-yar-na-go-war for the next day, and my friends busied themselves in oiling their skins, painting their clan emblems and donning their choicest garments. In the morning the delegations of the six nations left their headquarters, and marched with slow dignity to the Council-Ground, a broad meadow on the edge of the forest above the river valley.

In the center of the meadow a fire had been kindled from brands of the sacred, undying Council-Fire which burned in the Council-House and had burned in one spot or another of the Onondaga Valley ever since that dim day, far, far back in the remote past of history, when the Long House was built.

Around the fire the *roy-an-ehs* ranged themselves, each with his assistant behind him. Of them all only Do-ne-ho-ga-weh was allowed two supporters, and I had been permitted to take the place of one of these—that of So-no-se-wa, the junior hereditary war-chief, who had been left at De-o-nun-da-ga-a to maintain the guard on the all-important Western Door. With Ta-wan-ne-ars beside me to give necessary instructions, I stood at Do-ne-ho-ga-weh's back and watched the imposing ceremonies.

My task was to hold the skin robe of the *roy-an-eh* upon which he sat during the deliberations. Ta-wan-ne-ars carried a bundle of red-cedar fagots, denoting that the Council was held to decide a question of war. Had its object been peaceful the fagots would have been of white cedar.

In the center of the circle, on the eastern side, stood the Keeper of the Wampum, Ho-yo-we-na-to, an Onondaga Wolf and seventh of the *roy-an-ehs* of his nation.

"Are you all here, *roy-an-ehs* of the Ho-de-no-sau-nee?" he called.

"We are all here," replied the *roy-an-ehs*.

"Now, then," he continued, "behold, I call the roll of you, you who were the Great Ones, you who were the Shining Ones, you who were joined with the Founders. And First I call the roll of the peoples. Are you here, O Da-go-e-ó-ga, the Shield People?"

"We are here, O Keeper," replied Da-ga-e-o-ga, senior *roy-an-eh* of the Mohawks.

"Are you here, O Ho-de-san-no-ge-ta, the Name-Bearers?"

"We are here," replied To-do-da-ho for the Onondagas.

"Are you here, O Ho-nan-ne-ho-ont, the Keepers of the Door?"

"We are here," replied Ga-ne-o-di-yo for the Senecas.

"Are you here, O Ne-ar-de-on-dar-go-war, the Great Tree People?"

"We are here," replied Ho-das-ha-teh, senior *roy-an-eh* of the Oneidas.

"Are you here, O So-nus-ho-gwa-to-war, Great Pipe People?"

"We are here," replied Da-ga-a-yo of the Cayuga Deers.

"Are you here, O Dus-ga-o-weh-o-no, Shirt-Wearing People?"

"We are here," echoed a Tuscarora chief from the position of his people just outside the charmed circle of the *roy-an-ehs*.

Ho-yo-we-na-to raised his arms in a gesture of invocation.

"The peoples are here, O Founders who sit aloft with Ha-wen-ne-yu. Heed ye now, O peoples. I begin the Roll of the Great Ones."

And his resonant voice sounded like trumpet-blasts blown for a victory as he intoned the names of the *roy-an-ehs*, beginning with Da-ga-e-o-ga of the Mohawk Turtles and ending with Do-ne-ho-ga-weh of the Seneca Wolves. When, immediately after the name of Da-ga-e-o-ga, he called the names of the Founders, Ha-yo-wont-ha and Da-ga-no-we-da, he paused, and the immense concourse of Indians who stood and sat around the fringes of the meadow all turned their eyes skyward, as if expecting some demonstration from the Shining Ones.

Again the Keeper of the Wampum raised his arms in invocation. Then he took from the ground at his feet belt after belt of wampum, and from the designs woven into them he recited, clearly and rapidly the principal events in the recorded history of the League and the rules prescribed for the conduct of the Ho-yar-na-go-war. At the end of his recitative, which was crudely rhythmical, he addressed himself once more to the assemblage.

Under his direction the skin robes of the *roy-an-ehs* were deposited on the ground with the fagots in front of them. The Mohawks, Onondagas and Senecas, the senior nations, who were brothers to each other, were ranged on the eastern half of the circle, with the rising sun at their backs. The Cayugas and Oneidas, who were sons to the three senior nations, with the Tuscaroras sitting behind them, were on the western side.

The Keeper of the Wampum next set fire to his own fagot by friction, and then passed around the circle, setting each fagot alight, so that a circle of little fires blazed up around the sacred Council-Fire. When all the fires were going he returned to his place and led the *roy-an-ehs* in a stately procession three times around the circle, each turning from time to time as he walked, so as to expose both sides of his person to the heat in typification of the warming influence of their mutual affections.

With the completion of the third round the fagots had been burned to cinders; the *roy-an-ehs* were all seated; and the deliberations of the Council were begun, the direction of affairs passing simultaneously from the hands of the Keeper of the Wampum to To-do-da-ho.

"We are met, O my brethren," began the venerable Onondaga, "to decide whether or no we shall lift the hatchet. Do-ne-ho-ga-weh speaks for the Keepers of the Door who ask for war."

There would be no point in repeating Do-ne-ho-ga-weh's oration. It was masterly, superior even to the address by which he carried his own people with him. The intervening days had given him time for thought and his statements were the more convincing, his figures more polished, his arguments more closely reasoned.

He arraigned the whole history of the intercourse of the French with the League. He described how de Veulle had lured away Ga-ha-no as a young maid. He expanded the designs of Murray and his French allies. He touched glowingly upon the friendship of the English. He pointed out how the fortunes of the two peoples had become intertwined.

The *roy-an-ehs* and the attendant throngs sat phlegmatically through it all. An audience of white men must have applauded or

derided so positive a speaker, and I expressed my fears to Ta-wan-ne-ars. He smiled.

"It is the custom of my people," he whispered. "Wait, brother, until the speeches in answer come."

At last Do-ne-ho-ga-weh sat down. An interval of some minutes elapsed. Then a *roy-an-eh* of the Mohawks arose.

"My people have been much concerned over the power which Murray has acquired," he said. "But it has seemed to us that it was more dangerous to Ga-en-gwa-ra-go than to us. Why do not the English scotch this snake in their midst?"

Do-ne-ho-ga-weh explained succinctly the situation which existed in New York. A Cayuga responded, expressing amazement that the English, who were usually so sensible, should act in such a childish manner. He concluded by asking if the League might expect the help of the English in an attack upon the Doom Trail.

This was the most difficult point we had to overcome, and Do-ne-ho-ga-weh replied with circumspection.

"It is true, as my brother has said," he answered, "that we might expect the English to move with us in this matter. But my friends among the English send me word that their people are blinded for the moment by the falsities of Murray and the French. Their counsels are divided.

"Ga-en-gwa-ra-go would welcome our action, and would support it and protect us from the vengeance of France. But he would find it difficult to act himself."

"If Ga-en-gwa-ra-go will not act, why should the League act?" demanded the Cayuga.

"Because it is to the interest of our people to act even more than it is to the interest of the English," retorted Do-ne-ho-ga-weh with impassioned energy. "Already the English are more numerous than we are. They have strong forts. We have only the forest. They have brothers across the Great Water who will aid them. We have only the uncertain aid of our allies and subject tribes.

"Some day the French will try to drive the English from the land, but before they can do that they must destroy our League. It is we who will feel the first blow, and Murray's trade over the Doom Trail and his bands of Keepers of the Trail are in preparation for the destruction of the Long House. If you wait, O my people, you will perish. If you strike now you will live and the League will continue.

"The decision is in your hands. If you fight for the English you will survive and grow stronger. If you fight for the French or if you do not fight for the English, you will slowly be crippled and in a little time you will be no more feared than the Mohicans or the Eries.

"*Na-hol*"

THAT was the last speech of the day, and the Council adjourned, only, as in the case of the Seneca's tribal council, to dissolve into minor councils of the *roy-an-ehs* of the different clan groups in each tribe. These continued throughout the following day, and as the *roy-an-ehs* of one clan agreed they consulted amongst themselves with the *roy-an-ehs* of another clan group, and so gradually the representatives of an entire tribe came to an accord.

When the representatives of each tribe had reached the unanimity which was required by the laws of the League, they discussed the situation informally with the *roy-an-ehs* of the other tribe; and on the fifth day To-do-da-ho summoned the final and decisive session of the Ho-yar-na-go-war.

The preliminary ceremonies were brief. After an invocation to the Great Spirit by the Keeper of the Wampum, To-do-da-ho delivered the common judgment of the *roy-an-ehs*.

"Murray and the Keepers of the Doom Trail are the enemies of the Long House. We must break them now before they grow too powerful. Therefore we have decided to take up the hatchet against them. But we shall send word to Ga-en-gwa-ra-go, appealing to him, by virtue of the covenant chain between us, to support us against the vengeance of the French. This is the decision of the Ho-yar-na-go-war, O my people."

"*Yo-hay!*" answered the *roy-an-ehs*.

And the thousands of people in the meadow echoed the shout.

Do-ne-ho-ga-weh stood up.

"I have a favor to ask of the Council, O my brothers," he said. "Will you relieve me of my duties as Guardian of the Western Door so that I may raise the warriors who will go against the Doom Trail?"

"The request of Do-ne-ho-ga-weh is granted," replied To-do-da-ho after a short consultation with the *roy-an-ehs*. "Let him set up the war-post and strike it with his hatchet. Many brave warriors will be glad to follow so famous a chief. So-no-so-wa, who now holds the Door, shall continue his watch until Do-ne-ho-ga-weh returns to tell of the many scalps he took."

The bystanders responded with the war-whoop; but my attention was diverted by a young Onondaga who attempted to explain something to me in his dialect. Seeing I could not understand, Ta-wan-ne-ars approached and listened to him, a look of astonishment creasing his usually impassive face.

"The Onondaga says that a Frenchman has come to the village who claims to have a message for you," translated the Seneca.

"For me? Who can it be from?"

But even as I asked, a sense of foreboding gripped me.

"I do not know, brother. Let us hasten and find out."

We pushed our way through the masses of warriors already beginning the war-dance, and ran between the vegetable gardens toward Ka-na-ta-go-wa, the roofs of whose long houses showed above the tree-tops of the lower ground.

TO BE CONCLUDED

BALIN'-WIRE

by Earl H. Emmons

YOU can talk about the hair-pin and its wide and varied fame,
And of female ingenuity in handlin' of the same;
But for plain and fancy genius—now—the bird that I admire
Is a tough old Black Hills *hombre* with a piece of balin'-wire.

You can go from Boyd to Rapid, or from Deadwood to the Gap;
Stop at Custer; climb to Harney; wander all around the map;
Go by rail or trail or roadway where and far as you desire,
But there's nowhere you can go and get away from balin'-wire.

You will see it on the ranches, in the mines and at the mills;
It's been used for mendin' ev'ry tool that's used around the Hills;
If a feller cracks a single-tree or loosens up a tire,
Or splits a tongue, or breaks a spring, he grabs for balin'-wire.

On a harness it can substitute from tugs an' reins to bit;
You can twist it into scores of tools, and weave a bunk with it;
As a mule-whip its authority is quite severe and dire;
And there's been some rustlers in the Hills got hanged with balin'-wire.

It will take the place of nails or make a handle for a pail.
You can anchor up yer pants with it, in case suspenders fail;
And it's good for hundreds more of other things, if you inquire—
And the Hills would not be settled yet, except for bailin'-wire.

The Turtle and the Jack-Rabbit*

An Adventure of "Tackline" Brady

by STANLEY S. SCHNETZLER

Author of "Tackline's Adventure"

IN MELODY and volume of sound the forecastle of the *Petrel* once again resembled a trainload of iron bars crossing a wooden bridge. There was the same rasping crash of discords, the same recurrent jangle of minor notes.

The entire argument centered on whether American consuls were appointed to keep countrymen out of jail, or to free them after they had actually been locked up. In general the distinction seems rather unimportant. In this particular instance, however, it was highly momentous.

"Tackline" Brady, champion bantamweight talker of the Fleet, was insisting, in a buck-saw voice:

"Consuls don't draw much water nowhere. Like Jonah, they're rotten fishers but good bait. They're just meant to hang around to catch the big, foreign whales."

Promptly there was an interruption. High above the falsetto chatter of apprentice seamen and landsmen-for-training boomed Bosun Jerry Dougherty's husky, sea-lion voice—

"You ain't none of you got nō sense; that's as plain as Tackline's Adam's apple——"

Tackline realized that this was an affront. To gain adequate attention for his red-hot reply he vaulted to the mess-table, alighting jauntily with one foot in a plate of Chili-beans and the other in a bowl of slumgullion.

"I may have a skinny neck, old porpoise," he shouted, glaring pointedly at Jerry, "but I'll tell the world I ain't got no fat head. You should've been in the black gang anyhow, instead of the deck force. With that hot line of yours we could make five extra knots easy if you was down in the engine-room."

Jerry had grown fat and was given to puffing, so he disliked the allusion to "porpoise."

"Aw, pipe down, you quartermaster—third class," he countered, a retort of his, hallowed by constant usage.

It referred to the regrettable fact that, though Tackline had fought and cursed his way from quartermaster third class to first class in the surprizingly short space of six months, he had promptly returned to third class in less than that many days.

"Pipe down? Who should pipe down?" shouted Tackline, now thoroughly encouraged by his ability to hold the remainder of his audience. "Who are you telling to pipe down? Who was it, I ask you, cleaned out José Toredo's place? Who was it got Margarita her wicker furniture of very fine quality? And now who is it's going to jail? Who but the handsome Mr. Brady?"

Leaning his scrawny five feet two slowly to one side, he picked up a lumpy, ponderous heel of "sea-going" bread that lay on the table near his feet. Then, tensing his bony knock-knees for balance, he shouted, "Now who's the bone-dome says I should pipe down?" meanwhile heaving the heel of bread at Jerry Dougherty's fat, self-contented face.

* *Copyright, 1921, by Stanley S. Schnetzler.*

Instantaneously Jerry ducked, a face appeared at the top of the laddder, the heel of bread crashed on the rim of the iron hatchway with a vibrating thump, and a plebeyear ensign suggested gently through a barrage of bread-crust—

"Officer of the deck says you should pipe down."

There was a prompt chorus of "Aye, aye, sirs."

Tackline lifted his feet soggily from the clinging lunch into which he had bounded, and the argument subsided into mumbles and murmurs.

In the wardroom on the opposite side of the thin steel bulkhead the captain sighed in grateful relief.

"A typical forecastle argument, I suppose—a broad statement, a quick denial, and a volume of sound," he suggested to the ensign, who had been sent to investigate.

"No, sir. From what I could gather—under the circumstances—" a bit wryly with memories of flying bread-crust—"they seemed to be discussing the duties of the American consul here in Gibraltar."

"That's probably because of Brady's last experience over in 'Spanish Town,'" the executive officer chuckled. "I've finally got most of the story pieced together for you, captain. And you'll have a good laugh over it.

"But the gendarmes in Algeciras aren't laughing. They want Tackline to come over and live in their jail for a while in payment. I sort of wish we could do something—indirectly, of course—to save him from trouble ashore, for he had some justification in this stunt."

"Yes, I remember hearing something about the strange disappearance of the wicker furniture from José Toredo's sidewalk café. Just what were the details anyhow?"

"Well, it seems that Tackline had fallen pretty hard for Margarita, who runs that café up on the Rock—they call it The Garden of the Gobs, I believe. Unfortunately she lacked chairs and tables in the place.

"José Toredo on the other hand had more chairs and tables than he needed; that is, since the bluejackets stopped going there. He overcharged them outrageously for a long while, you know. So Tackline evolved the idea of moving some of José's furniture over to Margarita's—without José's consent."

"Sort of a permanent forced loan, I suppose."

"Something on that order; yes, sir. So Tackline and his gang went over to José's and watched their chance. Early in the evening they bought the guard at the town gate more Spanish wine than he could carry, so he was sleeping peacefully. At the witching moment the sailors managed to get away with every chair and table on José's sidewalk."

The captain chuckled appreciatively.

"But they got caught, did they?"

"No, sir; they didn't get caught. Got the whole mass of wickerwork from Spain into Gibraltar and up to Margarita's. But, later somehow the identity of the pirates got out."

"Well, that was rather a novel trick of theirs—and took quite a bit of nerve, didn't it?"

The captain rubbed his chin contemplatively.

"Well," he continued, "I'll have to see what I can do with my friend, the consul, to straighten things out ashore. Of course, officially we can't countenance such things. But Brady's a pretty good sort, and we can punish him enough right on board here."

"I certainly agree with you, captain," agreed the executive officer.

So the captain sauntered ashore to interview James Fitzmaurice, American consul and ex-college oarsman, known familiarly by those with whom he drank as "Fitzy."

TACKLINE meanwhile tarried in his bunk. Above him he could hear the clang of chipping hammers and the swish of paint-brushes, wielded by the faithful, who had answered the call to "turn to" at one-fifteen.

At this hour Tackline, too, should have been working. He was, in fact, working—but not for the Navy. He was reading. Tediously he zigzagged down the indices of "The Bluejacket's Manual" in search of a reference that might tell him the Spanish punishment for appropriating wicker furniture.

He sighed deeply. There seemed no help. The index jumped from "Funerals, at sea" to "Fuses, Detonation of" without so much as a remark concerning "Furniture."

Suddenly, a familiar sea-lion voice sounded on deck near the hatchway.

"Where did you say he was? In his bunk,

eh? I'll learn him he can't get away with that—not while Jerry Dougherty's bosun."

Tackline quietly unlatched and swung open the forward door to the forecastle. He fully appreciated the value of foresight. Then deliberately he folded his bony arms behind his head, closed his eyes and lolled back as if in a doze. Footsteps were descending.

In a moment, at the foot of the ladder, Jerry Dougherty paused incredulous. In his face wrath quickly displaced surprize.

"Hey, sailor," he bellowed, "what's the idea of the 'horizontal' at this time of the day? Didn't you hear 'turn to' sound?"

"I've got a principle. 'Good lunch, good sleep; bum lunch, no work—' that's my principle," asserted Tackline drowsily, watching the fuming Jerry warily from the corner of his eye.

"Principle, eh? Well, I'll make a little interest for you in jig-time," roared Jerry as he leaped in Tackline's direction.

The agile Tackline, however, was out of his bunk, through the forward door and on deck before the puffing Jerry had crashed into the vacated bunk.

On deck Tackline grabbed a paint-brush and set busily to work. The result was a circle on the chart-room bulkhead. In the circle were placed dots for eyes and nose and a dash for a mouth. He had just completed "p-o-r" of "porpoise," when Jerry reappeared, necessitating a quick painting out of the masterpiece.

Impending trouble for Tackline was fortunately averted by the return of the captain, Tackline being informed that he was wanted in the cabin.

"Brady," the captain began, "what's the best ship in the Fleet?"

"The *Petrel*, sir; and after that there ain't none."

"And I suppose we have the best officers, and the best men, and the best quarters, and the best chow?"

"We make 'em all look like the Swiss Navy when it comes to them things."

"And I suppose we have the best whale-boat crew in the Fleet?"

"Er—well—yes sir—that is—almost. The flag-ship's only beat us twice—that is, the only two times she ever rowed us. But it's mostly *Petrel* men that's been transferred there that's done it."

"Do you want to go to jail in Algeciras?" the captain continued irrelevantly.

"They'd make me sleep with the dog for the rest of my cruise if I did."

"Well, if you can get up a whale-boat crew that'll beat the flag-ship on British Regatta Day the American consul says he'll see things are squared for you in Algeciras."

"I sure appreciate the chance, sir. And we'll win the race—if I got to row myself," announced Tackline, throwing out his six-inch chicken-breast.

"Very well, Brady. But be very, very careful; for you know, and every one else on board knows, that you can't swim a stroke. You proved that not long ago to our complete satisfaction. No more half-drownings! Watch yourself! But win the race! And remember—you fail, you jail."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied Tackline, executing a masterful about-face and vanishing to the upper deck.

"Where'll I go to think?" he murmured to himself in his exuberance at the news the captain had given him.

"What'll you think with?" inquired an apprentice seaman, lolling against the "spud-locker."

Under ordinary circumstances that remark—from an apprentice seaman—would have been sufficient provocation for a fight. But Tackline was oblivious to all jibes. His mind was already busy planning to accomplish the impossible in the boat-race. As he reached the hatchway to the forecastle, the bosun's whistle sounded shrilly.

"At eight bells lay aft, all you liberty party," came the succeeding singsong.

Tackline did some rapid calculating. Could he get into "dress blues" in ten minutes? If so he could join the afternoon liberty party. And he knew one spot ashore where of all places in the universe he felt sure he could find quiet to solve his difficulties.

HALF an hour later he was sprawling in the shadow of an old, abandoned gun-mount, high on the wolf-tooth-shaped pinnacle of Gibraltar's Rock.

Here in this solitude Tackline found he always felt a little bigger and stronger and more important than anywhere else in the world. To himself he could never explain just why this was true. The reason should have been obvious.

For below him to the westward in the bay lay the American ships, line on line of lowering gray steel. Eastward stretched the

blue Mediterranean, sparkling on in limitless miles till it shimmered upward to meet the hazy horizon. And far out there beyond even the farthest rim of blue he knew there were other ships, exactly like those in the bay below him, saluting the same anthem, bearing the same flag, peopled by the same men.

And of this vast, far-flung, silent power he realized he was a very real part. Of this illimitable unity he felt that he was perhaps a small but nevertheless essential fragment.

And here on this summit his responsibility to his ship and to the hundred million people it represented was borne in upon him. Here he ceased to be a friendless, wandering sailorman, and became kin with the nations of the world.

So this eminence was a place of big ideas, and here finally came to him the "big idea" for winning the boat-race. When the plan suddenly flashed into his mind he leaped to his feet with a shout of joy, mounting the old gun-carriage and rocking it with his cavortings. Then down the hillside and back to the ship.

Arriving on board, Tackline searched diligently and finally located Timmy Rafferty, his comrade on many previous escapades, including that of the wicker furniture. To him Tackline recounted the conversation with the captain in the cabin and the promise of freedom from trouble if a winning whale-boat crew could be created.

"I'm for you; you know that, kid, don't you? But take it from me, it can't be done," said Timmy, shaking his head dubiously. "We just ain't got the men. The flag-ship's got all the huskies."

"You remember the story of the jack-rabbit that got beat by a turquoise—or a tortoise—or something—anyhow, it was a turtle. And what was the matter with the jack-rabbit anyhow? Why, he was a fat-head. He'd won all the local sweepstakes hands down, so he got a little overconfident. So, brother, from now on I'm a turtle. And keep your eye on this hard-shell."

"Come on; what's the dope anyhow? What've you got on your mind? Let us in on a little of the deep stuff."

"Well, I'll begin right now. First I'll make out my crew-list. You write these down as I spout 'em to you:

"Coxswain—Thomas Neptune Brady, one hundred twenty-seven pounds ringside. Stroke oar—what bilge-rat'll we have for stroke? For luck let's have that little nigger mess-boy that's so slow they call him 'India Ink' because he's never known to run."

Timmy Rafferty was busily engaged in jotting down this list of impossibles.

"Number two, Spring Chicken——"

"Spring Chicken? Who's this guy Spring Chicken?"

"He's that skinny ship's cook. They call him Spring Chicken because after he's dressed all there's to him is bones and gristle."

"Say, you ain't starting no sideshow, you know? What's the idea of filling the boat with pepless wonders? There ain't one of them can pull a oar without the help of a steam winch."

"Sailor, give your chin a rest. Listen a minute to the Turtle. Here's the big idea. First get this. The skipper says we can use the boat-house of the Thistle Club. That's way up the bay, almost out of sight, you know—and the farther away the better! So every night just about sundown I'll take this gang of dead men up there and put 'em in a boat and tell 'em to row."

"Yes, but they won't get nowhere. They couldn't even make no headway in a speed boat."

"That's just the idea. All hands on the flag-ship'll be watching to see what sort of a crew we're going to put in the race. When they see this sick bunch, and the speed they're not making—what'll happen? Over-confidence—over-confidence and then *oo-ld-ld*, you Turtle."

"If new ideas was matches you'd set the world on fire," responded Timmy in frank admiration.

SO THAT evening the first "crew practise" was held. When the four men Tackline had chosen left the ship in regulation uniform they presented a fairly repectable appearance. But when they had reached the Thistle boat-house and stripped to rowing-costume they were a weird sight.

India Ink's ebony skin shone darkly through a pair of tattered nainsook drawers, his big, fried-egg eyes surmounting a sky-blue sleeveless sweater knitted by a sweetheart in "Jawjah." Spring Chicken's knife-edge ribs rippled painfully evident beneath a tight-fitting orange jersey with

black horizontal stripes. A pair of pea-green swimming-trunks completed his costume.

But most distinctive of all was Tackline. He was a symphony in red and black. From his bare feet upward, past crab-apple calf-muscles, protruding knock knees and chicken-breast, he was clad in a dark-flecked suit of gymnast's tights. Riding high on his excelsior hair at a jaunty angle hung a red fez, acquired from the head of an inebriated citizen one evening in Morocco.

"What's the idea of the auger and the buckets, Brady?" inquired the Spring Chicken as they stepped to the float of the Thistle Club from the motor dory.

Tackline flashed a knowing wink at the Chicken, but made no further response.

"Lend a hand here, you ham-'n'-eggers. Get this whale-boat up on the float," he shouted, himself laying hold of the painter of the whale-boat in tow of the dory.

There was much heaving and grunting and slipping about as the diminutive crew struggled to handle the unwieldy boat. India Ink was tugging heartily, but incidentally leaning his entire weight on the man in front of him.

"What's the idea there, Greased Lightning?" queried Tackline. "No one sounded taps, you know. Snap out of it."

"It's my idea it'd been easier to sink the float under the boat than try and hoist the boat on the float," grunted the Chicken.

"And now that we've got it up here," continued Tackline finally, "all we've got to do is carry the boat into the boat-house."

There were renewed grumblings of weariness.

"And then I'll be able to show you what I brought the buckets and the auger for," Tackline added diplomatically.

Curiosity aided wearied muscles, and the boat and oars were soon in the protecting depths of the boat-house.

Without a word Tackline set to work. With the auger he bored a half dozen small holes in the blades of the oars. Fore and aft, on the under side of the keel, he nailed securely the two buckets. Tackline's companions were quick to anticipate the result of these improvements on their craft.

"After we launch the boat the whole bay'll fill them buckets and weight her down, and what's left'll run tight through them holes in the oars. We won't be able to pull nowhere," wailed the Chicken.

"That's just where you want to go," countered Tackline. "Take her down to the blind side of the boat-house, where the gang on the flag-ship can't see you put her in the water."

And so it was that the *Petrel's* "mystery boat" was launched. The results were more perfect than Tackline had anticipated.

"All together now," he shouted through the ship's megaphone which he had strapped to his mouth. "Hey there, India Ink, you ain't taking no ride on a teeter-board. Put your oar in the water. Give way together!"

At the order the crew feathered nicely and caught their stroke in unison. Together they concentrated their energies on the first sharp pull.

Below, the buckets dragged. At their sides, the oars leaked. Heavenward flashed four pairs of heels, and the *Petrel's* boat-crew spilled backward into the bottom of the boat.

"Hey, youse guys," shouted Tackline gleefully, "this is going to be a rowing-contest, not a diving-contest. What's the idea of all these circus stunts? And look how you're rilin' up the bay."

Meantime things were happening in the boat. As he lunged backward India Ink still clung tensely to his oar. When he struck the bottom of the boat the impact dazed him. His grasp relaxed. The blade of his oar continued on its upward motion, described a semi-circle and clattered into the boat, neatly clipping a morsel from Spring Chicken's ear.

"What's the idea, you he waitress?" wailed the maimed Chicken. "Want to start a lynching or something?"

"Pipe down there, you human macaroni," bellowed Tackline, endeavoring to avert trouble. "It's all your fault anyhow. If you hadn't set such a quick stroke, instead of hauling his oar aboard India Ink'd fallen out of the boat himself. And we'd been that much better off."

On the flag-ship meantime Tony Lopez and his championship crew were rolling on the deck with laughter.

"Give me the glass, Tony. I want to see that gang of wharf-rats try to pull a whale-boat," said the husky stroke-oar at Tony's elbow.

"Look at the way that guy in the bow handles his oar. Must be a ship's cook. Thinks he's stirring a cake."

"Won't be nothing to it," declared another. "Easy as shootin' sevens with Tony's dice."

"It'll be a shame to take the money," commented a third. "You got the race won now."

"Guess you won't need me at all. Give me a chance to take in the bullfight at Algeciras instead," mused the first as he walked away in disgust.

SO NIGHT after night Tackline trained his "crew," and night after night spread the poison of overconfidence on board the flag-ship. Since it seemed that the victory was assured, interest waned among the champions.

It is true that Tony made several casual inquiries ashore among the men of the *Petrel* as to what they believed their prospects to be, but they all were loyally noncommittal. The rival crews had no access to each other's boat-houses, so Tackline's secret was safe in that respect. And soon Regatta Day arrived.

It was a masterpiece of the Weather Man. Nowhere but about the Mediterranean could there be such a day. A low, hovering, white-flecked sky; sunshine that came to earth as if washed in gold; and always a soft scent of magnolias from the gardens of the Alameda.

In town siesta-time was cut short this day, and all Gibraltar early lined the shores of the bay. Many-colored *mantillas* gleamed like flecks of cotton worsted against the gray of the Rock. The brown of British Army uniforms blended with the olive drab of Navy fliers. And over all buzzed the murmur of suppressed excitement.

Tackline and his crew set off early from the ship. As they started in the direction of the Thistle boat-house the consul from his private speed boat shouted to Tackline:

"I hope you're paddling out instead of in jail. Good luck to you, *Petrel!*"

The flag-ship had "dressed ship" in honor of the occasion and in premature celebration of the victory. They were confident of winning, so confident in fact that they were substituting two "second-boat" men for Numbers Two and Three, who had pleaded injured wrists and had journeyed to the bullfight in Algeciras.

Attired in neat blue-and-white uniforms furnished by the American "Y," Tackline and his four comrades presented an attractive but uninspiring picture as they rested for an instant on the float of the Thistle Club.

Down the bay on the float of the Colonial Club, in the red-and-white of the flag-ship, appeared four knotty, hulking sailors, accompanied by a trim, wiry coxswain. As they stepped into view a roar of admiration broke from the men who lined the rail of the flag-ship.

Tackline instinctively glanced for reply toward the tiny *Petrel* as she floated in the shadow of the huge gray monitor. Her decks appeared deserted.

"Well, they're all behind us anyhow; I know that," Tackline murmured to himself reassuringly. "They're not yelling for us, but they're working for us. *Petrel*, we're goin' to win for you!"

The flag-ship's crew had already taken the water and were pulling about the bay in long, confident, lazy strokes.

"Put 'er in the water," shouted Tackline to his comrades.

Cords stood out on thin, bony necks, muscleless calves tensed and narrow backs strained as his diminutive crew struggled with the whale-boat, in pathetic contrast to the ease with which their rivals had performed the task.

The buckets had previously been taken from the bottom of Tackline's boat. A new and sturdy set of oars had been provided. And slowly the *Petrel's* boat-crew pulled down the bay toward the starter's launch.

Spontaneously a cheer broke from the crowds that lined the banks as the blue-and-white crew came into view. They weren't big, but they were game.

"Don't give up the ghost before the race even starts, India Ink," Tackline counseled. "If you get much paler I won't know which is you."

One-two-three-four, the oars were striking the water rhythmically, thanks to Tackline's coaching.

"Keep on till you get abreast of the starter's board. On the off bank you'll see a tent and a float. Row over to them," directed Tackline.

So as they neared the starting-line they veered to the left and headed for the tent pitched on the sands. Every eye on the opposite beach, not to mention the flag-ship, suddenly stared in that direction. Slowly

the *Petrel's* whale-boat drew alongside the float.

"On to the float, youse guys," ordered Tackline, "and hold 'er alongside, because —here comes the *Petrel's* crew."

At that instant there stepped from the tent on the beach four sleek-limbed, determined-faced giants, the pick of the *Petrel's* engineer's gang. For an instant over all the bay there was a heavy, tense silence.

Then suddenly Spring Chicken shouted—

"Them's the guys what trained eight hours a day all the time we was in dry dock in Genoa."

The four tiny blue-and-white figures on the float comprehended. Led by India Ink, they piped an exultant welcome to their successors. Their shout was taken up by the crowd on the far beach, who saw in the arrival of these huskies the prospect of a close race. But on the decks of the flagship shipmate looked at shipmate, incredulous.

"Here's a swift crew," shouted Tackline as he frolicked in the stern-sheets of the whale-boat. "They'll bring home the bacon!"

Quietly, unobtrusively, the *Petrel's* four hopefuls stepped into the boat, Tackline took the rudder, and they pulled into midstream.

Fifteen minutes later the crack of a pistol announced the start of the whale-boat race.

When the *Petrel's* crew caught the water on their first stroke and Tackline felt the boat quiver, hesitate, then rush fiercely through the water, a thrill of exultation shook his tense, bony body. In that stroke there were power and determination and enthusiasm. In that stroke there was the spirit of victory.

"Flag-ship, if you can beat these pals of mine you beat a he-man crew," thought Tackline as he shouted jibes, curses and flatteries at his four sweating comrades.

Soon the half-way buoy was rounded. Like eight flying parts of one machine the oars in the two boats rose and fell.

"All together, one-two-three-four," Tackline counted. "Pick up your stroke—faster—faster. Let's hit 'er up, for I can hear them Algeciras jail-bars rattling," he shouted as they rounded the second buoy and started on the homeward stretch.

From effort and excitement Tackline's voice was torn to a harsh, painful wheeze, his bloodshot eyes were dancing with flickering black spots, and his bony chicken-breast ached as if he had been beaten.

"Pull for yourselves—pull for me—but above all," shouted Tackline, "pull for the *Petrel*—the only ship in the Fleet."

But while he still encouraged them, he glanced from the corner of his eye and saw the brass letters of the stern board of the rival whale-boat. A sudden spasm of despair shook him. The *Petrel* was losing! An inch, an inch and a half, two inches, the red and white were drawing ahead of the *Petrel's* boat. And before him the red-and-green buoy at the finish danced in the sunshine.

"We've rounded the last buoy," the thought flashed through Tackline's mind. "They can pull straight ahead now. They don't need this rudder no more—nor me."

TACKLINE made his decision quickly. But he knew he must act carefully in order not to break the rhythm of the stroke. Still facing his men, he reached behind his back. Quickly, dexterously, he lifted the unwieldy rudder from its posts and dropped it into the bay, where the swift current immediately swept it out of sight.

Then with a final shriek: "You fail—I jail. Oh, you Black Maria!" Tackline flung himself backward from the stern of the whale-boat.

The *Petrel's* boat, lightened suddenly by the departure of oak rudder and panting coxswain, shot forward like a torpedo from its tube. This new impetus together with the final effort of its gasping occupants drove the *Petrel's* boat past the buoy, a good three inches ahead of the flag-ship's boat. But even as it crossed the line big Louis Schultz, stroke, dropped his oar and murmured between set teeth—

"And he can't swim a stroke!"

On board the consul's speed boat, Tackline's captain was shouting the same remark at almost the same instant. The helm of the consul's boat was thrown over so violently that she took green water over her starboard rail. At top speed she headed toward the center of the course.

But when they reached their objective all that marked Tackline's disappearance were three circles of bubbles in a straight, swirling line, rushing outward with the tide.

"And I warned him to be careful about

not being able to swim," murmured the captain, shaking his head sadly.

And when they came abreast of the third circle of bubbles he climbed to the rail, glanced about him quickly and dived clear of the boat, mumbling as he went—

"And he's the best man I've got on board."

The captain, out of sight for what seemed an interminable time, finally reappeared with a drooling, chalky-looking object in his arms. They laid the object tenderly on the wardroom table.

Large blue eyes stared glassily heavenward. Excelsior-colored hair streaked in soggy wisps across a colorless, sadly tensed face. In fact, Tackline was hardly recognizable except for his bony knock knees and the protruding Adam's apple.

They rolled him and they pumped him and they slapped him. Finally he stirred.

"Thank Heaven for that," whispered the captain, hanging over Tackline's limp body.

And shortly Tackline's lips moved.

"What's he saying? Put your ear close down there. It may be important. He may be dying," directed the captain in his excitement.

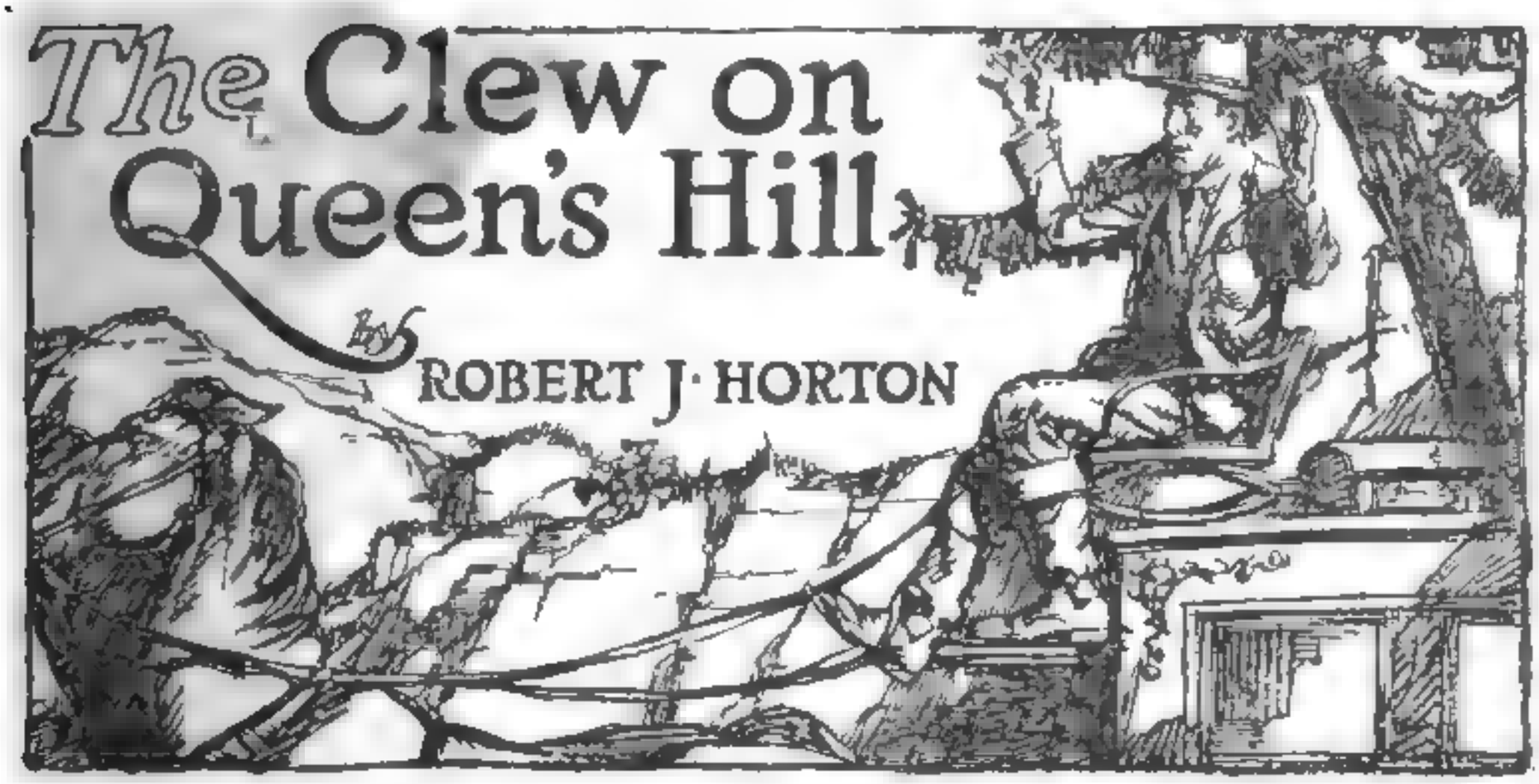
The ship's doctor bent nearer the almost lifeless form. The glassy eyes rolled. The chicken-breast heaved in a struggle to inhale sufficient breath with which to wheeze.

The doctor listened gravely, intently. Gradually a smile broke over his features.

"What are you laughing at, you idiot?" asked the captain, still almost mad with anxiety.

"These are his exact words, sir," announced the doctor, with an approving chuckle—

" 'Well, after all I guess the Turtle won—but it's a water-logged, second-rate turtle that can't swim no better than that.' "



Author of "The Man from Pondera," "Till the Wolves Come Home," etc.

JERRY TRAVIS felt none too secure in the driver's seat. Usually he carried passengers over Queen's Hill to the revived mining-camp of Silver Lode. This day there were no passengers. Jerry didn't like it. He didn't like it for two reasons.

First, he admired to talk to some one. He had been driving stage a great many years, Jerry had, and he had a few opinions to express. Moreover, with three seats filled with fares he was quite likely to overhear something which would be worth repeating when he idled in Old John's hotel and soft drink parlor—principally the latter—after he had delivered the mail and express and put up his horses at the end of the run.

That was one reason.

Another cause for his uneasiness lay in a package in the green enameled steel box under his seat. There were several packages

in this box; but one in particular was heavily sealed and larger than the others.

"Watch that one," the agent at Hopeville had said.

Hopeville was the southern terminus of the stage route. Jerry had to stop at several mines between there and Silver Lode. He often carried sealed express packages in his strong box for these mines. But it was the first time he had transported such a package to the big company at Silver Lode and his vivid imagination had the effect of augmenting its importance in his mind.

It was a rough, lonely road he had to travel—too rough and steep, occasionally, for an automobile. Which explains how he had found a job at his old occupation of driving a horse-drawn stage in a day when gasoline was dominant.

He reasoned that a horse-drawn stage would be easier held up than an automobile. He even surmised that it might prove more of an attraction to some gentleman of the road if such a one were to feel an interest in the heavily sealed package in the box beneath the seat. Providing, of course, he suspected it was there.

Now don't think for a minute that Jerry hadn't participated—on the short end—in hold-ups. He had obeyed the commands of many a masked marauder in the many years he had followed his vocation in the West. But always there had been passengers to figure in the doubtful proceedings; and while passengers are at most times merely passengers from a stage-driver's point of view, in time of a hold-up they are something more—they are company.

All these things were revolving in Jerry's mind as he urged his horses up Queen's Hill. It was a lonely piece of hard road leading to the divide and lined by thick growths of pine and fir. The crimson tints of the dying leaves of wild rose, chokecherry, service-berry, and other mountain shrubs nearly matched the dull maroon of the road-banks. Overhead, in the brilliant sunshine of late afternoon in Autumn, the sky hung like a dazzling emerald above the glistening peaks. The chill of the altitude and the season gave a sharp tang to the resinous air.

As was his custom when he felt nervous, Jerry began to talk to himself and his horses and the wind.

"Holy Moses look at the grasshoppers here," he pointed out to an imaginary passenger at his side. "That's a sign of a late Fall, I guess; an' that's why all the grouse are up so high, too. We ain't had our equeenoxical storm yet. Get up there, Frank; in there, Jim, you danged——"

He focused his roving gaze suddenly on a dark spot at the right side of the road ahead, watched it intently until he recognized it for a charred stump, and then resumed:

"Never seen it fail, stranger; when our equeenoxical storm is late we have a late Fall. Now in eighteen hundred and ninety—let's see."

He showered the off wheel with a spray of Navy plug.

"In eighteen hundred an' ninety—there by ——, I knew it!"

A man stepped briskly from the shadow of the timber at the left side of the road. The lower part of his face was covered by a blue bandanna handkerchief tied behind his ears. His broad-brimmed hat was pulled low over his eye. He wore faded overalls and a jacket over his other clothes for further disguise. He leaned his left cheek against the stock of a rifle which was aimed directly at Jerry's head.

"Whoa!" called Jerry in a voice which must have carried over the divide, as he brought the horses to a stop.

Then he elevated his hands with an alacrity which attested to the truth of his oft-repeated assertion that he was paid to "drive and not to fight."

Holding the rifle pointing at Jerry, but lowering it to his hip, the bandit looked over the stage. His keen glance paused an instant as it encountered the mail sacks, then roved to the green box under Jerry's seat. Climbing into the stage, he swiftly relieved Jerry of his six-gun.

"Open that box!" he commanded. "Hurry up!"

Jerry knew it would be useless for him to deny he had the key, so he complied with haste.

"Now jump off that side," said the bandit, indicating the right side of the road. "Stand still and keep your hands up; that's right."

He reached into the box, took out a package, leaped off the stage on the same side with Jerry.

"Get in and drive on and don't look back," was the next command, as the road-agent pocketed Jerry's gun and held the

stolen package in one hand and his rifle, braced against his hip, in the other.

Jerry obeyed and did not venture to look back until he had crossed the divide. Then, after a cursory examination of the immediate territory to the rear, performed at the expense of much contortion of the neck as he strove to appear to be looking straight ahead the while, he glanced down into the steel box which was open in the wagon-box beside his feet.

"Shades of the Mother Lode!" he exclaimed as he gave the horses the whip. "He's took the package for the Empire Mines and Milling Company. Now there'll be —— to pay in half a dozen places!"

II

THE sheriff in the Falls swung about in his swivel chair, tongued his cigar securely into the left corner of his mouth, studied a telegram on the desk before him a moment and then confronted Boyer, who had just arrived in answer to an imperative summons from his superior officer.

"The Silver Lode stage has been stopped on Queen's Hill," said the sheriff crisply. "Package billed to the Empire company up there stolen. Cramm, the manager, wires that it looks like the work of an old hand. Get up there, Boyer, and get busy."

"What was in the package?" asked Boyer. who always was assigned to cases requiring a knowledge of the high hills.

"Twenty-six thousand dollars in currency," was the reply.

Boyer whistled softly and his expression became grave.

"Boyer, the days of robbing stages in this country are past," exclaimed the sheriff, banging his desk with an emphatic fist. "Slinging a gun on a public conveyance and shaking it down is movie stuff now and it doesn't go in this county. This fellow knew that money shipment was coming; but I wouldn't care if he had got away with a gunny-sack full of gold or a hair net, I want him—and you can get him if anybody can."

"When did it happen?" asked Boyer.

"This afternoon. The stage goes to Hopeville one day and makes the return trip to Silver Lode the next day. It's a bad road. I don't know why the Empire people are getting money from the other side of the divide when they can get it from here by automobile, but that doesn't matter. I want the bandit. Sam will be here with my car in a few minutes and he'll rush you up there. I told Sam to drive like —— and you should be there by half-past eight tonight. If there's anything you want to take with you, get it quick."

"Five minutes," said Boyer, leaving the office.

In less than five minutes he was back, carrying the heavy mackinaw he wore in the hills.

"I'm afraid I'll have no use for this, worse luck," he said as he sat down to await the arrival of the sheriff's car.

When the sheriff addressed a query as the result of this cryptic remark Boyer ignored it. But in his mind he was regretting the absence of snow at that season of the year. With snow on the ground there would be tracks. Boyer could tell much from a track. He had been born in the hills and therefore possessed an uncanny faculty for reading trails and establishing motives of lawless men of the outdoors which amounted almost to a sixth sense.

In appearance he was an average man of the mountains, of medium height, dark, sinewy, with a black mustache and a swarthy skin. Only the quick, sure glance of his black eyes and a subtle alertness about him would distinguish him to a careful observer as a man out of the ordinary.

The fact that he had been retained by a long line of sheriffs despite his neutral attitude toward politics attested to his ability as a man-hunter of the silent trails.

"Let's go," said Sam, appearing in the doorway.

In another five minutes they had left the smelter city behind and were racing across the stubble-studded flatlands toward the mountains, which glowed a brilliant purple tinged with crimson in the falling dusk.

III

"NO, MR. BOYER, I don't think any one connected with the company had anything to do with the robbery."

It was Cramm, manager of the Empire company, talking. He and Boyer formed the center of a little group of men in the manager's office. It lacked ten minutes

of nine and all Silver Lode was discussing the stage hold-up.

"We should have been out with a posse as soon as we heard about it," snapped Ling, the timekeeper.

"I put my foot on that," explained Cramm, "because it was already dark when the stage arrived and I didn't feel that anything could be accomplished in the night."

"That's reasonable," observed Boyer.

"We might have headed the bandit off on the other side of the divide," persisted Ling. "He'll probably hit the road the other side of Hopeville and go out by way of Sulphur or the Smith River country west."

"And suppose he hit back this way?" suggested Boyer.

Ling shrugged.

"He wouldn't be likely to hit for Silver Lode with everybody looking for him," he said sharply.

For a moment Boyer was silent. Then he said, "It might be well to send out a posse in the morning."

Cramm was interested immediately. "I had thought of that, too. Will you lead and direct the men if I let a number of them off tomorrow—all you feel you need?"

"I prefer to do my investigating alone," returned Boyer. "Maybe one of your men could fill the bill."

Cramm looked about at the time-keeper, cashier, bookkeeper and the stage-driver who were in the office. Finally his gaze centered on Ling, the time-keeper. Ling was a rather tall, lanky young fellow, whose face bore certain marks of dissipation and who was quick to resent any inclination on the part of others not to agree with him.

Cramm thought he saw a sparkle of subtle invitation in the man's eyes; and somewhere he had heard that this employee had been born in the prairie country in the Basin and was something of a rider.

"Do you figure you could lead this expedition, Ling?" he asked.

"I can try it," replied the time-keeper readily; "and if hard ridin' will round up the maverick I'll promise to bring him in."

Cramm looked at Boyer, who nodded silently.

"All right, Ling," decided the manager. "Take tomorrow off and as many men as you can find who are willing to go and that you can find mounts for. Your pay and the pay of the men will go on while you are on the trail."

"I'll round up a bunch to go tonight and we'll be on our way at daybreak," promised Ling with a glance at Boyer in which the sheriff's representative thought he could discern a covert gleam of triumph.

Ling turned to go and the others, except Boyer and Cramm, started to follow him.

"Just a minute," said Boyer softly as he touched the arm of the stage-driver.

"Describe again what this hold-up man looked like," said Boyer to Jerry when the others had left.

"Wal, as I say, he was about average tall—maybe a wee bit taller than the usual man," began Jerry, who, to tell the truth, didn't remember anything very distinctly. "He had a big, gray hat pulled down over his eyes an' a blue hand'chief over his mouth, nose an' chin; an' he had overalls on an' a overall jacket."

"Did he wear a miner's boot?" demanded Boyer.

"I—I didn't notice his boots," Jerry confessed.

"What kind of a rifle did he carry?"

"A .30-30—1894 model."

"I thought so," said Boyer. "I expect nine-tenths of the rifles hereabouts are that same kind."

"I reckon yo're right," said Jerry.

Further than this the stage driver could throw no light on the matter.

"Have you seen anybody hanging around town who looks anything like the hold-up man?" asked Boyer finally.

"Oh, there's any number round here who could look like him, for size," answered Jerry. "But you see, Mr. Sheriff, a feller don't git much time to survey a highwayman that way when he's carryin' out orders, you might say, at the point of a gun."

Boyer smiled, and then got the driver to describe accurately the spot where the hold-up occurred.

"It's just at the upper end of the first turn on the other side of Queen's Hill," Jerry explained. "There's some boulders to the left of the road comin' up, which would be the right of the road going down, an' he stepped out from behind those. There was a bent pine hanging over the road apiece on the other side there. I been figurin' to stop some day an' cut that tree for a hard wind is bound to lay it in the road sooner or later."

Boyer told Jerry he could go.

"You see," said Cramm, "if this robber gets away with this stunt it'll be setting a mighty bad example. Of course we'll have an armed guard on the stage when we have money shipments in the future; but even then——"

"Mr. Cramm, you say this was the monthly pay-roll," Boyer broke in. "Why do you get that money by horse-stage from across the divide?"

"It comes from Sulphur," replied Cramm; "will come from Sulphur every month after this. This was the first shipment. One of our latest stockholders is president of a bank over there and we are going to do our banking business through his bank in the future."

"And who do you say knew this money was coming?"

"The cashier, the bookkeeper and myself."

"Are you the only three in the office?"

"The time-keeper is there part of the time, but he would know nothing of any money coming from anywhere."

Boyer was thoughtful.

"You say you've had your cashier and bookkeeper a long time?"

"Twelve years," answered Cramm proudly. "They are married men with families; stockholders in the company, too."

"And the time-keeper?"

"Has worked for us three years. Little fly when he's off shift, I guess; gambles a little and drinks some moonshine like most of them, but reliable. We have to let the men have their relaxations up here or we couldn't keep 'em. Besides, Ling was working yesterday."

"Any disgruntled employees who've quit and who might——"

"None," said Cramm. "Now and then we lose a man who decides to locate in another camp for a while; but just as like as not he'll send another man back from there to take his place."

"Have you got any riding-horses, Mr. Cramm?"

"My own horse is probably the best saddle animal in these parts," the manager boasted.

"I'd like to take your saddle-horse," said Boyer, and when the manager nodded his assent: "Have him ready for me in an hour and say nothing about it to any one. Where can I get him?"

"At my house, just up the road from the mine here above town."

"And that road joins the Queen's Hill road?"

"Runs right into it about a quarter-mile behind town."

"Good," said Boyer in a satisfied tone. "I'll take a look around town and be up there in an hour."

"You're going out tonight?" exclaimed the manager incredulously.

But Boyer merely smiled.

IV

THE soft-drink parlor in Old John's hotel was ablaze, thanks to electricity from the power line which passed through Silver Lode on its way across the hills to Sulphur. An electric piano was jangling a jazz tune. The card tables were filled. In the rear of the long room several pool tables resounded to the crack of balls driven by hilarious players. A dozen men ranged against the bar, which occupied half of one side of the place.

Except for the electric lights and the white liquid in the glasses instead of the reddish-amber Bourbon of the good old days, the scene was typical of the booming mining-camp of years long since gone. There are many such scenes in out-of-the-way places in the hills and plains and deserts of the West today.

Boyer's gaze, roving swiftly about the room, encountered many glances of recognition, for the man-hunter was well known in the mountains. He nodded to several old-timers. He had entered behind two other men and had not been immediately observed by the group at the bar, for he had moved swiftly to a position near the huge wood heating-stove, where he joined a number of miners.

An acquaintance approached him with a low-spoken greeting.

"Makes it tough on us fellows to have to wait a few days for pay-day since that money was grabbed," said the miner.

"Why don't they pay in checks?" asked Boyer.

"Men want it in cash," answered the miner. "There's no bank here, an' if there was the bank would have to pack money up here just the same, I suppose. Besides the sharps runnin' the games won't take

checks an' we couldn't get 'em cashed without trouble."

"Got to have the cash, eh?"

"That's it. This is a cash camp. It's advertised round for that. Everybody plays his own checks, too; I guess this is the only camp in the U. S. A. where nobody ever borrers."

Boyer was interested.

"That's right, now that I think of it," he remarked. "Silver Lode is noted for that. I had forgotten. No borrowing and no credit, isn't that it? But I would have thought that would have died out long ago."

"Never has," said the miner proudly. "Our motto is still, 'Play your own checks.' An' we live up to it, too."

"Must be tough on a feller when he goes broke," observed Boyer.

"He can't play till the next pay-day," said the miner. "And it's probably better thataway. Nobody gets in debt in Silver Lode."

A loud voice from the bar attracted their attention. It was Ling.

"That's fourteen of us with good horses and five with plugs to stand watch on the trails while we smoke him out," Ling was saying. "Five-thirty, boys; don't be late."

He walked out with another. Boyer observed this man closely, for he didn't appear to be a miner.

"Who's that with Ling?" he asked the miner at his side.

"Rawlins," was the answer.

"Miner?"

"Sure—at the card-tables. Hard-rock work is too laborious for him."

"A gambler," said Boyer, partly to himself. "Now what does a fellow like that do when he gets taken in? He hasn't a pay-day coming."

"Oh, I suppose these sharps stake one another on the quiet," said the miner. "But they don't let none of us know it."

"How long has Rawlins been here?"

"All Summer an' Fall."

"Winning right along, I suppose," reflected Boyer.

"Not so much," said the miner. "He don't seem to be any too flush—but he's with the ring, I reckon. Still, us boys has been tunneling right into the ring's bank-roll here lately."

Boyer had been watching the men in the place closely, and now, with a "So-long" to his mining friend, he turned to go.

As he passed into the shadow of the street he saw two figures in the dim light that shone from the windows of the hotel part of Old John's establishment. He recognized Ling and Rawlins. He saw Rawlins' right hand meet Ling's for an instant; then Ling plunged his hand into his pocket and the two separated.

Boyer crossed the dark street and turned down toward the hotel again. He saw Ling enter the soft-drink and gaming parlor. Rawlins had vanished in the shadows up the street. Boyer crossed the way swiftly and glanced through a crack in the painted windows.

Ling was sitting down at a table and the man in the slot was pushing a stack of chips toward him.

Boyer swung about and made his way to an all-night restaurant, where he ate a large meal. He ordered some sandwiches to take with him and stuffing these into the pockets of his mackinaw he left the place and walked rapidly up the road to Cramm's house.

Five minutes later he was loping into the Queen's Hill road. He held the horse to a steady walking gait as he rode between the long lines of timber that led ever upward toward the crest of the divide.

V

WHEN the first hazy gray of approaching dawn filled the sky above the far-flung ranges Boyer stood beside his horse in the road at the summit of Queen's Hill, as the divide here was called.

As the surroundings gradually became distinct in the full light of day he mounted and rode down the road on the south side of the hill to the first turn. The boulders from which the bandit had stepped and the hanging tree as described by the stage-driver accurately placed the exact spot where the hold-up had taken place.

Boyer had ridden through the night that he might observe the locality before any tracks which had been left could be obliterated by others. Hill-born and bred, Boyer often learned much by a careful examination of the scene of a crime.

But in this instance such examination appeared futile. He found but few marks

in the ground near the boulders at the side of the road. Any tracks made in the road by the bandit's horse before the hold-up had been effaced by the four horses and four tires of the stage and by another wagon which Boyer noted with chagrin had passed along the road after the stage.

True, the imprint of a shoe of a saddle horse headed for the top of the hill was here and there discernible on the north slope, but these casual tracks disappeared near the rocky crest and Boyer could not determine if such marks as appeared upon the rocks at the edge of the road to the west had been made recently, for there were many such marks where teams had turned out in passing.

In the timber, too, he was unsuccessful. The dry leaves and pine-needles were apparently undisturbed by a horse's hoofs and a man's boots would hardly leave a trail. Besides, there was too much territory to cover since Boyer did not know where the hold-up man had originally entered the timber.

Boyer had a theory as to the robbery which he could work on; but he would not have been satisfied unless he had examined the scene of the lawless undertaking.

Now he considered the actual enacting of the crime in another light—from the view-point of the highwayman.

To carry out the robbery successfully there were two things the bandit would have to know, Boyer reasoned. He would have to know when the stage was coming from the south in time to permit his looking down the opposite side of the divide to see if there was any danger of interruption or increased odds against him from that direction.

The bandit had apparently selected the point near the summit of the hill knowing that the stage-driver would prefer to go on into Silver Lode to report the robbery rather than go back six miles to the nearest mine on the south side and have to climb that six miles to the summit again. There were no mines between the summit and Silver Lode. This gave the bandit plenty of time for his getaway.

Boyer returned to the summit and led his horse into the timber just below on the north side. Then he walked out upon the ridge toward the west—the direction from which the hold-up man had appeared in the road.

He followed the ridge until he reached a point where the road winding up either side of the divide was in view for a considerable distance. Here he found a soft, mossy spot on the south side sheltered from the breeze which blew almost continually from the north. Below was an outcropping of rock beneath which grew the jack pines. The road on the south side was in sight for a long distance, except for occasional spots where it wound about small ridges. It was an ideal place to observe the south road and the place nearest to the road where it approached the summit.

Boyer began to examine the ground and almost at once he found a track in the soft earth about the moss. There were marks plainly made by a man sitting on the moss; a man waiting impatiently and shifting his feet frequently. And then Boyer descried in the cedar vine at the top of the rock outcropping a piece of paper.

He picked this up. It was a small oblong shaped scrap, perhaps two and a half inches long by an inch or so wide in the center, with jagged edges, white, and though damp it had the appearance of having been recently dropped into the cedar vine and of having been creased lengthwise in the center.

Boyer inspected it dubiously, then automatically put it in a pocket. A small, baffling, insignificant thing to be called a clew, if it was a clew.

He returned to the top of the ridge, after a search had revealed nothing further, and trained the binoculars which he always carried on the road down the north side.

When the stage appeared at last with the posse behind it Boyer smiled and watched the progress of the vehicle and riders. The cavalcade reached the spot where the hold-up had occurred and stopped. Boyer could see the stage-driver pointing.

Ling dismounted, looked about the road a bit, threw himself into the saddle and with the others following him rode rapidly down the road on the south side. The stage resumed its journey down the hill.

Boyer continued to watch through his power glasses until he saw the posse split up at a fork in the road far below in the south.

Then he turned to a second examination of the ground in the vicinity. He remembered that if the robber had left the scene by the road he would have left his tracks.

visible above those of the stage outfit. This left but a single solution: the man had kept to the timber.

In an ever-widening circle Boyer went around the spot where he had decided the man had waited—where he had found the bit of paper. At last, on the north slope, some little distance from the crest of the divide, he found the tracks of a saddle-horse.

He followed the tracks several yards before he discovered that they were made upon a dim, long-abandoned trail. He returned and got his horse. Leading the animal to the trail, he mounted and followed the tracks.

The trail, as he suspected, wound down the north slope and in time joined an unused logging-road. The tracks led along this road for miles down the mountain-side until it passed through an area of logged-off hillside and joined a well-traveled road from the west in which the tracks were lost.

Boyer turned east and rode at a fast pace toward Silver Lode which he could see less than a quarter of a mile ahead.

VI

BOYER reviewed everything in connection with the hold-up as he urged his horse back to the mining-camp. He knew the search by the posse was futile for the bandit had made his getaway down the north slope. He had a theory about the posse, also.

The man-hunter was convinced that some one in Silver Lode beside the trio in the company's office had known of the shipment of the money. It had all the ear-marks of being what sleuths are accustomed to call an inside job. But inquiry from Cramm had shown that the company force was at work to a man the day before. This narrowed the actual carrying out of the hold-up down to some one who was not working for the company.

Boyer returned the horse as soon as he arrived in Silver Lode in the afternoon. While he was eating at a table in the Surprize restaurant he drew from his pocket the small bit of paper he had discovered in the cedar vine at the top of Queen's Hill. In the bright light of an electric globe near the table he thought he could distinguish a number of dark marks on one side of the slip. He wondered, too, at the crease which showed dimly in the center.

But, after all, it was nothing but a stray wisp of white paper, a fragment such as would be caught on the wind and tossed about in the air eddies and eventually deposited at the random whim of the breeze in just such an out-of-the-way spot as where he had found it. He returned it to his pocket and again began mentally to review the characters in the camp.

The postmaster, a man named Adams, came in and sat down at the table with him. He had known Boyer many years.

"Got so I have to grab a meal just when I can," complained Adams. "This camp is getting so it has to have its mail at all hours of the day and night. Six o'clock in the morning I'm opening up now, an' closing when they quit coming at night."

Boyer laughed good-naturedly. "Your hours are getting something like mine, John, although I'm not working all the time, you might say."

Adams gave his order. "Don't even get time to read my own mail," he grumbled as he took a letter from his pocket and tore open the end of the envelope. "Got any trace of the hold-up yet?"

Boyer straightened suddenly. He was staring at the end of the envelope which the postmaster had torn open; at the small bit of paper which had formed the end lying partly flattened out upon the table. It was creased in the center; its edges showed jagged; there were faint lines of the post-mark upon it. Boyer leaned across the table and lowered his voice. "John, get your think-tank to working," he said earnestly. "Can you remember who got their mail early yesterday, say? Think hard."

The postmaster, plainly surprized, considered. "Well now, I can't remember 'em all; let's see—yesterday. Why, the cashier up at the big mine gets the company mail first thing after seven *every* morning and—yes, I remember the first customer yesterday. It was that gambler Rawlins. He was joshing me about opening so early, but I'll tell you it's no joke."

"Did he get any mail?" inquired Boyer.

"Yes, he got a letter, but I guess it didn't amount to much, for he just glanced at the postmark and stuck it in his pocket. Said he was going home for a good sleep; he'd been playing cards all night."

"Where is this man Rawlins' place?" asked Boyer.

"Last cabin up the road on the lower side. What's the idea——"

"John, tell me this," Boyer interrupted. "How are these games up here run?"

"Why, Old John and the others run 'em at so much an hour. A player pays two-bits, or it may be four-bits an hour an' gets a trade check for the amount he pays when he quits."

"But where does the gambling come in?"

"Oh, there's a bunch of tin horns here who bank the games, but Old John and the others in that kind of business haven't got anything to do with *that* end of it. Whether the men play for fun or money, it's all the same to them as long as the players pays and gets their trade checks. They make about fifty per cent. on the trade checks and there's a lot of them that ain't traded out."

"Well, these fellows that bank the games, are they pretty well fixed for capital?"

"I don't know," said Adams, "although I'll tell you confidential, because you're an officer, that they've had several registered packages lately and I'm inclined to believe the boys has put a crimp in them and that they've had to rustle cash."

"So long, John," said Boyer rising. "I've got work to do."

VII

BOYER found Rawlins' cabin without trouble. It was a one-room, log affair with a small log barn behind. A horse was eating hay in a corral which adjoined the barn.

Rawlins, partly dressed, opened the door in response to Boyer's knock.

"Too early for company?" asked Boyer pleasantly.

Rawlins' face, schooled by years spent at card tables, was inscrutable.

"Come in," he invited coolly.

On a table in the center of the cabin lay the gambler's gun in its shoulder sheath, which he wore under his coat. The man was in his shirt sleeves and had apparently been about to don his tie, gun, and coat. Men of his profession, who were often up all night, rarely rose before late afternoon. It now was nearly dusk.

"I suppose you know who I am," said Boyer as he dropped into a chair beside the table.

Rawlins advanced to a mirror and began knotting his tie.

"You were pointed out to me as a dick from the Falls," he replied casually. "What do you want?"

"Want to ask you some questions," said Boyer without hesitation.

"You can start any time," sneered the gambler. "What's it to be—third degree?"

"Rawlins, it's nice to meet an old stager like you who knows when he's up against it."

The gambler turned swiftly.

"You haven't got anything on me," he shot quickly; "this town has been running wide open for months—always, I guess."

"Oh, that!" Boyer made a deprecating gesture.

The gambler advanced to the table and leaned with his right hand upon its edge.

"Rawlins, how much has this gang you're with taken off these men up here in the last few months?"

As he put the query Boyer caught the glimmer of a look of relief flash across the other's cold features.

"I guess if you'd talk with a few of 'em you'd find that they ain't being robbed none," said the gambler with curling lip.

"You don't mean to tell me that they've been giving you fellows a run for their money!" exclaimed Boyer incredulously.

"A run for our money, you mean," sneered Rawlins.

"You don't mean to tell me that the bank's been losing," said Boyer with a show of surprize.

Rawlins leaned a little more upon the table.

"Now what are you trying to get at?" he demanded with a dangerous glitter in his eyes.

Boyer sobered.

"Just this," he said crisply; "I want to know a little more about this gambling business. It don't look good to me. Don't lean too close to that gun!" he concluded sharply.

The gambler laughed.

"I never saw a policeman yet who wasn't after information."

Boyer winced at the word policeman.

"You're not up against a Falls cop this time, Rawlins. Let me take a look at your coat over there."

"Sure," said Rawlins, handing him the garment.

Boyer felt the pockets and spilled out some letters. "Safety first is getting to be another great little game, Rawlins; I'll have to ask you to step back from the edge of the table while I look at these postmarks. All right. This one left the Falls in time for you to get it yesterday morning. Rawlins, I don't see how a fellow like you can be so careless."

"What is it—a puzzle?" asked the gambler, compressing his lips. "Read it if you want to."

"Pretty sleepy today, wasn't you?" returned Boyer, smiling.

"I usually sleep days," said Rawlins curtly.

"Well, we'll put it this way: You were pretty sleepy last night, wasn't you?"

"Meaning?"

"That you didn't sleep much yesterday?' suggested Boyer.

"I don't get you," shot Rawlins.

"Mr. Rawlins, maybe you've heard about that little scrap of paper that proved a boomerang for Germany?"

Boyer drew a small piece of paper from his pocket.

"Of course this is all an experiment," he said, as he folded the small scrap in the crease he had observed in the restaurant. "I got the idea when I saw the postmaster tear a chunk like this off an envelope today. But when I heard you had got your mail on the way back from—from work yesterday morning; and when I remembered you had slipped Ling some money last night—you did, didn't you?—and when I had bethought myself of this little slip with the crease in it, and the black marks like they might be the tail end of a postmark, it just occurred to me to see if it would fit the end of any of the envelopes you'd tore open lately. Why! It just fits this letter you got yesterday, eh?"

On the table Boyer had joined the folded bit of paper to the end of the envelope Rawlins had received the day before.

"You must have been in an awful hurry, Rawlins, to wait so long before you opened this letter. You must have had time on your hands when you recollected it and took it out and opened it. Waiting for something, maybe? Do you remember where you opened it? Wasn't you waiting, maybe say for a stage——"

Boyer swept the gambler's gun from the table as the man's hand darted like lightning for the weapon. Rawlins slowly raised his hands as he stared into the bore of the man-hunter's pistol.

"Hold 'em out!" Boyer commanded. "No, put your coat on and be easy with the motions. Now hold 'em out."

Boyer snapped on the handcuffs.

"When these hard-boiled miners up here find out that the banking ring for their games figured on stealing their pay-roll to play against 'em you and a few of your associates may be glad you've got these things on and are headed for the Falls and a good strong jail!

"Now, Rawlins," Boyer continued, "it'll go a whole heap easier with you if you dig up this money or reveal its whereabouts; that is, I mean you fellows' share——"

"I knew —— well you didn't fasten it on me with that envelope end alone," interrupted Rawlins with a snarl of rage. "That —— whelp Ling lost his nerve and squealed, the——"

"I was more sure of Ling than you last night," said Boyer, "especially after his wild play to head a posse off the scent over the range. The envelope end was an accident, although I'm always expecting those accidents, but Ling——"

"That posse stunt of his was just a scheme to make his getaway with his share for the information," snarled Rawlins. "I didn't believe him at first when he said he'd overheard the cashier say the money was coming from Sulphur this week. It looked like a frame-up then, except that he was flat broke an' needed money, an' I ain't sure it ain't a frame-up yet."

"It's not a frame-up, Rawlins; and I wired Sulphur a little while ago to get Ling after he shook the posse. Did you give him all he had coming last night? Yes? I thought so. And now, Rawlins, what are you going to do? Are you going to be the goat and let Ling talk—for he's sure bound to spill—or are you going to copper the bet against these partners of yours who let you do the dirty work?"

"Oh, I'll talk," said Rawlins bitterly.

Beginning with the October issues, on the stands in September, *Adventure* will appear three times a month, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th. Remember the dates. (There will be no extra charge on current unexpired subscriptions.)

Lord Julian's Mission

A Tale of the Brethren of the Main

by RAFAEL SABATINI

Author of "Blood Money," "Santa Maria," etc.

ON THE 15th of September of the year 1688, three ships were afloat, many miles apart, upon the Caribbean, which in their coming conjunctions were to work out the destinies of several persons. The first of these was Captain Blood's flagship the *Colleen*, which had been separated from the bucaneer fleet in a hurricane off the Lesser Antilles. In somewhere about 17° N. Lat., and 74° Long., she was beating up for the Windward Passage before the intermittent southeasterly breezes of that stifling season, intent upon making Tortuga. The second was the powerful Spanish *Milagrosa*, which, accompanied by the smaller frigate, the *Hidalga*, lurked off the Caymites, to the north of the long peninsula that thrusts out from the southwest corner of Hispaniola.

Aboard the *Milagrosa* sailed the Spanish Admiral, Don Miguel de Espinosa, who—to use a term not yet invented in his day—might be said to have run amuck.

The disgrace into which he had fallen as a result of the disasters suffered at the hands of Captain Blood, culminating in the affair of Maracaybo, had driven the admiral all but mad. And as a madman he went raging up and down the Caribbean to take vengeance upon any ship, French or English, that came within his horizon. The Supreme Council of Castile might anon condemn him for his practises. But how should that matter to one who was already condemned beyond redemption?

The third ship was an English man-of-war on her way from Plymouth to Jamaica, with a very distinguished passenger in the person of Lord Julian Wade, charged by his kinsman, my Lord Sunderland, with a mission of some consequence and delicacy.

To conciliate Spain, and in response to the Spanish ambassador's constant and grievous expostulations, Sunderland, the secretary of state, had appointed Colonel Bishop to the deputy-governorship of Jamaica.

A strong man, who for some years now had been the virtual ruler of Barbados, where he had amassed great wealth out of extensive plantations, Colonel Bishop had made himself felt by the buccaneers. But chief of those who still eluded him was Captain Peter Blood, who continued undeterred and in great force to harass the Spaniards upon sea and land, and to keep the relations between England and Spain in a state of perpetual ferment.

More formidable than any buccaneer since Morgan, his skill and luck were proverbial from the Bahamas to Trinidad, and as long as he was free to roam the seas so long would there be men to follow him.

His lair was in Tortuga, that French haven of buccaneers who paid tribute to its governor for the shelter afforded them in that stronghold. To hunt him thither and to have cleared the place was a course unthinkable on the score of the offence that it might give to France. In despair, Sunderland bethought him of the plan adopted with Morgan, who had been enlisted

into the King's service under Charles II.

It was known that Blood was a man with a grievance. Convicted of participation in the Monmouth rising, he had been transported to the plantations. It might well be that his present outlawry was forced upon him by these circumstances, and that he would welcome the opportunity of emerging from it.

And so, Sunderland sent out his kinsman, Lord Julian, with some commissions made out in blank and full directions as to the course to be pursued with Captain Blood and with any other buccaneer sufficiently formidable to be worth seducing by these means from his pursuits.

The *Royal Mary*—the vessel bearing that ingenious, tolerably accomplished, mildly dissolute, entirely elegant envoy of my Lord Sunderland—made a good passage to St. Nicholas, her last port of call before Jamaica. As a preliminary, Lord Julian should report himself to the deputy-governor at Port Royal and thence, at need, have himself conveyed to Tortuga.

Now it happened that the deputy-governor's niece had come to St. Nicholas some two months earlier on a visit. Out of consideration of her uncle's rank and position, the passage home she requested was accorded her aboard the *Royal Mary*.

To Lord Julian her advent revived interest in a voyage that was growing tedious.

Miss Arabella Bishop was not perhaps a lady who in England would have commanded much notice in his fastidious and discerning eyes. She was a straight up-and-down slip of a girl, of a fairly good height, with a rather boyish voice and an almost boyish ease of movement. Her hair was dark-brown, and her complexion, by contrast, was very delicately pink and white, her eyes large and hazel, her features small.

It required a delicate-minded man to appreciate Miss Bishop, and whilst far from gross, yet my lord Julian's mind did not possess the requisite degree of delicacy; but it must not be understood that this weighed against him.

THEY became good friends at once and might have had a very pleasant voyage together but for the mad-dog Spanish admiral, whom they encountered on the second day out, when half-way across the Gulf of Gonaves.

The captain of the *Royal Mary* was not disposed to be intimidated, even when Don Miguel opened fire on him. If this Spaniard wanted a fight, the *Royal Mary* was just the ship to give it him. No doubt he was justified of his gallant confidence, but a lucky shot from the Spaniard got into his powder-magazine, and blew up half his ship almost before the fight had started.

In the captain's cabin under the poop of that half-shattered vessel, Lord Julian was administering comfort to Miss Bishop. His efforts were indifferent. He was far from comfortable himself. Not that he was by any means a coward. But this cooped-up fighting in a thing of wood that might at any moment sink under his feet into the depths of ocean was disturbing to one who could be brave enough ashore.

Fortunately Miss Bishop did not appear to be in desperate need of support. Certainly she was pale, and her hazel eyes may have looked a little larger than usual. But she had herself well in hand. Half-sitting, half-leaning on the captain's table, she preserved her calm sufficiently to seek to pacify her octoroon waiting-woman, who was groveling at her feet, in a state of terror.

AND the cabin-door flew open and a Spanish officer stood considering them. Behind him there was a gleam of head-pieces and breastplates. Lord Julian spun round and clapped a hand to his sword.

The Spaniard was brisk and to the point.

"Don't be a fool," he said in his own tongue. "The ship is sinking. Unless you want to go down in her, you'll come aboard the *Milagrosa* at once. I'm sent to fetch you. But it's as you please."

Miss Bishop interpreted, and as neither wished to drown, they chose the less evil alternative offered. They stayed no longer

than was necessary to enable Miss Bishop to collect some spare articles of dress, and my lord to snatch up his valise.

As for the survivors of the *Royal Mary*—her commander had been killed in the explosion—they were abandoned by the Spaniards to their own resources. Let them take to the boats, and if those did not suffice, let them swim or drown. If Lord Julian and Miss Bishop were retained, it was because Don Miguel perceived their obvious value.

He received them with urbanity. It was an urbanity that Lord Julian did not at all reciprocate. He was profoundly annoyed. If he had done nothing positively discreditable in the unusual and difficult position into which Fate had thrust him, at least he had not cut a creditable figure. And there had been a lady present!

He was determined to do better now. Haughtily he demanded to know his captor's name. The admiral—tall, sunburned, black-bearded and aquiline of face—announced himself.

"I am Don Miguel de Espinosa, Admiral of the Navies of the Catholic King."

Lord Julian gasped.

If Spain made such a hubbub about the depredations of a runagate adventurer like Captain Blood, what could not England answer now?

"Will you tell me, then, why you have done this?" he asked. And added— "I hope you realize the strict account to which you shall be brought for your violence to this lady and to myself."

Don Miguel smiled with a flash of white teeth behind the black beard.

"I offer you no violence. On the contrary, I have saved your lives. Colonel Bishop is a rich man, and you, milord, are no doubt also rich. I will consider and fix your ransom."

"So that you're just a —— pirate, as I supposed," stormed his lordship.

The admiral ceased to smile. He revealed something of the rage that had eaten into his brain.

"I treat you English heretic dogs," he said, "just as Spaniards upon the seas have been treated by you robbers and thieves out of ——! You send your Captain Bloods, your Hagthorpes and your Morgans against us, and perfidiously disclaim responsibility for what they do." He laughed, savagely. "Let Spain disclaim responsibility for me, when your ambassador at the Escurial shall go whining his complaints of this to the Supreme Council."

"Captain Blood and the rest are not admirals of England."

"Are they not? How do I know? How does Spain know? Are you not liars all, you English heretics?"

"Sir!" Lord Julian's voice was harsh as a rasp. His eyes flashed. Instinctively he swung a hand to an empty scabbard. He shrugged at its emptiness.

"Of course," said he, "it sorts with all I have heard of Spanish honor that you should insult a man who is unarmed and your prisoner."

The admiral's face flamed scarlet. He heaved himself out of his seat as if intending violence. Then, as suddenly curbing his anger, he sat down again, and shortly bade the attending officer remove the prisoners.

LORD JULIAN smiled as they left the cabin.

"Decidedly I think I had the last word there," he said almost gaily, with a toss of his auburn ringlets. He felt that he was doing better. Miss Bishop returned his smile, quite steadily. It was impossible that he did not find her admirable.

"You are not afraid?" he asked.

"Since we are to be held to ransom, it follows that they will not hurt us," she replied.

"That is true," he said, and when presently he spoke again it was on another subject.

"I came out here to put down piracy—blister me! But I begin to think that the French are right in desiring piracy to continue as a curb upon these Spanish scoundrels."

He was presently to be strongly confirmed in that opinion.

Meanwhile their treatment was courteous, a cabin being placed at the disposal of Miss Bishop and her terrified woman and another at Lord Julian's.

The *Milagrosa*, with her consort, the *Hildalga*, rolling after her, steered a south-by-westerly course; then veered to the southeast round Cape Tiburon, and standing well out to sea, with the land no more than a cloudy outline to larboard, she headed directly east, and so ran straight into Captain Blood's *Colleen*. That happened early on the following morning.

As Miss Bishop, newly risen, stepped

out upon the quarter-deck, with his lordship in attendance, she stood arrested, staring at the big red ship that once had been the *Cinco Llagas* out of Cadiz. She was bearing down upon them, her mountains of snowy canvas bellying forward, the long pennon with the cross of St. George fluttering from her maintop in the morning breeze, the red hull with gilded port-holes and gilded beakhead aflash in the morning sun.

She was not to recognize it for a ship she had seen once before: three years ago when, as the *Cinco Llagas*, this vessel had raided Bridgetown in Barbados, where she then resided, and where Blood was a slave in her uncle's household.

Blood with some fellow-slaves, had got aboard her in the night, whilst the Spaniards were feasting in the ravished town. Terribly had he turned the tables upon the victorious raiders and thereafter made off with his rebel crew to become a scourge to all Spaniards in these seas.

"Look," said Miss Bishop, pointing, and Lord Julian observed her eyes to sparkle. "She is English and she comes resolutely on. She means to fight."

Lord Julian's face betrayed anything but satisfaction. He had been in his first sea-fight yesterday, and he felt that the experience would suffice him for a long time. This, I insist, is no reflection on his courage.

"More fool her captain, then," said my lord. "What can he hope to do against two such heavy hulks as these? If they could blow the *Royal Mary* out of the water, what will they do to this vessel. Look at that devil Don Miguel! He's utterly fiendish in his disgusting glee!"

Telescope in hand on the quarter-deck, Don Miguel was issuing his orders with eyes alight and face transfigured. Already the gunners were kindling their matches; sailors were aloft, taking in sail; others were busy spreading a stout rope net above the waist, as a protection against falling spars.

Meanwhile Don Miguel had been signaling to his consort, in response to which the *Hidalga* had drawn steadily forward until she was now ahead of the *Milagrosa*, half a cable's length to starboard, and, from the height of the tall poop, my lord and Miss Bishop could see her own bustle of preparation. The advancing English ship was reefing tops and mainsail, stripping in fact to mizzen and spritsails for the coming action. Thus, almost silently, without challenge or exchange of signals, had action been mutually decided.

The *Colleen*, advancing now more slowly, was already within saker-shot and they could make out the figures stirring on her forecastle and the brass guns gleaming on her prow. The gunners of the *Milagrosa* blew upon their smoldering matches and looked up impatiently at the admiral.

"Patience," he exhorted them. "Save your fire until we have him. He is coming straight to his doom—straight to the yard-arm and the rope that have been so long waiting for him."

"Stab me!" said his lordship. "They're just mad to engage such odds."

"Gallantry will often win through, even against overwhelming strength," said Miss Bishop. He looked at her, and marveled to note in her bearing only excitement.

"Presently," he said, "you will suffer me to place you under cover."

"I can see best from here," she answered him. And added quietly—"I am praying for this Englishman. He must be very brave."

"Foolhardy!" said his lordship gloomily.

THE *Colleen* was advancing now bows on, as if to pass between the two Spanish ships. My lord pointed it out.

"He's crazy—surely!" he cried. "He's driving straight into a death-trap. No wonder that black-faced don is holding his fire."

But even at that moment, the admiral raised his hand and the gunners on the prow touched off his guns. As the thunder of them rolled out, they were answered almost at once by two successive flashes from the brass cannon on the *Colleen's* beakhead, and scarcely had the watchers on the poop seen the splash made by one of the shots in striking the water near them, when with a rending crash and a shiver that shook the *Milagrosa* from stem to stern, the other came to lodge in her forecastle.

To avenge the blow, the *Hidalga* blazed at the Englishman with her chasers. But even at that short range—between two and three hundred yards—neither shot took effect.

At a hundred yards the *Colleen's* forward guns, being reloaded, fired again at the *Milagrosa*, and this time smashed her

bowsprit into splinters. Don Miguel swore and his own forward guns replied. But they were aimed too high, and whilst one of the shots scarred the *Colleen's* mainmast, the other went wide. And now she was between the Spaniards, her bows in line with theirs, and coming steadily on.

His lordship held his breath and Miss Bishop gasped. She had a glimpse of the wickedly grinning face of Don Miguel, and the grinning faces of the men at the guns in the waist. At last the *Colleen* was right between the Spanish ships, prow to poop and poop to prow.

In the act of ordering the trumpeter at his elbow to give the signal for both ships, Don Miguel checked, paralyzed by the belated apprehension that in firing into the Englishman he and his consort would also be firing into each other.

Too late he ordered his helmsman to put the tiller hard over and swing the ship to larboard, as a preliminary to maneuvering for a less impossible position of attack. At that very moment the *Colleen* seemed to explode as she swept by. Eighteen guns from each of her flanks emptied themselves at that pointblank range into the hulls of the two Spanish vessels.

Half-stunned by the reverberating thunder, and thrown off her balance by a sudden lurch of the ship, Miss Bishop fell violently against Lord Julian, who kept his feet by clutching the rail on which he had been leaning. Billowing clouds of smoke to starboard blotted out everything and its acrid odor, taking them presently in the throat, set them gasping and coughing.

From the grim confusion and turmoil in the waist below arose a clamor of fierce Spanish blasphemies and the screams of maimed men.

The *Milagrosa* staggered slowly ahead, a gaping rent in her bulwarks, her foremast shattered, fragments of the yards hanging in the netting spread below. Her beakhead was in splinters and a shot had smashed through into the great cabin reducing it to wreckage.

Suddenly through the lifting smoke loomed the outline of a ship, ghostly at first, in the enveloping haze, then her red hull clear as she swept nearer with poles all bare save for the spritsail spread to give her steering way.

Instead of holding to her course, as Don Miguel had imagined, the *Colleen* had gone about, under cover of the smoke, and sailing now in the same direction as the *Milagrosa*, was converging sharply upon her, so sharply that almost before the frenzied Don Miguel had realized the situation, his vessel reeled under the rending impact with which the other came hurtling alongside.

Grapnels clanked and tore and caught in half a dozen places and the Spaniard was gripped in the tentacles of the English ship.

Beyond her, and now well astern, the *Hidalga* was descried in desperate case. She was bilging fast, with an ominous list to larboard, and it could be no more than a question of moments before she settled down. Her crew was striving desperately to launch the boats.

Of this Don Miguel's anguished eyes had no more than a fleeting but comprehensive glimpse before his own decks were invaded by a wild, yelling swarm of boarders. Never was hunter more swiftly converted into helpless prey. For helpless the Spaniards were. The swiftly executed boarding maneuver had taken them completely by surprize in the moment of confusion following the punishing broadside they had sustained.

There was a valiant but futile effort by some of Don Miguel's officers to rally the men. The Spaniards, never at their best in close-quarter fighting, were here demoralized by knowledge of the men with whom they had to deal. Their hastily formed ranks were smashed at once.

Driving across the waist, to the quarter-deck bulkheads and up to the forecastle, the fighting resolved itself into skirmishes between groups, whilst another swarm of buccaneers dropped through the hatch to the main deck below to overpower the gun-crews at their stations there.

On the quarter-deck, toward which an overwhelming wave of buccaneers was sweeping, led by a one-eyed giant, naked to the waist, stood Don Miguel, numbed by despair and rage. Above and behind him on the poop, Lord Julian and Miss Bishop looked on, his lordship aghast at the fury of this cooped-up fighting, the lady sick and faint with horror.

AT LAST the rage of that brief fight was spent. They saw the banner of Castile come fluttering down from the masthead. A buccaneer had slashed the halyard with his cutlas.

The boarders were in possession and on the upper deck groups of disarmed Spaniards stood huddled now like herded sheep.

Suddenly Miss Bishop recovered from her nausea to lean forward, staring with eyes that were suddenly dilated.

Picking his way daintily through that shambles in the waist, came a tall, slender man with a deeply tanned face that was shaded by a broad plumed hat. He was richly dressed in black with silver lace, and carried himself with easy assurance.

Up the broad companion to the quarter-deck he came, and there, very gracefully, doffed his feathered hat to salute the Spanish admiral, who, livid of face, with distorted mouth and labored breathing, stood stiffly unresponsive. A crisp, metallic voice, speaking perfect Spanish, reached those two spectators on the poop.

"We meet at last, Don Miguel," it said. "And if the meeting is little to your taste, at least it is of your own seeking."

The Spaniard uttered an inarticulate cry of rage and his hand swept to the hilt of his sword. But the other caught his wrist and held it.

"Calm, Don Miguel!" he was quietly but firmly, enjoined. "Do not drive me to the ugly extremes that you yourself would have practised had the situation been reversed. You are at liberty to go."

He pointed to the boats, which his men were heaving from the booms amidships.

"Your boats are being launched. Yonder are the shores of Hispaniola. You should make them safely. And if you'll take my advice, Don Miguel, you'll not hunt me again. But get you home to Spain, and to concerns that you understand better than this trade of the sea."

For a long moment the defeated admiral stared his hate in silence, then, still without speaking, he went down the companion, staggering like a drunken man, his useless rapier clattering behind him. His conqueror, who had not even troubled to disarm him, watched him go; then turned and faced those two immediately above him on the poop..

Lord Julian might have observed, had he been less taken up with other things, that the man suddenly turned pale under his deep tan. Then he came swiftly up the steps. Lord Julian stood forward to meet him.

"Ye don't mean, sir, that you'll let that Spanish scoundrel go free?" he cried.

The gentleman in black seemed to become aware of his lordship for the first time.

"Why, who the —— may you be?" he asked, with a marked Irish accent. "And what business may it be of yours, at all?"

His truculence and utter lack of proper deference must be corrected.

"I am Lord Julian Wade," his lordship announced with that object. Apparently the announcement made no impression.

"Are you, indeed? Then perhaps ye'll explain what the —— you're doing aboard this ship?"

Lord Julian controlled himself to explain, shortly and impatiently.

"He took you prisoner, did he—along with Miss Bishop there?"

"You are acquainted with Miss Bishop?" cried his lordship.

But this mannerless fellow had stepped past him, and was making a leg to the lady, who on her side was unresponsive and forbidding to the point of scorn. Observing this, he turned to answer Lord Julian's question.

"I had that honor once," said he. "But it seems that Miss Bishop has forgotten me."

A note of mockery rang in his voice. His lips were twisted into a wry smile and there was pain in the blue eyes that gleamed so vividly under his black brows.

"I do not number thieves and pirates among my acquaintances, Captain Blood," said the lady, frostily.

"Captain Blood!" cried his lordship, in excitement. "Are you Captain Blood?"

"What else were ye supposing?" Blood asked the question wearily, his mind on other things.

We touch here upon the great romance of that hard-used gentleman's life.

Years ago when, as a transported rebel, he had been a slave in her uncle's household, they had been, after a manner, friends. He was not, after all, as other slaves. He was a man of parts and he had enjoyed certain liberties not commonly accorded to his kind. It was entirely because of his deep regard for her that—at considerable risk to himself—he had prevailed upon his fellow-slaves to give Colonel Bishop a chance of life when—in the hour of their deliverance—that hard man lay in their power.

The love that Peter Blood had conceived for her had never been spoken. But it had been with him in these three years, and it had been his dream that there might come a day when they should meet again upon more equal terms.

The last thing that he had pictured was that he should meet her thus as her deliverer, amid the reek and smoke of battle upon the deck of a conquered ship. The anticipation would have warmed his heart, as much as the realization now froze it.

Her short, cruel speech had been to him as a blow across the eyes. He could not trust himself to answer her. Instead, he addressed Lord Julian.

"If ye'll escort Miss Bishop aboard my ship, I'll have ye put ashore in some convenient place. And you had best make haste, for we are about to scuttle this hulk."

HE WAS turning to depart, but Lord Julian caught him by the sleeve with one hand, whilst with the other he pointed to Don Miguel, who was leaning dejectedly against the forecastle bulkhead.

"Do I understand that ye're not going to hang that Spanish scoundrel?"

"What for should I be hanging him?"

"Because he's just a —— pirate!"

"Ah!" said Blood, and Lord Julian marveled at the sudden haggardness of a countenance that had been so devil-may-care but a few moments since. "I am a —— pirate myself; and so I am merciful with my kind. Don Miguel goes free."

Lord Julian gasped.

"After what he has done to me—to us!" he cried. Then he contained his indignant amazement. He spoke coldly. "Captain Blood, you disappoint me. I had hopes of great things for you."

"Go to the ——," said Captain Blood and continued on his way.

And that was the last Lord Julian saw of him for some hours.

When next they met it was toward evening on the quarter-deck of the *Colleen*, and the meeting was of his lordship's seeking. He had transferred himself, as he was bidden, to Blood's ship, together with Miss Bishop, their luggage and her woman. Food was served them in the great cabin, but Captain Blood did not join them at table nor indeed at all.

He sent an officer, however, to inform them that he had altered his course with intent to land them on the coast of Jamaica, as near Port Royal as he dared venture.

"I marvel," said Miss Bishop, when the door had closed upon the departing messenger, "that he does not hold us to ransom."

Lord Julian looked at her. There was something here that intrigued him hopelessly.

"Isn't that—I venture the remark in all submission, Miss Bishop—isn't it a little ungrateful?"

"Ungrateful?" She stared at him out of those discomposing hazel eyes. "I don't think I understand."

"Well, now—Didn't he come to our rescue?"

"I wasn't aware that he knew of our presence aboard the *Milagrosa*."

"Still, you're probably aware that he delivered us." There was the least asperity in Lord Julian's tone. "And, living in these savage places of the New World, ye can hardly fail to be aware of what is known even in England—that this fellow Blood makes war upon Spaniards only. Though why he should be so nice in the matter is more than I can think. Sink me! When you consider how he's fared at the hands of his fellow-countrymen, you may marvel that he should discriminate. To be sold into slavery. Ugh!" His lordship shuddered. "And to a —— colonial planter!" he checked abruptly. "I beg your pardon, Miss Bishop. For the moment——"

"You were carried away by your heat in the defense of this sea-robber?" Miss Bishop's scorn was almost fierce.

His lordship stared at her again. Then he narrowed his handsome eyes.

"I wonder why you hate him so!" said he softly.

"Hate him?" She stared a moment, then laughed disdainfully. "Lord! What a thought! I don't regard the fellow at all."

"Then ye should. He's worth regarding. He'd be an acquisition to the king's service—a man that can do the things he did this morning. Blister me! I doubt if the royal navy has his like! To thrust himself deliberately between those two ships at pointblank range, and to turn the tables on them! And we were not the only ones bubbled. That Spanish admiral never

guessed the intent until it was too late, and Blood had him in check."

Miss Bishop was moved to sarcasm.

"You should use your interest with my Lord Sunderland to have the king offer him a commission."

"Faith, it isn't necessary. It's done already. I have his commission in my pocket this minute, or, leastways, in my valise."

And he amazed her still further by an exposition of the circumstances. In that amazement, he left her, and went out in quest of Blood. He found him pacing the quarter-deck, a very thoughtful, downcast man.

Lord Julian, with the amiable familiarity he used, slipped an arm through the captain's, and fell into step with him.

"Ye're mighty condescending, sir, sneered Blood. His lordship should have seen that his temper wasn't at its best.

"I desire that we be friends, captain."

"Sure now, that's mighty civil of you."

His lordship swallowed his resentment of the obvious sarcasm.

"It's an odd coincidence that we should meet thus," said he, "considering that I came out to the Indies especially to seek you."

"Ye're not the first that's done that," said Captain Blood, grimly. "But they've mostly been Spaniards, and they hadn't your luck. Don Miguel de Espinosa was one of them."

"You misapprehend me completely," said Lord Julian and proceeded to explain himself and his mission.

WHEN he had done, Blood disengaged his arm from his lordship's and stood squarely before him.

"Ye're my guest aboard this ship," said he, "and I still have some notions of decent behavior left me from other days. So I'll not be telling you what I think of you for daring to bring me this offer, or of my Lord Sunderland—since he's your kinsman—for sending it.

"But it doesn't surprize me at all that a man who is minister to such a king as James Stuart conceives that every other man can be seduced by bribes to betray those who trust him." He flung out an arm to indicate his buccaneers lounging in the waist.

"Again you misapprehend," cried Lord Julian, between concern and indignation. "It is intended to include your followers in your commission."

"And d'ye think they'll go with me to hunt their brethren—the Brethren of the Main? On my soul, Lord Julian, 'tis yourself does the misapprehending. And there's more to it. D'ye think I could take a commission of King James's? I tell ye I wouldn't be soiling my hands with it—though they be the hands of a thief and a pirate. That's what Miss Bishop called me. And who made me a thief and a pirate?"

"If you were a rebel—" His lordship was beginning.

"I was no such thing—no rebel at all. Wasn't I bred a papist? And what should I be doing with the Protestant Champion, Monmouth? I was just performing an act of charity, when they took me, and that filthy vampire Jeffreys—bad cess to him!—condemned me to transportation.

"D'ye dream what it is to be a slave? But there! I grow hot for nothing at all. I'm grateful to ye, Lord Julian, for your kindly intentions. I am so. But ye'll understand perhaps. Ye look as if ye might."

Lord Julian shrugged.

"A pity," he sighed. "Oh, blister me—a cursed pity!" He held out his hand. "But no offence between us. For damme, ye're a fine fellow, Captain Blood."

"I'm a pirate and a thief," said Captain Blood. He laughed without mirth, and disregarding the proffered hand, swung on his heel.

Lord Julian departed almost sorrowfully. Just within the doorway of the passage leading to the cabin, he almost ran into Miss Bishop. He followed her to the roundhouse, his mind too full of Captain Blood to concern itself closely with her movements. There he flung into a chair and exploded.

"Blister me if ever I met a man that I liked better. Yet there's nothing to be done with him."

He looked across at her with brooding eyes.

"Your words have rankled with him. He threw them at me twice. He wouldn't take the commission; he wouldn't take my hand even. What's to be done with a fellow like that? He'll end on a yard-arm for all his luck. And the fool's running into danger at the present moment on our account."

"How?" she asked him, with a faint show of interest.

"By sailing to Jamaica, the headquarters of the English fleet. True, your uncle commands it——"

Her interest quickened very suddenly. She leaned across the table to interrupt him, a little breathlessly.

"Don't imagine there is any hope for him in that," said she. "He has no bitterer enemy in the world. I believe that it was nothing but the hope of taking and hanging him that made my uncle accept the deputy-governorship of Jamaica and leave his Barbados plantations. Captain Blood doesn't know that, of course——"

"I can't think it would make the least difference to him if he did," said Lord Julian. "A man who can forgive such an enemy as Don Miguel, and take up such an uncompromising attitude as this with me, isn't to be judged by ordinary rules. He's chivalrous to the point of idiocy."

"And yet he has been what he has been, and done the things he has done in these past three years!" Miss Bishop sat down and stared through the stern windows into the fading eventide, deep in thought.

SHE was awakened next morning very early by a sharp bugle call and the clanging of a bell in the ship's belfry. On the main deck under her cabin she could hear sounds of swift, labored bustle, the clatter of many feet and hoarse shouting voices. She rose and called her woman, a vague sense of alarm pervading her.

Aroused by the same sounds, Lord Julian was already astir, and dressing hurriedly. Presently he emerged on deck, and looked up into a mountain of canvas. Every foot of sail that she possessed had been crowded to the *Colleen's* yards to catch the morning breeze.

Ahead and on either side, stretched the limitless expanse of ocean sparkling golden in the sun, a mere half-disc as yet above the horizon straight ahead. By the rail stood Captain Blood in altercation with the one-eyed giant, Wolverstone, who had yesterday led the boarding-party. Their voices ceased as his lordship appeared and Blood turned to greet him.

"Good morning to you," he said, and added: "I've blundered badly, so I have. I should have known better than to have come so close to Jamaica by night. But I was in haste to land you."

He waved his hand astern as he spoke, and, turning, Lord Julian cried out in his amazement. There, not more than three miles away, was land—an uneven mass of vivid green that filled the Western horizon. And a couple of miles this side of it, bearing after them, came three great white ships.

"They fly no colors, but they're part of the Jamaica fleet," said Blood without excitement. "When dawn broke we found ourselves running right into them. It's been a race ever since. And the *Colleen's* been at sea these four months, and her bottom's too foul for the speed we're needing."

"So that you're like to be in yet another sea-fight afore ye've done wi' ships, my lord," was Wolverstone's sardonic comment.

"Sure now, that's a point we were just arguing," said Blood. "For I hold that we're in no case to fight such odds."

"The odds be ——," swore Wolverstone. "We're used to odds. The odds was heavier at Marcaybo; yet we won out and took three ships."

"Aye—but those were Spaniards."

"And what better are these—commanded by a lubberly Barbados planter? Whatever ails you, Peter? I've never known ye scared afore."

A gun boomed out behind them.

"That'll be the signal to lie to," said Blood, and he sighed.

Wolverstone squared himself defiantly before his captain.

"I'll see Colonel Bishop in —— or ever I lies to for him." And he spat, presumably for purposes of emphasis.

His lordship intervened.

"Oh, but—by your leave—surely there is nothing to be apprehended from Colonel Bishop. Considering the service you have rendered to his niece and to me——"

"Tchah!" Wolverstone interrupted him. "Ye don't know Colonel Bishop; that's clear. Not for his niece, not for his own mother, would he forego the blood he thinks is due to him. A drinker of blood he is. We know. We been his slaves—Peter and me."

"But there is myself," said his lordship with great dignity.

Wolverstone laughed.

"I assure you," said his lordship, sharply,

"that my word counts for something in England."

"Maybe—in England. But this ain't England, —me."

Came the roar of a second gun, and a round shot splashed the water less than a cable's length astern. Blood leaned over the rail to a fair young man immediately below him by the helmsman at the whipstaff.

"Bid them take in sail, Jerry," he said, quietly. "We lie to."

But Wolverstone interposed again.

"Hold there a moment, Jerry! Wait!" He swung back to face the captain.

"Peter, ye've gone mad! Will ye doom us all to —— out of tenderness for that cold slip of a girl?"

"Stop!" cried Blood in a fury.

But Wolverstone would not stop.

"It's the truth, you fool," he asserted. "It's that —— petticoat's making a coward of you. It's for her that ye're afraid—and she, Colonel Bishop's niece! My ——, man, ye'll have a mutiny aboard, and I'll lead it myself sooner than surrender to be hanged in Port Royal."

Their glances met, and the burly giant saw unmistakable pain reflected in those light eyes—eyes which he had known merry, angry, cunning, reckless, but never sad.

"There is," said Captain Blood, "no question of surrender for any man aboard, save only myself. It's myself that scoundrel Bishop wants. I'll send him a message offering to surrender and taking Miss Bishop and his lordship with me, but only on condition that the *Colleen* is allowed to proceed unharmed. It's a bargain he'll accept, if I know him at all."

"It's a bargain he'll never be offered," roared Wolverstone, angrier than ever.

And then Miss Bishop stepped out on to the deck. She had heard every word, nor scrupled to betray the fact.

"There is yet another way, sir," she said, "that perhaps you have overlooked." She seemed a little out of breath, and her pleasant boyish voice was disposed to quaver. "Allowing that my uncle is as great an ogre as you say, yet you can make yourself, your ship and your crew quite safe from his anger by the proposals which Lord Julian made you yesterday."

Blood looked at her in silence, his eyes expressionless.

"Ay—blister me!" cried his lordship eagerly. "Though my word may carry little weight in these barbarous latitudes, the king's word will be respected. That is your way, Captain Blood."

"What way is that?" quoth Wolverstone, mistrustfully, and Jerry Pitt drew his head to the level of the deck that he might hear the answer.

"The way of Morgan," Captain Blood replied. "Accept the king's commission, and shelter us all behind it."

Wolverstone gaped in stricken amazement. "It—it has been offered you?"

"Ay, and refused by him—though Heaven knows it should be preferable to sleeping on the bottom of the sea," said his lordship.

"Better put it to the men," cried Pitt, and Wolverstone grunted his approval.

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said Blood.

"Then I will," Pitt declared, and went off at once upon that errand, never heeding Blood's heated protests.

He was still protesting when Pitt returned with two-thirds of the crew crowding after him to urge upon their captain to take this only way of saving them. He protested until Miss Bishop intervened.

"It is an honorable proposal, sir," she said with some heat; provoked by the scorn he was heaping on it.

His blue eyes, regarding her, were hard as sapphires.

"Do ye suppose now," he asked her, "that it could redeem a man who was a pirate and a thief?"

Her glance fell away. Her voice faltered a little in replying.

"If he needs redeeming. But perhaps he has been judged too harshly."

The blue eyes flashed and the firm lips relaxed from their grim set.

"Why—if ye think that," he said, "life might have its uses, after all." He swung to Lord Julian. "Date it yesterday. And for the love of glory make me nothing less than a colonel, so that I may talk to Bishop as man to man."

Secretly rejoicing at this successful accomplishment of his mission, Lord Julian plunged away to his cabin and Blood renewed the order to take in sail and lie to. This time it was obeyed without demur. When he turned again to address Miss Bishop, she had vanished.

WAS THE ships of the Jamaica fleet came up with them, Blood signaled his request that they should send a boat. It came, manned by a score of sailors, and in the stern-sheets sat Colonel Bishop himself.

"He has courage, at least," said Blood, as he watched the approaching boat from the bulwarks amidships.

"Blood-lust will often stifle prudence," sneered Wolverstone.

But Bishop had taken his measures. As he was stepping on to the deck of the *Colleen*, he announced that the guns of his three ships were trained on her to blow her out of the water at the first sign of treachery.

Arms akimbo, and feet planted wide he stood, a massive man in whose great red face a pair of beady eyes gloated malevolently upon the redoubtable buccaneer he had compelled to surrender. And that same cornered buccaneer, apparently nowise discomposed, airily smiled a welcome.

"Good-day to ye, colonel darling. It's mighty glad I am to see you looking so well and hearty."

"Hearty enough to hang you for a —— pirate," growled the deputy-governor.

Blood appealed to Lord Julian, who stood beside him.

"D'ye hear that now? And did ye ever hear the like? But what did I tell ye? Perhaps ye'll be explaining to the colonel just who I am."

"I have the honor to inform you, sir, that this is Colonel Blood, a gentleman holding a commission in his majesty's service."

The deputy-governor scowled between perplexity and anger at the elegant speaker.

"And who the —— may you be?" quoth he. Lord Julian's dress and air and speech, precluded the possibility of his being a member of Blood's crew.

"Ye're not very civil, sir, even for a colonial planter," said his lordship in cold reproof. "My name is Wade—Lord Julian Wade, my Lord Sunderland's kinsman and his majesty's envoy to these barbarous parts. You were notified, I think, of my coming. My ship, the *Royal Mary*, fell a victim to a Spanish privateer, and I might never have arrived but for the gallantry of Colonel Blood, who rescued me, together with your own niece."

He pointed to the quarter-deck, where Miss Bishop waited with her woman. She waved a hand to her uncle, and by her presence corroborated the incredible and unpalatable story that he had just heard. But the colonel was too dumfounded to have much thought for his niece just then.

"You have granted a commission to this man?" He brushed the matter aside with a contemptuous oath. "It shall be canceled."

"On what grounds, if you please?" His lordship was very frosty.

"That ye were imposed upon—bubbled; that you did not know what ye were doing, what this man has done; first, a rebel, then an escaped slave, then a bloodthirsty pirate."

"I assure you, sir, I was fully informed of all. I do not grant the king's commission lightly."

"Don't you, by ——? Ye've done so in this case, let me tell you. And as his majesty's deputy-governor of Jamaica, I'll take leave to correct your mistake in my own way. There's a gallows waiting for this rascal in Port Royal."

There was an uneasy stir among the men crowding in the waist. But Lord Julian answered promptly:

"Not *my* mistake, colonel. I take my instructions from my Lord Sunderland, and he expressly designated Captain Blood for this commission if Captain Blood could be persuaded to accept it. I have his letter of directions."

He paused so as to stress the question he next added—

"Do you still presume to describe it as a mistake, sir, and dare you take the risk of correcting it?"

The deputy-governor's haughty, malevolent glance faltered and his full face lost some of its high color.

"It is not for me to question my Lord Sunderland's wisdom," he said at last in a voice that was suddenly grown husky.

"His lordship will be glad to hear it," said Lord Julian.

Blood was breathing freely again at last.

"It only remains, Colonel Bishop," said he, "to settle whether you'll return to your ship, or honor me with your company into Port Royal, whither I am conveying Lord Julian."

Colonel Bishop declined the hospitality. In departing with his niece, he even forgot to return thanks for her rescue. But this was a matter that Miss Bishop repaired in such a manner as to encourage Blood's soaring hopes of redemption.

THE LOST RANGE

by Henry Herbert Knibbs

ONLY a few could understand his ways and his outfit queer,
His saddle-horse and his pack-horse as lean as a Winter steer,
As he rode alone on the mesa intent on his endless quest—
Old Tom Bright of the Pecos, a ghost of the vanished West.

His gaze was fixed on the spaces; he never had much to say
When we met him down by the river, or over in Santa Fé.
He favored the open country with its reaches clean and wide,
And called it his "sage-brush garden; the only place left to ride."

He scorned new methods and manners and stock that was under fence.
He had seen the last of the open range, but he kept up the old pretense;
Though age made his blue eyes water, his humor was always dry—
"Me? I'm huntin' the Lost Range down yonder against the sky."

That's what he'd say when we hailed him as we met him along the trail,
Hazing his old gray pack-horse, fetching some rancher's mail
In the heat of the upland Summer, or the chill of the thin-spread snow;
Any of us would have staked him, but Tom wouldn't have it so.

He made you think of an eagle caged up for the crowd to see,
Dreaming of crags and sunshine and glories that used to be;
Some folks called him a hobo—too lazy to work for pay;
But we old-timers knew better, for Tom wasn't built that way.

He'd work till he got a grub stake; then drift—and he'd make his fire
And camp on the open mesa as far as he could from wire;
Tarp and sogun and skillet, saddle and rope and gun—
And that's the way that they found him, asleep in the noonday sun.

They were running a line that Summer surveying a right-of-way
From Buckman, down by the river, clear over to Santa Fé,
Spoiling his sage-brush garden—"the only place left to ride,"—
But Tom he had beat them to it: he had crossed to The Other Side.

The coroner picked his jury and a livery horse apiece,
Not forgetting the shovels, and we rode to the Buckman lease,
Rolled Tom up in his slicker, and each of us said "So-long."
Tom never cared for preachers, but we knew that he liked a song.

None of us had a hymn-book; so we didn't observe the rules,
But we sang "Git Along Little Dogies"—all cryin', we gray-haired fools;
Kind of wishing that Tom could hear it, and know we were standing by;
Wishing him luck on The Lost Range down yonder against the sky.

The Flight of the Yellow Owl

by KENNETH GILBERT

Author of "The Radio Ray," "Heart of the Crew," etc.

AS JERRY LYNCH, head of the Government's sleuths in the local district, swung jauntily along toward the administration building this morning, he presented to those who met him the masculine idea of prosperity. From his imported straw to the tips of his well-turned shoes he was sartorially perfect. Even the stick he carried was not too affected, nor too dandified.

There was nothing about him that ordinarily marks the detective, though he had been a police officer until he had been induced to accept Government pay. And yet there was a keenness in his face; and the glance of his dark eyes, which seemed to be careless, was searching.

Jerry looked the part of self-satisfaction, though the outward show was a sham. For the first time in his professional career he found himself baffled. Even the famous case where he had landed in the toils of the law the smugglers who were using a steam yacht to bring Chinese coolies into the United States—and communicating between ship and shore by means of a new radio apparatus which projected the ether waves in a single beam, instead of broadcast—had offered more plausible theories on which to work.

Jerry had landed those smugglers because of his expert knowledge of radio, but he was merely a common detective, it seemed, in playing the game with his present opponents.

For the country was being flooded with "dope," and the bulk of it was coming right through the district which Jerry had imagined himself to be so zealously and effectively guarding.

It was common knowledge that America's great drug manufactories were turning out an immense quantity of morphin, cocain, heroin and other derivatives of the coca leaf, and shipping it abroad. They were not allowed to dispose of it in the United States except in limited quantities to wholesale druggists, yet there was nothing to prevent the stuff being exported. From across the border it was then smuggled back to the United States.

In a few years the traffic and the habit that made it possible had grown until it threatened to sap the stamina of the nation. The legitimate price of $12 an ounce for the stuff rose to $480 an ounce by the time it reached the pitiable addicts. But the harm of it was that the "dope peddlers," addicts themselves, had taken to teaching weak acquaintances the habit, so that a larger trade could be drummed up.

Jerry had learned but one thing, and that of no apparent value. The narcotic smugglers—depraved Orientals and even more depraved white men—were known among the fraternity as the Yellow Owls. But the riddle of the sphinx was simple when compared with the answer to: How do they get it across the border?

Boats, trains and automobiles were being scrupulously searched, but still the white cloud of "snow" from the north continued.

Of course, it was easy enough to arrest addicts—the city seemed full of them—but they couldn't tell what Jerry wished to know. They were not allowed to possess that knowledge. So Jerry, cursing himself inwardly for what he termed his own stupidity, kept doggedly after the answer.

He was now going to the office for another day of mental concentration and deduction.

To one so observant as Lynch, it was natural that he should notice the man who slunk in a doorway forty feet ahead, almost as soon as the man noticed him. And the preparatory signs were so easily readable that Jerry knew an attempted "touch" would be made.

As Jerry came opposite, the man, shabbily dressed and aged beyond his years, glanced hastily up and down the street to make sure that no policeman dawdled near, and then came ingratiatingly out of his retreat.

"Slip me the price of a feed, mister," he whined. " 'Fore Gawd, I ain't had a bite since yesterday morning."

Jerry looked at the man sharply. The latter was pale and jerkily nervous. Beyond doubt he was famished; yet it was not hunger, but the pallid, clammy tentacles of a more pressing need that clutched him. Apparently it had been hours since his jangled nerves had been temporarily lulled by the drug he craved.

Jerry felt genuinely sorry for the man. He always did when he met addicts thus. It was to save future weaklings from the embrace of the thing that had wrapped its slimy coils about this poor derelict that he, Lynch, was racking his brains these days.

Yet to give the man money would be merely buying "dope" for him. Jerry pulled from his vest pocket a square bit of pasteboard, on which was stamped—

Good for One Meal at the Millionaires' Club.

A group of kind-hearted business men had jointly opened a restaurant where the unemployed of the city could be fed at actual cost. It was given a high-sounding name, not in jest, but to make the needy feel that the aid extended them was not charity. The tickets, which could be purchased for a nominal sum apiece, assured the giver that his donation would be used for the most vital purpose—food.

The man reached for the pasteboard, and as he did so the worn sleeve of his coat slipped back, exposing a curiously tattooed device on the inner side of the upper wrist. Just a mere flash of it Jerry got, but that was enough. The hand that proffered the ticket closed over the mendicant's wrist firmly.

The man, emaciated and weak, was helpless in Lynch's grasp. He looked up with startled eyes.

" 'Fore Gawd, I ain't done nothin'," he whined, guessing that Jerry must be some officer of the law. "I'm hungry as ——, and I've got to eat, ain't I? What you want? You a 'dick'?"

Jerry thrust back the other's sleeve, and again exposed the tattoo. It was the figure of an owl, done in yellow ink!

"Come on, bo," he commanded, not unkindly. "Let's take a ride. Maybe I've got some good news for you."

And with that he bundled the protesting "pan-handler" into a near-by taxicab.

THEY were seated in Lynch's little office, the man opposite Jerry at a flat-topped desk. There was a hungry yearning in the addict's eyes now, and he licked dry lips as he plucked aimlessly with his fingers. Frequently he shifted nervously in his chair.

His tortured nerves cried for stimulant; it seemed that the very ends of them were frayed. There was a sensation on his skin as of invisible things crawling.

Yet he was sullenly determined to talk as little as possible. He said his name was Roth, and that was the extent of the information which he vouchsafed.

But Jerry was not discouraged. Roth knew something of the smuggling ring. That much was certain, else why would he bear a symbol which apparently stood for the infernal clique? Just a mere tip. Who the smugglers were, or, better still, how they operated, was all that Jerry asked. Roth, however, remained obdurate.

Finally Jerry pushed a button. To the clerk who appeared he said—

"Ask Dr. Wharton to step this way, please."

At the word "doctor," Roth looked up eagerly. Maybe they were going to ease his agony. Then he scowled as the thought struck him that perhaps they were going to tantalize him with sight of the drug until they wrung the information from him.

The plump, genial little Government

health-service physician appeared almost immediately. In a single glance, in which were mixed scorn, pity and professional interest, he sized up Roth.

"Doctor," said Jerry, "this man has something we wish to learn very much—information concerning the Yellow Owl ring of drug smugglers. Would you undertake to cure him of his habit if he talks?"

Dr. Wharton again appraised Roth.

"How long?" he asked shortly.

"Two years," was the reply.

The physician turned to Jerry.

"I'll try," he said.

And Roth, whose tautened nerves seemed to vibrate in his flesh like struck piano wires, dropped his head on the table and sobbed.

WHAT Roth told was meager enough; it was not in the nature of the Yellow Owls to confide largely in such an apparent weakling. And the man told the little he knew, not so much for the promised cure as the assurance that he would be relieved of his torture immediately—since the cure consists of a forcible and gradual "tapering off."

At midnight Jerry was to be out on the Sunset Highway, which parallels the border. At some place, Roth didn't know where, say twenty-five miles from the city, Jerry was to halt and wait—for what would happen.

That was all the information Roth could supply. He knew only that the stuff came over the border every night about twelve; how, he didn't know. What he had learned had principally been by hearsay. He merely bore the Yellow Owl mark as a means of identification.

He likewise explained how he, a potential member of the smuggling ring, was found to be so low in finances and dire need of "dope." He was a "peddler," and the illicit jobber who supplied him had failed to keep a tryst. Roth had spent his last cent to buy "dope" from another "peddler"—at addicts' prices—and luck had thrown him in Jerry's way at a crucial moment.

In a half-delirium he babbled of the Yellow Owl that spread its wings at night and wreaked a horrible vengeance on traitors. His hearers set down much of his maudlin mutterings to the operation of fear, and a drug-crazed brain.

Yet it was all grist in Jerry's mill of deduction, and until he winnowed out the chaff he would discard none of it.

IT WAS past midnight when a big touring-car, with Jerry in the front seat with the driver and five Federal agents in the rear, loafed aimlessly along the smooth arterial highway that winds through the hills, threading its way across the continent.

Jerry was beginning to share some of the disgust he knew the others must feel. This was akin to looking for a needle in a straw-stack. Twice during the night they had stopped and searched automobiles which they met; then apologized to the indignant, law-abiding citizens who were in a hurry to get home.

Lynch touched the driver's arm.

"Let's wait here a bit," he said.

They were on the arc of a great curve, where the road swung around a small mountain. While the road narrowed, at this point there was a turnout, into which the car was driven, and stopped. There was sufficient room for other cars to pass them without danger of collision. At Jerry's directions, the driver snapped off all the lights, and they settled themselves to wait.

There was a thin haze overhead that blotted out the stars and made the night black. The moon would not rise for fully two hours. The night was windless and silent, except for the croaking of frogs in a gully below, and the querulous chirping of some bird that had been disturbed in its slumber in the woods above them. It was eery.

To wait seemed foolish enough, yet to Jerry the aimless wandering up and down the highway seemed even more purposeless. They had no point to set as their destination. Here, at least, they could halt cars that came by, and search them. In that respect it was an advantageous spot, for the road curved out of sight a hundred yards in either direction.

The highway was the only one of its kind for many miles in these wild hills, hence it was unlikely that the smugglers, if they actually did obtain their illicit cargo out here, as the addict Roth had said, and carried it into the city by means of automobile, would choose another route, which would be greatly out of the way.

For half an hour they smoked and waited, with scarcely a word of conversation. Then one of the men in the rear seat spoke.

"Hear that?"

They listened. To Jerry's ears there came a faint, almost indistinguishable, drumming roar, which grew steadily in volume. The sound came from the north.

One of the agents broke the silence.

"Heavy car coming up a grade back in the hills," he said.

"Car nothing!" retorted another. "That's an airplane engine."

Jerry started. The last speaker seemed right. That steady drone like the hum of a bee was made only by a huge motor capable of driving a gravitation-defying machine through the air. And out of the chaos of theory that had swirled in his mind for days there leaped the Answer—so simple that he marveled at its escaping him before.

The narcotic ring had taken to the air to transport its nefarious wares over the border! That could be the only explanation for the presence of an aerial craft in these hills at this time of night. Beyond the border to the north there was undoubtedly a great cache of "dope," from which the sky freighter each night carried a cargo to the wholesalers on the American side. But where was the stuff landed?

The direction whence came the steady beat of the aircraft's motor was changing now. It was moving farther south, so that if the machine maintained its line of flight it would cross the highway at a point Jerry estimated to be fully three miles distant.

Still Jerry waited. If he ordered the engine of their car started preparatory to moving nearer to the aircraft, the sound would drown out the roar of the latter's engine. And Jerry wished to move cautiously; to strike not haphazardly, but with as full knowledge as possible of the plan the smugglers had been following.

A minute, five minutes, passed, and, still the drumming roar continued. Then the great engine of the aircraft broke its rhythm. It stuttered; then the sound died away altogether.

"They've landed!" exclaimed Jerry. "But how in —— did they ever do it up here? There's no landing-field in these hills."

THEIR own motor was purring now, and they moved off toward the spot whence they had last heard the aircraft; their headlights dimmed so that they might not alarm the smugglers by the flash of a beam on the sky as they swung around curves. And yet the absence of illumination on the road ahead compelled them to drive slowly.

With exhaust muffled and engine throttled down they slipped silently along.

Fully two miles of the distance had been covered when a flashlight suddenly glowed a hundred yards ahead, apparently signaling them to stop. They drew their pistols, keeping them out of sight, and obediently halted. The man who came up to them was burly and bewhiskered. He threw back his left coat lapel, displaying a nickel-plated star.

"Deputy sheriff," he explained. "We're layin' for a booze-running car that's coming by here tonight. 'Twon't be along for an hour at least. Can't let you go on, because you might warn them. Maybe you don't want to wait until we're through, so you'd better turn back and take some other route."

"How far ahead is your posse located?" asked Jerry.

" 'Bout a mile," replied the other involuntarily. Then as a suspicious thought struck him he peered at them sharply.

"Say, who are you anyway? I've a notion——"

"Don't—" warned Jerry, whose automatic now glinted dully in the glow of flashlight. "I've a notion or two myself."

The bewhiskered one's eyes widened, and he raised his arms above his head as if at a command.

"You'll go to the pen for this, stickin' up an officer of the law—" he began truculently.

"Oh, get inside the car!" snapped Jerry. "Deputy sheriffs in this county don't wear stars; they wear badges."

They went on slowly once more, the stranger sitting quiet enough under the urge of something metallic, hard, that an agent in the rear seat held pressed to his ribs. A half-mile farther they stopped and turned the car off the road.

"We'll go on from here on foot," announced Jerry. "Hart, you stay with the 'deputy,' and if he squawks——"

"I'll throw his body into these bushes," finished Hart with a malevolent grin, pointing to a dark gully below the road.

At a hurried pace, for time was precious now, the five agents, led by Jerry, went ahead, moving as quietly as possible. The

"deputy," they knew, was merely a lookout for the smugglers, that the latter might work undisturbed. His assertion that the "posse" was a mile distant from where they had picked him up tallied with their own estimate. Therefore they must be not far from the place.

Suddenly they stopped. The roar of the aircraft's motor sounded once more. Apparently the "dope" had been unloaded, and the aerial freighter was returning to the border.

Jerry felt disappointed, for he had hoped to land them all in a single throw of the net. However, there were still the smugglers on the ground—they must be using an automobile—and they at least couldn't take to the air. The Federal men broke into a run.

The aircraft was over them now, invisible in the haze, and the night was shattered by the thunder of its exhaust.

"By ——, it's a flock of them!" one agent exclaimed.

But Jerry knew better. The smugglers were using a dirigible; only the multiple motors of such a leviathan of the air could make that tremendous noise.

It explained why they had not needed a landing-field. Where they obtained it—for dirigibles are uncommon—was a mystery, of course, though an immaterial one just then. The air seemed full of the sound of whirling propellers, like the beating of heavy pinions. Truly the Yellow Owl was again in flight, winging its way northward, and so far unsuspecting, for which Jerry was thankful.

With the sound of the airship diminishing, the exhaust of another engine was heard. This, however, unmistakably belonged to an automobile. Jerry decided that it came from the right, seemingly up in the woods, for the highway at this point swung away to the left. A short distance farther he discovered that the road forked.

Up a little-used road, probably cut through by some miner who was working a claim, were the men the Federal agents sought. It was likely, too, that they would be off the highway, where they could work in peace.

A minute more and they saw a light, which winked as opaque bodies passed before it. Swiftly but more cautiously the agents went forward. They were nearly up to it—a large touring-car—when a stone rattled in the gravel beneath their feet.

Instantly the movement about the car ceased. A voice called—

"Who's there?"

Then the automobile's headlights flashed blindingly in the eyes of the agents, and an automatic began to spit vindictively toward them. Without waiting for an order the Federal men, running along the side of the road and out of the sweep of the headlight beams, "rushed" the car, firing as they did so.

There was a scream from one of the defenders, and the firing ceased. The agents, as they reached the side of the machine, heard the sound of some one running through the brush a short distance from the car. A shower of nickel-jacketed bullets skittered through the trees in the direction whence came the sound, and it stopped abruptly.

Around the rear end of the car they charged, and came on a badly frightened Oriental, who was backed against the side of the machine, his hands in the air. At his feet a white man writhed with pain.

A hasty examination assured Jerry that no more of the smugglers were about the car.

"Three of you go after that fellow in the brush," he ordered.

He turned his flashlight inside the tonneau. There were three boxes, each not more than two feet wide and deep, and three feet long. One of the covers had been loosened, and he ripped it over, and tore open the paper lining. White crystals, that glittered in the light like the finest of snowflakes, spilled through his fingers.

"Fifty thousand dollars' worth of the stuff at least," was the estimate of one of the agents. "And I'll bet it was a light cargo tonight at that."

But Jerry scarcely heard. His attention had become fixed on a curious device of wires, binding-posts and set-screws that was propped in the back seat.

TO THE average man it would have meant but little, yet to Jerry Lynch, whose achievement a few months before in rounding up the coolie smugglers who were using a unique wireless apparatus known as the "radio ray" has already been mentioned, the outfit meant much. It was a portable wireless set.

But the agents he had dispatched into

the woods were returning. They bore the limp figure of a man, with a bullet wound through the neck. He moaned as they deposited him on the ground. Jerry flashed his light on the fellow's face. It was pallid, he observed, and not alone from the pain of the wound; it was the ashy-gray color of the addict. Jerry made a guess.

"Were you the wireless operator?" he asked, bending over the man.

The wounded man opened his eyes, and stared defiantly.

"What the —— difference does it make?" he demanded after a pause. "Yes, if it's of any value to you to know."

"And so you told the operator in the dirigible where to come to meet your machine?" pursued Jerry.

"No," replied the other, with a grin that turned to a grimace under a twinge of pain. "There's not a man aboard the dirigible that can read a Morse signal. I never sent a message to her, nor got one from her. If you knew anything about wireless you'd see that there is no receiving-set with that apparatus of mine."

Jerry examined the wireless set again. The man spoke the truth. Then how in Heaven's name——

The wireless operator was grinning now. Despite his pain, he was apparently enjoying Jerry's discomfiture.

"You'll get nothing from me," he announced positively. "I'll do five years at McNeil's Island standing on my head before I'll tell."

At the remark Jerry smiled, an ominous smile that seemed to the man on the ground to be malevolent in the dim light. Jerry bent forward and examined the other's wound. Then he straightened up.

"No, my friend, you will never do five year's at McNeil's on your head," he stated solemnly. "You're too far gone. If we rushed you back to town right now maybe you'd pull through. But if you keep us here trying to figure out this puzzle, you'll never stand on your head any place—in this world."

In reality, it was an empty threat, although the fellow was undoubtedly seriously wounded. Jerry would not have allowed him to die there. Still, the man held the key to the solution, and without it the night's work was but half completed.

At that instant the wireless man coughed, and on his palate was the salty taste of something he knew to be blood. For the first time a look of fear came into his eyes. Life is cheap enough to an addict; still it is—life.

He moved his head restlessly. Then he glanced up at Jerry.

"You win," he said hoarsely. "Get me to a doctor, quick. Here, I'll give it to you in a word, if you understand—anything—about—wireless."

His voice trailed away in a whisper.

Jerry, bending over him to catch the last of the sentence, straightened up, and looked at the wireless apparatus with a new respect.

"Well, I'll be——"

Then he turned to the agents.

"Get busy, boys," he commanded. "I've got to shoot square with this wounded man."

IT WAS nearing twelve the following night when three automobiles, filled with Federal agents, spun swiftly along the highway not many miles from the spot where Jerry and his men had captured the smugglers. Two of the cars were Government machines; the third was the one that had been captured the night before, and which still contained the wireless set. The Government cars carried three machine guns, borrowed from a nearby army post.

Jerry was looking for a "location." He knew now that the smugglers had no regular meeting-place. The "dope" would be unloaded at one place, and the following night the cargo would be discharged maybe miles from there. This avoided the possibility of a rendezvous being discovered through constant use. Therefore Jerry had no particular reason for establishing his ambush at the spot where the smugglers had been captured. As a matter of fact he desired to go elsewhere.

No matter which place was selected along this highway, he knew the dirigible would come to that spot as unerringly as a carrier pigeon flies to its home cote.

The place where the smugglers had been captured was undesirable because it did not give freedom of action for the force of men he had brought with him. It was too cramped by reason of the thick brush on all sides. Therefore he finally chose a natural little meadow not far from the road; a space perhaps a hundred yards in diameter.

The cars were concealed in the edge of the brush, and at three points about the fringe of the woods he placed the machine guns. A man was detailed to the spotlight of each car—to snap on the light and point it upward when Jerry whistled. Jerry then busied himself with the wireless apparatus.

A fir-tree, fully seventy-five feet in height, made a capital aerial mast. One end of the four parallel bronze wires that formed the aerial was made fast near the top of the tree, and the other end brought to the wireless set. The compact little generator of the radio set he connected to the motor of the automobile, by means of a pulley the smugglers had fitted for the purpose. When all was ready he started the engine.

The generator hummed. Jerry threw in the switch that connected the circuit with the electrical condenser and spark coil, and instantly there began a singing noise in the spark-gap of the little set.

This done, he made the rounds of his men, seeing once more that they were properly stationed, then sat down to wait. The time, he marked by his watch, was a quarter past twelve.

It was another muggy night. Save for the muffled purr of the engine, the drone of the generator and the song of the spark-gap, the spot was silent. It occurred to Jerry that what he hoped to accomplish was impossible; then he laughed to himself. For he knew it wasn't; no more impossible than for a ship thousands of miles at sea to carry on conversation with shore.

From the little wireless set up through the aerial and out into the void of the night the etheric waves were pulsating, seeking connection with the receiving-set of the dirigible. As invisible as thought, they carried a message—an invitation to come.

Twenty-five minutes passed, and still the little radio set sang with cheerful insistence. Then one of the Federal agents posted on the northern side of the clearing spoke—

"They're coming!"

The words tensed the nerves of the waiting men as if by the touch of an electrically charged wire—just as men in France, buried in dugouts, waited in patience while the screaming barrage sang its song of death overhead; and just as if from a listening-post came back the words—

"They're coming!"

Like the staccato roll of a kettle-drum, though beaten faster, more smoothly than by the hand of any drummer, there came the continuous, muffled thunder of the dirigible's engines. And still the radio set hummed its siren note like a poised bee.

The thunder in the north steadily grew in volume, louder, louder, until it seemed to be right over them, although the massive craft remained invisible in the haze. Now the exhaust became irregular, wavered, and was silent.

The Yellow Owl hovered, then began to circle lower and lower, until the blackness of the sky seemed filled with the whistling of great wings.

From his station at the radio set it seemed to Jerry that he saw a great shape moving aloft; nebulous, yet becoming more clearly defined every second. Then in the heavens a light winked twice. Not knowing what the proper answer was, Jerry held his flashlight upward and snapped it on and off a couple of times in acknowledgment.

"Got you!" said a voice in the air. "Down she comes."

A STAR detached itself from the blackness above and drifted slowly to earth. Nearer and nearer it came until Jerry distinguished a box about four feet square that glowed in the darkness as if covered with luminous paint.

He ran forward as the box struck the earth. Through a ringbolt on one end of it was rove a light but strong hawser, which, now slack, led up into the sky. Jerry slipped off the staple that secured the cover, and lifted out four of the smaller boxes such as they captured from the smugglers the night before. No bother to find out now what they contained; he knew. It was all the evidence necessary.

He looked upward again. A long, black form hung directly over him, clearly distinguishable. He would have preferred to have the dirigible lower, yet he could think of no plausible excuse to get them to descend. Yet the range was easy as it was for the machine guns.

He whistled, and the strong spotlights of the three automobiles stabbed upward in the darkness, groping until they revealed a long, cigar-shaped form a bare hundred feet above. It was painted a grayish-yellow.

Jerry cupped his hands about his mouth. There was a ring of triumph in his voice.

"You can come down now!" he called. "You're pinched. We've got you covered

with three machine guns and twenty armed men. Descend, or we'll shoot you out of the air!"

For a moment there was silence. Despite the spotlights' glare on the airship, he had as yet distinguished no human forms aboard her. Then something struck him smartly in the face. It was the upper end of the hawser, which had been cast off.

"Oh, go to ——," shouted a voice from the dirigible.

The last word was cut off in the roar of the craft's great motors, which suddenly opened up; yet in that thunder of sound he detected a curious *spat-spat!* on the ground about him that he knew for the impact of bullets.

The next instant the airship's exhaust was muffled by a sharper near-by sound, which suggested for all the world the crackle of flames in dry grass. The machine guns had cut loose!

But the airship was moving now; gaining headway swiftly. No doubt the shower of bullets from earth had riddled it, yet it had many gas compartments, and its buoyancy held.

With its motors roaring wide open it sailed away toward the north. As it vanished from the range of the spotlights the machine-gun fire stopped. The men clustered about Jerry and cursed, as they gazed in the direction it had gone.

"Never mind, boys," he consoled. "We've winged 'em; that's certain.

"Whoopee! Look!"

His adjuration was unnecessary. Against the blackness of the northern sky had suddenly appeared a red star that grew amazingly as they watched.

"Punctured gas-tank, by cripes!" exclaimed one man, quick of tongue.

And apparently it was so. The star grew to a great meteor, then a comet with a flaming tail as the airship changed course; a comet that described a flaming parabola toward the earth, and vanished.

But a glow remained on the northern heavens; a glow that told of an intensely hot fire such as would be made by burning hydrogen and oiled silk.

"IT'S going to take me a long time to forget the sight of what we found up there," said Jerry to his friend Halloran, deputy collector of customs.

Lynch had just returned from the spot in the wilds where the airship had plunged to earth.

"Scorched, twisted metal framework, and —her crew," Jerry continued. "Never appreciated what airmen were up against in war time, until I saw that."

"But this—er—wireless device they were using," said Halloran. "What about that?"

Jerry laughed.

"Merely a wireless compass," he replied. "Simple enough. Germans used them on their dirigibles during the war. Good way to find home when you've been sailing for hours in the air and it's too cloudy to pick a star. Germans lost two Zeppelins in France when the Allies worked the same gag that I worked on the smugglers.

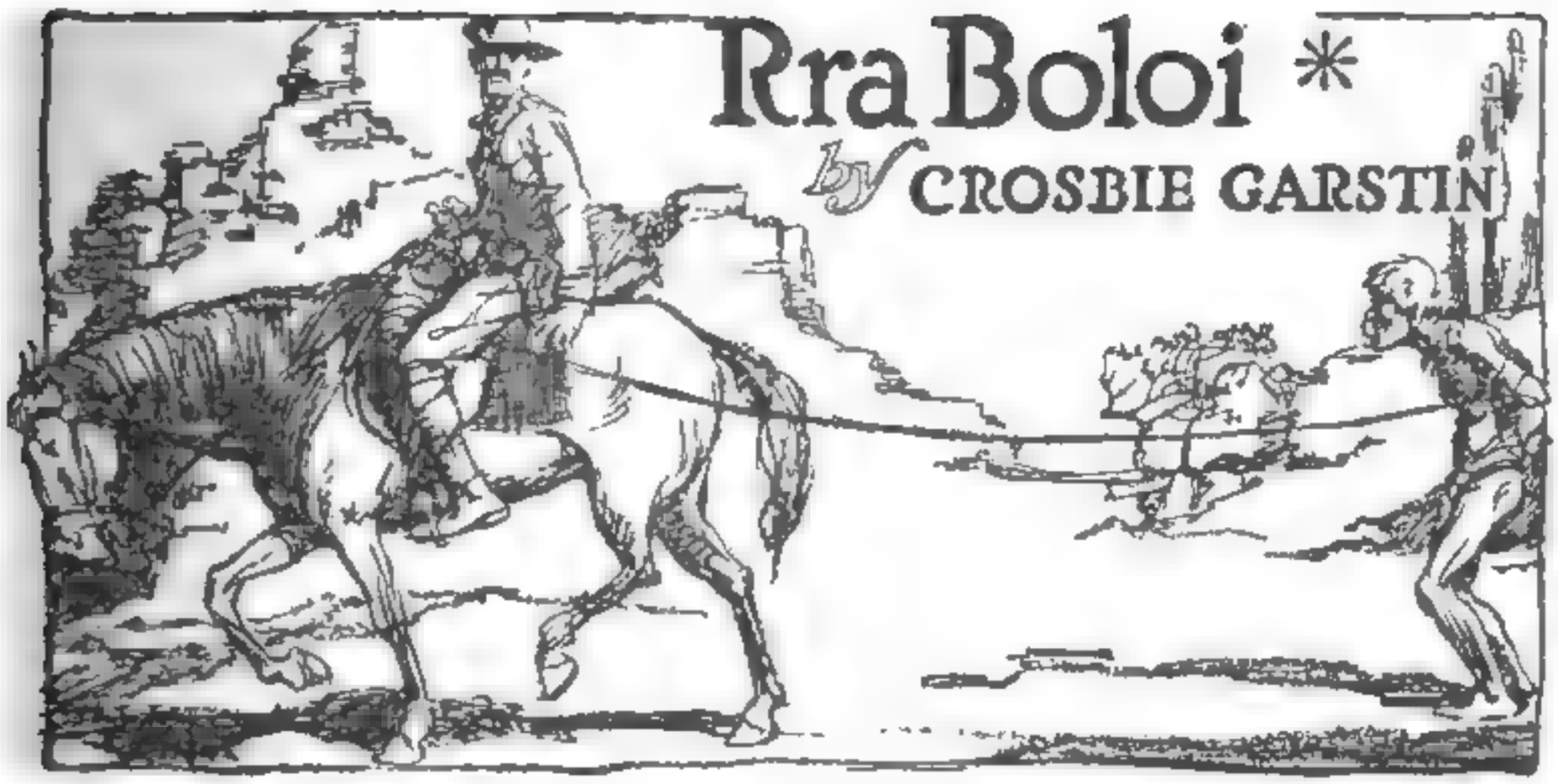
"It's merely a circular tuning-coil, specially wound, of course. The skipper of the dirigible merely slips on the head telephones and revolves the coil until the signals come in strongest. A pointer, or hand, then indicates the direction from which they came.

"Then with the aid of his compass he knows which course to steer to reach the source of the signals. The smugglers used it so they could meet the automobile at any point and avoid running into a trap that would have been made possible if a regular meeting-place was discovered.

"Yellow Owls they called themselves, and well named. Yellow, because Orientals were back of it, and owls for wisdom. Believe me, they were right!

"But we haven't found out yet where they they got the dirigible. Maybe stole it across the border, or bought it outright. There was plenty of capital behind the gang, and profits were big. But from now on, in this district at least, I predict that the dope habit is going to be too expensive to acquire. I'll bet you couldn't illegitimately buy an ounce of the stuff here now for a thousand dollars."

As a result of the vote by our readers, *Adventure* is going to appear three times a month, beginning with the October issues (on the stands in September). The dates are the 10th, 20th and 30th. Remember them. (No extra charge on current unexpired subscriptions.)



Rra Boloi *

by CROSBIE GARSTIN

Author of "The Electric Horse."

"AS FAR as I can understand he hasn't paid a cent of hut-tax for years, and what is more never intends to."

The police trooper knocked the ash off his cigaret and sat on the counter swinging his spurred heels.

"Do you know the blighter?" he asked.

Stroude blew the steam off his cup of tea and took a sip before replying.

"Uster see 'im at Molapo when I was store-keepin' there. 'E uster 'ang abaht the plaice witch-doctorin' an' what-not—throwin' the bones, mixin' *muti*, charmin' cattle against lung-sickness with an hostrich feather—all sorts of 'anky panky. Madalla, a headman up that way, 'ad a picanin wot was queer in the 'ead; Rra Boloi uster operate on 'im twice a month, 'e uster cut a slit in the kid's face then suck the wound through an 'ollow cow's 'orn, presently 'e'd pull the 'orn away an' empty a swarm of little lizards and frogs outer it—the idea bein' that 'e'd sucked 'em outer the kid's 'ead."

"How did he manage that?"

"Soime way as a bloke at 'ome produces a guinea-pig from yer ear-'ole, conjurin', sir, but the niggers reckoned old Rra Boloi all 'arley Street. Madalla paid 'im two 'eifers for that jawb. The old faker uster be rahnd quite a lot at one toime, but I ain't see 'im lately."

"But he hangs out in those Chwene Kopjes to the southwest, doesn't he? My Basuto found him there anyway."

"Aw yes, 'e's been there some years; 'e suddenly chucked up 'is practise, as you might say, and sifted into them 'ills ter medityte like a bloomin' 'ermit; lives in a kyve an' talks to the pythons an' baboons, or so the niggers tell me."

"Well Mister Peter the Hermit is quitting his cosy cave in handcuffs this evening and trotting into town with me to answer for contempt of court."

"Whoi didn't you send yer Basuto?" asked Stroude.

"Gave him orders to go overnight, and this morning he was sick; looked bad too."

Stroude grinned into his cup.

"That's easy managed."

"Malingering, you mean?"

The storekeeper nodded.

Elwood banged his fist on the counter so that the cups danced in their saucers.

"Say, what's got all you fellows here, are you all scared stiff of a moth-eaten old Kafir witch-doctor? 'Fraid he'll switch the evil eye on you? Cast a bloomin' spell over you, eh? See here, I don't care a whoop for what the chaps before me did or didn't do, while I'm in this district I'll bring these —— niggers to heel or know the reason why."

"Good luck to yer," said Stroude drily. Then—"Have another cup o' tea?"

"No, no thanks, I'll be getting along now and I'll have old Willy the Wizard doing his meditating at His Majesty's expense

**This is an Off-the-Trail Story. See first contents page.*

before he's much older."

He picked up his helmet, wiped the sweat band and put it on.

"So long."

"So long," said Stroude. Then he leaned over the counter and said earnestly—

"I ain't jokin'—*you be careful nah.*"

"What of?—the Evil Eye? Oh sure I'll be careful all right."

He swaggered out of the store laughing contemptuously, unhitched his horse, mounted and rode off.

Through the window Stroude watched his departure.

"I notice," said he to himself, "I notice that for all 'is noise 'e's got 'is revolver with 'im."

Then whistling thoughtfully he picked up a pile of striped blankets and commenced stacking them away.

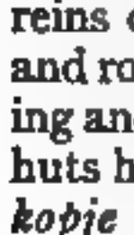
Elwood pricked up his horse and went down the sand track at an easy lope.

"Lot of old women," said he to the ears of his mount; "been up here so long they've got as superstitious as Kafirs. Well I'm not anyhow. If Mister Rra Boloi starts any funny business with me the surprize will be his. I know a few conjuring tricks myself, not born yesterday or the day before for that matter."

He pulled his beast into a walk, looped his reins over his left wrist, filled himself a pipe and rode peacefully along alternately cantering and walking. He passed a few Makalaka huts huddling under the lee of a low-backed *kopje* and left every sign of human habitation, and indeed of life itself, behind him.

The track wandered on and on through belts of *mopani*, silver-gray trees growing miraculously out of the bare sand and spreading aloft gnarled branches of brown leaves against the stainless dazzle of sky.

There was neither sound or movement about him, no spoor nor sign of either man or beast, a wilderness of sand and withered trees, a No-man's Land. Now and again the road ran out into dry *vleis* or *pans* and through the rifts in the tree-tops Elwood could see before him in the distance, the deep blue shapes of the Chwene Range, his destination.



BY LATE afternoon he was among the hills. They loomed about him like a city of fantastic castles piled by giants at the birth of the world and crumbled and overgrown by the ensuing centuries. Here and there rock balanced upon rock forming leaning chimney and crenellated tower, embrasure, bridge and butteress.

Cacti held aloft green candlebra, cream of tartar trees clung like octopi to bare ledges forcing tentacle roots over and into boulder and crevice. On the summit of one granite pile a tilted rock, thirty feet high, pointed heavenward like a warning finger, on another the gigantic boulders were heaped in the form of a sleeping lion, on another wind and weather had carved the rock face into the profile of a man.

The trail, now the merest goat-track, wriggled in and out round spur and outcrop so that Elwood turning in his saddle found that the hills encompassed him entirely; they seemed to crouch round him like a ring of huge stone animals. He pocketed his pipe and took a look at the scene about him.

"Phew! There must have been a lively time when the Earth spewed all this up, glad I didn't picket here then."

He searched his memory for the Basuto's directions and turned his horse for the *kopje* that supported the gigantic finger.

On the west side he found signs of a path and slipping to the ground, tied his horse to a tree and followed the spoor afoot.

The path ran over some flat rocks, dived into a thorn-thicket, then zigzagged up the sheer face of the *kopje*.

It was no easy climb and brought the sweat beading out of Elwood, a cavalry man.

Now and again he swung himself up with the help of a low-bending bough but most of the journey he made on all-fours, catwise.

Eventually he found himself on a flat shelf of rock that jutted from the cliff-face and there, before him, was his man. Elwood grunted with satisfaction. He was hot and wet and tired of climbing.

"So that's you, is it, Rra Boloi, 'Father of Witchcraft'?—'pon my soul it's a fine, dashing broth of a boy you are to be scaring a countryside."

Elwood laughed and leaning against a rock to get his breath, looked his prisoner over.

The old witch-doctor squatted on his withered haunches warming his hands at a fire of sticks. His age may have numbered seventy years, but it seemed as if he had been born and decayed with the ruined hills around him.

His scalp was matted with dirty white wool; a dab of white wool clung to his chin.

He was painfully thin and entirely naked save for a slip of goat-skin about his shrunken loins and a charm of lion-claws around his neck.

His skin was dry and dusty like the slough of a snake and hung in withered folds across his stomach. His cheeks hollowed under his cheek-bones as if he sucked them in, the eyes were buried in dark caverns; the skin of his face was stretched tightly over the bones and skull, a black death's head.

Suddenly he made a low noise, a dry cackle almost inaudible, and wagged his head from side to side, senile tears trickling down his cheeks, and Elwood, noticing his sunken eyes for the first time, saw that they were quite colorless, like bits of white china. He was stone-blind.

"A bloomin' mummy," Elwood thought, "just barely alive and that's all—blowed if he's worth powder and shot."

He leaned against the rock, flicking his dusty boots with his *sjambok* and considered the matter.

"Just an old relic, blind, balmy, dried up and petering out. A man looks a fool clapping cuffs on that," he muttered, then his eyes hardened. "On the other hand if I don't take him in that Basuto, Stroude and the rest of 'em will think I funked it—funked that! pooh, a kid could do it, however——"

He slapped the *sjambok* down his legging with a decisive crack and jerked himself upright, then in the Setuana tongue told the old man he was under arrest.

Rra Boloi wagged his head from side to side and broke again into his almost inaudible cackle, as if he had heard a good story of which he did not altogether approve.

"Balmy!" snorted Elwood. "Clean off his chump—well I s'pose I better see if you've got a blanket to take along with you."

He stepped behind his prisoner into the cave.

It was the dwelling of bygone Bushmen, the rock roof was blackened with the smoke of innumerable fires; on the smooth granite wall were painted a host of small red figures evidently the chronicle of some past hunt; a giraffe, picked out in yellow ochre and white ash pigments, galloped on the opposite side. Pots, blankets, *karosses*, skins there were none. Save for a gourd of water in one corner and a heap of white wood-ash in the center of the cave it might have been uninhabited.

"Locusts and wild honey—tough life this hermit business."

Elwood strode out to the crag ledge.

"Come on Mister Wizard, get a move on, the sun's falling overboard and I want to be out of this pretty rockery of yours before dark. Up with you!"

The old man's palsied head wagged again and the low cackle rattled softly in his throat, his white, weeping eyes were lifted full to the glow of the sunset that touched the crests of the stone hills with orange and flooded the sea of *mopanis* below with a purple haze.

Elwood gripped an arm so shrunken that his fingers went right round it and pulling him to his feet steered him to where the breakneck trail went twisting and tumbling down the drag side.

"You'd best pick your own way down, I'm not going to carry you and don't want to have to throw you over, come on. *Tch Tcha!*" He cracked his *sjambok* against his legging as a hint.

The old man stretched out a hand, touched a rock with his shaky finger-tips, groped and found a thorn-limb with his other hand, shuffled a foot forward and commenced his descent. He made no slip or misstep, his tentative hands and feet felt out the familiar way unerringly, he worked down and down with a creaking, tottering speed that amazed the clumsy trooper who came sliding and clutching in his wake.

At last they reached the *kopje* foot and Elwood came up with his man. He was hot and panting himself and looked at the ancient with a sour surprize.

"Criky, you'd beat a clip-springer over these rocks. I'm taking no more chances with you; thought you'd slipped me, by Jove! Here put up your hands, together—so."

HE SNAPPED a pair of handcuffs over the old wrists, locked them and put the key in his pocket.

He then uncoiled a *riem* from his saddle and tied one end to the cuffs-link. As he surveyed his handiwork a doubt struck him and gripping a cuff in one hand and the prisoner's forearm in the other he pulled in opposite directions. The wasted wrist and hand came easily through the steel bracelet.

"Thought so." He looked at the old man again and his jaw set tighter.

He unlocked the handcuffs and wrenching the prisoner's arms behind his back snapped the cuffs on again, above the elbows; this time they stood the test. He tied the free end of the *riem* through a saddle-dee, loosened his horse and mounted.

Somewhere up on the Finger-Kopje a baboon barked. The sun was already down and dusk dropping over the afterglow like a dark shutter.

Elwood frowned, nudged his horse and jerked the ancient into a shambling trot.

"You've shown you can move when you want to and you've got to now. *Hamba!*"

He picked up his incoming hoof-spoor of the afternoon and traced it backwards, leaning out of the saddle to do so, but the light was bad and fast becoming worse.

Now and again the trees leaned over the track and interlacing boughs formed black tunnels. The track twisted and writhed in and out, dodging tree-trunks and boulders, seldom holding straight in any particular direction for more than a few yards. It was difficult to distinguish the broken trail from strips of bare sand that gleamed faintly on either side of the way.

Presently the road appeared to fork and Elwood, vaulting from his saddle, lighted a match and searched the ground for guiding spoor. There was none, he had lost the track and it was now quite dark. On the off-side of his horse he could hear the witch-doctor cackling softly to himself.

Holding the bridle he made a back cast down the way they had come, walking bent double, striking matches every few yards.

Presently he gave that up, his matches were running out. A strip of clear sky showed between the overarching boughs and he looked aloft for his star-bearings. The great *kopjes* loomed up in black masses all around him, screening the lower stars.

Where was the "Bear," the "Cross"? His eyes swept down the Milky Way. "There. Oh——!"

He started and cursed with exasperation for above him a dark shape pointed like a great black finger to the star-dusty heavens.

"Come round in a ring to the starting-point—bushed, by ——!"

In a spasm of childish rage he shook his fist at the silent hills and more than ever did they seem to him like a circle of crouching animals.

"I'll get out of this somehow," said he and rode his horse straight into a thorn-bush that clawed his face and clothes with a thousand tiny hooks. He backed out somehow, wiped the blood from his eyes, took hold of his nerves and thought things over.

"I'll camp here for a bit, moon rises at half-ten and I'll get along—plenty of light then—no use worrying."

He off-saddled his horse and tied it to a tree, collected some dry leaves and sticks and started a fire going.

"Squat alongside that, old Skin-and-Bones, and warm your miserable self."

The ancient squatted obediently, his shriveled legs folding under him like hinged sticks. His head rocked as ever, jets of firelight played over his deathly face and gleamed on the tears that leaked incessantly from his hidden eyes.

Elwood lying snug in his "warmer," his head on his saddle, a pipe in his teeth, relaxed before the cheery blaze and assured himself that all would be well when the moon rose.

"Be at Stroude's for breakfast—no use worrying."

He worked his hip comfortably into the sand, sucked at his pipe and swung his thoughts from the present to the future.

His leave was due in a month and then England, home and beauty.

Good-by to this withering desert for a bit; good-by to the lonely out-stations, the long patrols, the glare, the heat and the drought. England! Green, green fields, dove-gray skies and rippling rivers. England! Lighted cities, white women, music-halls, restaurants and beer at tuppence a glass! He pictured himself in Leicester Square, the tiaras of lights blazing above the Empire and Alhambra, the scurrying taxi-lamps, the white arc-lamps glowing like molten pearls.

He saw, with his mind's eye, the theaters emptying of well-groomed men and fairy women; crowds of all nations streamed east and west, laughing and babbling as they went; the lilt of a Viennese waltz flirted with his ear; a whiff of patchouli crossed his nostrils and a girl with a white skin and a scarlet mouth smiled at him. England, England!

SUDDENLY the horse lying behind him rose snorting and tugged back on its halter-riem.

Elwood jumped to his feet and caught it by the head.

"Steady, you silly fool—so ho, what's the matter, son?"

The animal's ears were cocked forward till the tips nearly met, it sniffed quickly; Elwood felt the neck muscles trembling under his soothing hand.

He peered into the dark beyond the fire, but could see nothing.

"Winded a tiger somewhere, did you old boy? Easy then, easy—won't touch you, fathead—shoo, steady."

Gradually he calmed the frightened beast, put an extra knot in the riem for safety and taking up his former position by the fire tried again to call up his dreams of the green fields of home, but they would not come. He felt uneasy; somehow his nerves had had a twinge and fluttered still; the horse evidently smelt something. It had not lain down again, but stood rigid, nostrils dilated, ears playing quickly.

He glanced toward Rra Boloi. The old man squatted in the same fashion in the same place, crouched and mute, eyes trickling, head a-rock like that of a china mandarin. Elwood wondered his neck did not tire.

Again the horse gave its sudden snort and the startled policeman, jerking his head up, this time saw something.

The horse flung itself back on its haunches, the riem snapped off short and it was off into the dark at a mad stampede, crashing through bushes, clattering over stones.

Elwood did not turn his head, he was watching, as if hypnotized, the shadowy shape on the flat rock beyond the fire—an old man baboon, the largest he had ever seen.

It stood motionless on the rock, ghostly in the smoky orange glow of the fire, tail out, hair bristling, long fangs bared, little wicked eyes like red sparks, a thing incredibly evil.

Far away in the night Elwood heard his horse scream. He shivered, reached stealthily for his revolver, took careful aim and fired.

The .450 service bullet smashed the ape full in the belly. It sprang into the air, fell on its back and rolled over and over down the sloping rock, almost into the fire itself, and writhed there, shrieking like a maniac and dragging its entrails through the wound as if to tear out the pain.

Elwood picked up a stone and bashed its head in. It quivered for a second, stiffened and lay still.

"Settled your hash, my clever lad— Oh my ——!"

On the rock there was another baboon, two, three, four—a dozen of them!

He threw a dead bush into the fire and its blaze lighted up the rocks all around and all around were baboons, young, old, big and little, hundreds of them, hundreds of bristling snarling devils hemming him all around. A cold wave went shuddering up his backbone. He set his teeth hard, gripped his revolver tight and looked for a way out. There was no way out, the rocks were packed with baboons. As he looked they swarmed down from the *kopjes*, trooped up the sprint-bed, swung along the trees and packed the surrounding rocks still closer, the smoky glow of the fire lighted a great ring of their faces, like the audience of a devil's circus.

There was no way out; they were coming, closing in on him, hundreds of them and he had only five cartridges left.

He flashed a glance at the witch-doctor.

"Help yourself, run!" he yelled, but the old man never shifted.

His death's-head wagged wildly, his throat hacked and cackled with unholy mirth, the handcuffs lay discarded on the sand before him.

Then Elwood saw light, he threw up his revolver again, fired point-blank at the witch-doctor—and missed. With a volley of snarls and barks that rang and echoed among the *kopjes*, the baboons poured over the rocks and were on him.

He banged his remaining four shots into the onrushing wave of monkeys and flung his revolver after, then grabbing the flaming bush from the fire thrashed madly at the tearing paws and fangs about him.

STROUDE stood trading in his store. Some Makalaka girls with pink-and-white beads sewn on their skirtings brought in small baskets of grain and went forth again, one with a bar of blue soap, one with some yards of spotted limbo and one with a gold brooch—hall-marked "Germany"—each according to her fancy.

A Bechuana who, despite the fact that the glass stood at one hundred and ten in the shade, was arrayed in the cast-off overcoat of a London policeman, had a goat for sale.

Stroude went to the door to inspect the

goat. After some haggling, refusals, protestations, supplications, the goat was his for a coil of brass wire, a motor-cap and two pounds of sugar.

Stroude tidied his counter, locked his safe and prepared to close the store for lunch-hour, when a young native entered. He took off his hat, said "Good day" and asked for a shilling's worth of Kafir corn.

Stroude weighed the grain, bagged it, pocketed the shilling, then suddenly vaulted the counter and kicked the door shut with his heel.

"Wait a moment," said he in Setuana. "What is this?"

He shot out a hand and grabbed something on the lapel of the tattered coat.

It was a brass button with the royal arms and motto embossed on it.

"Where did you get this?"

The boy fell back a pace in astonishment and threw up an arm to ward off a blow.

"Where did you get this? I'll not hurt you if you speak the truth."

The boy stuttered, cowered, then found his tongue.

"*Inkose*, I picked it up."

"Where?"

"*Inkose*, I passed through the Chwene Hills six days past and I saw it shine on the rocks, it was sewn to a little torn strip of brown cloth, brown like blood."

"Was that all?"

"*Baas*, that was all."

BALLAD OF FRAGRANCES

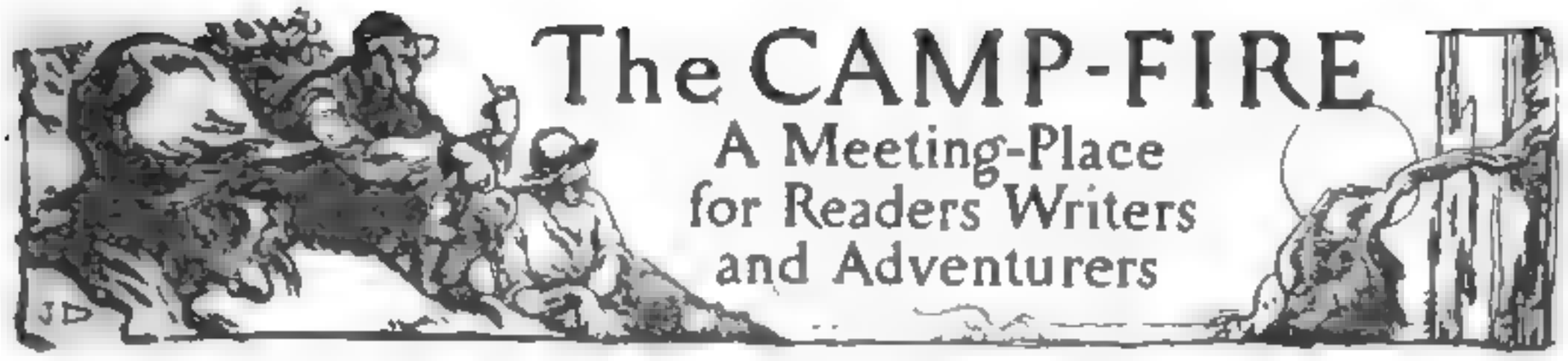
by Archie Austin Coates

ROSES scatter a scent of May
  Across old gardens, Briton-planned—
Have you known the smell of a loft of hay,
  Or the odor of musk, grotesque and bland?
  Have you found the heart that could withstand
The faint, fresh smell of a dewy lawn?
  Yet queen of them all, as gold to sand,
Is coffee—deep in the woods—at dawn!

Mist in the marshes along the bay
  Touches the nostrils with tender hand;
Breezes rising from Mandalay,
  Amber-sunned on a Baltic strand,
  The China Sea junk, coolie-manned
And loaded with sandalwood, new-sawn—
  All fair, but fairer, O Samarkand,
Is coffee—deep in the woods, at dawn.

Pine boughs with pitchy breath, they say
  Can soothe the sleep of a Gipsy band;
But what's to equal the break of day
  Across the silent forest-land
  With a camp-fire shining on faces tanned,
And its curling smoke to ribbons drawn—
  And the scent that makes the heart expand
Is *coffee*, deep in the woods at dawn.

Ye who have camped and caravanned,
  Near kinsmen to the fabled faun,
The incense to your red gods fanned
  Is coffee—deep in the woods—at dawn!



The CAMP-FIRE

A Meeting-Place for Readers Writers and Adventurers

Our Camp-Fire came into being May 5, 1912, with our June issue, and since then its fire has never died down. Many have gathered about it and they are of all classes and degrees, high and low, rich and poor, adventurers and stay-at-homes, and from all parts of the earth. Some whose voices we used to know have taken the Long Trail and are heard no more, but they are still memories among us, and new voices are heard, and welcomed.

We are drawn together by a common liking for the strong, clean things of out-of-doors, for word from the earth's far places, for man in action instead of caged by circumstance. The *spirit* of adventure lives in all men; the rest is chance.

But something besides a common interest holds us together. Somehow a real comradeship has grown up among us. Men can not thus meet and talk together without growing into friendlier relations; many a time does one of us come to the rest for facts and guidance; many a close personal friendship has our Camp-Fire built up between two men who had never met; often has it proved an open sesame between strangers in a far land.

Perhaps our Camp-Fire is even a little more. Perhaps it is a bit of leaven working gently among those of different station toward the fuller and more human understanding and sympathy that will some day bring to man the real democracy and brotherhood he seeks. Few indeed are the agencies that bring together on a friendly footing so many and such great extremes as here. And we are numbered by the hundred thousand now.

If you are come to our Camp-Fire for the first time and find you like the things we like, join us and find yourself very welcome. There is no obligation except ordinary manliness, no forms or ceremonies, no dues, no officers, no anything except men and women gathered for interest and friendliness. Your desire to join makes you a member.

THE following letter was sent to *Outer's Recreation* with the request that it be passed on to our magazine. I am glad to print it, and I know you too will stand against the game-hog, be he aviator or of the ground variety. Mr. Dan B. Starkey, editor of *Outer's Recreation*, writes me that this matter has been brought to his attention and that "action had been taken to put an end to such slaughter."

Rochester, N. Y.

Recently I attended a movie in which was shown a couple of airplanes flying through large flocks of migratory ducks. At the end of the picture appeared the proud statement that two thousand ducks were slaughtered by this method. Theoretically a motor-boat followed the line of flight and picked up the dead birds. What happened to the other thousands of maimed and wounded ducks they failed to say.

THIS was bad. When I saw a large photo of this "heroic" hunt in the New York *Times* a few days later my blood boiled again. But when in *Photoplay* magazine my eye caught the page here enclosed, I thought it must be time to call a halt and perhaps in some manner try to educate a few barbarians to just what this series of pictures represents.

It seems to be an accepted fact that a pilot believes himself a superior being, above the common herd, merely because he has handled a joy-stick. A pilot can do no wrong. He lights on golf courses, tears up fields, and spills scraps of paper over towns, and every one gapes and wonders. Several of these should remember that not a few people have handled a ship, and that the distinction no longer holds water.

BUT seriously can't you do something about this? I remember the old *Recreation*. I don't know how close your connection or relation was, but that old magazine photographed and advertised "game hogs" and "fish hogs" in a nice and mildly sarcastic way that did more than a volume of abuse. Every issue had one or more of the brave heroes hung about with the wild creatures their automatics or pump-guns had brought down in a day; the black bass they had caught only to bury them on a lake shore because all could not be eaten.

We have migratory game laws that are and will be a god-send to sportsmen through giving our vanishing wild life a fighting chance to avoid rapid extinction. There are reports of more ducks last season than in years—and this, with more hunters. But what is the use of this work when a pair of imbeciles will murder two thousand and maim an equal number of birds with the wires and propeller of a plane? The fact that it happened over the borders of Lower California doesn't affect the ethics of the

thing. There is ignorance here; ignorance as low as that of the dog that bit the hand that feeds it! Where there is ignorance the only cure is education, or publicity of the right kind.

IN THE last three or four years the ethics of our country suffered a slump. In the scramble for money, sportsmanship has been forgotten. This must be so in movie audiences too, for at each puff of feathers, when some luckless bird swung on a guy-wire, there would be hand-clapping.

I don't know what your policy is in such matters now. But I hope that you can corral a few copies of these, together with the names of the men who thought up the fine scheme, and give them a little press-agency. The sad part about it is that these very people we want to "get," will probably pat themselves on the back to see themselves in print again.

I hope you can find space to publish this letter. I feel sure that others have seen this first degree murder too, and they may also have something to say. I am not rabid on this thing. I have killed my limit of game more than once, both fish and feathers, but it seems that this is too much for decency to stand.—CHAS. H. BAKER, JR.
Norton Co., Western New York State Manager.

MEMO: If you would kindly mail a copy of this latter to Mr. Hoffman, and ask him to print it in *Adventure's* "Camp-Fire," it will get added readers. His audience will appreciate it.

SINCE it bears on what comrade Baker says above about the ethics of our country having suffered a slump the last few years, we might have here a letter from Farnham Bishop of our writers' brigade. It happened that he and Harold Lamb, with the width of the continent between them, began working up several bits of historical material at the same time for future stories in our magazine. Luckily they both talked their plans over with me and so found they were stepping on each other's toes. Each at once turned over all the material to the other, including notes already made.

A telegraph operator missed a telegram, there were letters galore and, though I nearly went crazy trying to keep them from giving up so much that neither would have anything left, it made me feel good to deal with people who were as blamed decent and I went and said so. In reply, Mr. Bishop, after delivering himself on current business, political and international methods, wrote as follows:

Berkeley. California.

What the squealers, four-flushers, repudiators and plain hogs, radical, reactionary and middle-between, need is to have tattooed on their hides the following four lines, whose authorship I have forgotten. It is the favorite quotation of my wise and observant father, whose memory runs back to the comet of 1852 and who has seen most things and forgotten mighty few of them ever since:

"In vain we call old manners fudge,
And say new truths we are revealing.
The ten commandments will not budge,
And stealing will continue stealing."

Wherefore and for additional reasons it is a joy to meet a man like Harold Lamb. I shall look him up with great speed if I ever return to New York.—FARNHAM BISHOP.

THERE is a world of truth in these lines, and not all the squirming and dodging and twisting in creation can get away from it. There are, thank God, plenty of honest men still in this world and it is their honesty that is going to set the world right in the end. As one first step toward this end we'd better soak ourselves with the plain truth that grafters are plain thieves. And that the public officeholder who lets anything in the world except *what is right* influence his vote, decision or act is fully as much a grafter as the grafter who takes his in hard cash. And just as much a plain thief—a common crook, even if he sits in Congress or the presidential chair, a traitor to the people and his country even if he spouts patriotism, and a dirty dog whatever else he may be, not fit to shake a decent man's hand or to be admitted into any kind of organization composed of decent men and women. "Grafter"—in public or private life there is no fouler word, no fouler thing, and no greater meance to our future.

FOLLOWING Camp-Fire custom, Paul L. Anderson rises and introduces himself on the occasion of his first story in our magazine. Also he tenders his services to comrades interested in photography.

East Orange, N. J.

As to making my bow to your readers, why, there I feel considerable diffidence in appearing before that company of Gentlemen Adventurers, for I am, after all, a quiet and humdrum sort of person, whose most vivid personal adventure consists in trying to tune up a stock flivver so it'll do better than fifty miles an hour (I've never done it yet, though I have had it up to forty-eight). I went most quietly and decorously through college, graduating with an E. E. degree, abandoned engineering after six years, took up pictorial photography, studied that for ten or twelve, wrote a lot of magazine articles and two text-books on the subject, and now behold me working at story-writing. Not very thrilling, as compared to what most of your writers and readers have done.

And yet—I wonder! Is adventure altogether a matter of physical activity? If so, I am no adventurer; if not, I am. I have fought the men of the Neanderthal race in the valley of the Dordogne, I have ridden to the wars with *Micah Clarke* and *Decimus Saxon*, I have hunted cattle-rustlers with

Buck Peters and *Hopalong Cassidy*, I have stood back to back with *Khlit* of the Curved Sabér, and have, with *Denis de Beaulieu*, followed the beam of light up the *Sieur de Malatroit's* stairway. I have paddled along the Amazon with *Pedro Andrada* and *Lourenço*, I have ridden through the Khyber Pass in search of *Yasmini*, and I have journeyed from Paris to London to bring back the jewels which Anne of Austria gave the Duke of Buckingham. I think, after all, I am an adventurer!

"THE Tyrant Saurian?" Well, there is a fascination about these vast prehistoric monsters, so utterly unlike, yet so absurdly and grotesquely like our modern beasts; monsters against which our high-powered rifles would be useless, to which a Sharp's Special would be as a pin-prick. "The Tyrant Saurian" is not fiction, except that we can not say that any particular Triceratops ever fought any special Tyrannosaurus; of course, the immediate incidents are imagined.

But go to the Museum of Natural History in New York, and there you will find the skeleton of a Brontosaur, hugest of all reptiles, and on the vertebræ you will see the tooth-marks of the carnivorous Allosaurus. And turning your back on that skeleton, you will find yourself facing the mounted skeleton of Tyrannosaurus Rex—and he is all that I have said of him—and more! The most terrible organism that ever trod the earth, to whom the fiercest lion or most savage tiger would be no more than a mouse to a cat. Oh, there is a thrill in these monsters, with their titanic strength, their infinitesimal brains, their gigantic struggles, their dim, vague, primeval loves and hatreds!

So, in the words of the old-time minstrel show, "thanking you one and all for your kind attention," I am—Yours most sincerely,

PAUL L. ANDERSON.

And by the way, let me say that if any of your readers, in outfitting for a trip, or for any other reason, wants information or advice as to cameras, lenses, films, developer, or anything connected with photography, I am supposed to know something about such matters, and shall be only too glad to help out, if you care to pass the inquiry along.—P. L. A.

DON'T forget our annual vote by readers on the best stories published during the year. Be marking down your favorites as you go along and at the end of the year send us the titles of the ten stories you consider the best in the issues from First January, 1921, to Mid-December, 1921, inclusive. We are sincerely desirous of getting your opinion on the kind of fiction you like, and this is your opportunity to make a bid for the sort of story you want to see in the magazine. The results of the balloting will be published in the magazine as soon as the vote can be counted. Any one is entitled to vote. The only requirement is that you have read the stories for which you cast your ballot. This is your chance to get the sort of fiction you like.

SOMETHING from Stephen Chalmers concerning his story in this issue, which, though it is entirely complete in itself, you will recognize as a kind of sequel to an earlier tale of his in our magazine.

Laguna Beach, California.

I am not sure that it is wise to say too much concerning the facts behind "The Other Side of Beyond." Why destroy illusion by declaring the whole narrative a flight of the imagination? Yet it is not all that—not all fiction.

FRANCIS SPARROW, scrivener, and Hugh Godwin, map-maker, were indeed of Raleigh's company on that first expedition to Guiana, and they were left there as hostages with Topiawari, King of the Aromaia, for the safe return of that aged chief's nephew, whom Raleigh took to England.

It is also a fact that Sparrow and Godwin were cast away thereafter, for Raleigh was unable to return for twenty-one years; whereupon Sparrow was brought back to England. What became of Godwin is not so certain; but at least his bones are in Guiana. One report (Raleigh's own, I think), was that he had died of fever. Sparrow tells a very different story.

NOW, Sparrow had some education in his day and must have been an intelligent observer and a "ready writer" to have held the position of secretary to Raleigh. And in these twenty-one years what things must have come under his observation among the Orenoqueponi! Yet we do not hear that after his return to England he wrote the inevitable story of his life among the savages. *Did* he write such a narrative? Is it humanly possible that he refrained? Perhaps his peculiar modesty prevented him, after he had written it, from giving it to the world. Perhaps in those days a man had to have a sounding title to get his name on a book-cover. We hear little of even Shakespeare between covers until seven years after his death!

Oh, I am sure—I know!—that Francis wrote a book! Whether his Ms. fell into my hands eventually, as the "Narrative of Juan Martinez" came into Sparrow's, I had better not state. But if Francis did not write that book himself it was certainly somebody's duty to gather together the facts and do it for him.

I WILL admit, however, that the drawing of the Ewaipanoma is not really Godwin's but the work of Harold Weaver, a silent but nevertheless genuine comrade of the Camp-Fire—one of the artists of this colony of artists in which I am "the stray author"—Laguna Beach, California. Weaver's job (into which he entered with a hearty spirit) was to reconcile his own art with a map-maker's conception of crude savage chiseling on a rock. The map was made by a clever portrait painter, Mrs. H. A. Brereton, another member of the Laguna art colony.

For the rest, I have always had a strong appetite for Raleigh and Guiana, and once before I held forth at length in *Adventure* in a tale on the same subject—"The Dance of the Golden Gods." In this later narrative Sparrow nails a few things in that tale; but, of course, Sparrow ought to know!

ALL who have read Raleigh's "Discovery of Guiana" will realize that Sparrow, or I (as you please), did not draw the long bow to the breaking-point. All these weird names and strange peoples fell from Sir Walter's own goose-quill. I think, myself, the scrivener offers a much more reasonable description of the Orenoqueponi and explanation of some of their queernesses; for above all things Sparrow was Zealous-for-Truth, and he appears to have had little respect for that person of wild imagination, Juan Martinez, whose statements in his "Narrative," about El Dorado, etc., Raleigh was inclined to accept without salt.

Sparrow may have been short on writing materials while in Guiana, but he seems always to have had plenty of "salt" handy in his jungle wanderings. Perhaps that's why I rather like him.—STEPHEN CHALMERS.

ONE of our old-timer comrades, L. H. North, has told us some interesting things about Western pioneer days, but very little about himself. The following, taken from an article in a Columbus, Nebraska, newspaper, gives us something about him.

Exhibiting that sixth sense possessed by the best scouts of Indians days which enabled them to locate with uncanny accuracy any spot they had once visited, Capt. Lute North last Monday led his friend and early-day associate, George Bird Grinnell, of New York, to the site of an historic Pawnee village on a bluff overlooking the Loup River in Howard county about four miles east of Cushing. Only once before had Captain North been there—and that was forty-seven years ago.

MR. GRINNELL, plainsman in his younger years, author of books on Indian lore and recognized authority on tribal history and customs in more recent years, came out from New York last Friday evening for his annual visit with Mr. North, one of the few remaining Indian scouts who really earned the title by services rendered the government in the frontier fighting half a century ago. When these two old cronies get together they live again in the days when the Indians roamed the Nebraska prairies, and Mr. North supplies Mr. Grinnell with much authentic material for his books.

SO IT was that Mr. North agreed to lead his friend to the site of the historic Pawnee village which he himself found while returning from a scouting expedition in 1873. Accompanied by E. W. North, they made the trip up the Loup, by automobile Monday. When they reached a point a few miles east of Cushing, Captain North pointed to a cornfield on high ground overlooking the river. "I believe that old village was right there," he said. His sense of location was confirmed by inquiry at a near-by farm-house. In the forty-seven years that had elapsed since his previous visit, civilization and cultivation had worked all manner of changes in the appearance of the landscape, but they couldn't baffle the old scout.

Returning to the spot, the party found between the cornfield fence and the edge of the bluff the signs that proved the one-time presence of the village. There were the depressions where the Pawnees had had their caches; the rings of earth about a foot high which had formed the foundations of their sod lodges, with the breaks in the rings plainly visible where the entrances had been, and on the ground were bits of pottery and flint evidently brought up from beneath the surface by the prairie dogs. They picked up several pieces of pottery which plainly showed the decorations wrought by the Indians.

"THAT village was one which the Skeedee tribe of the Pawnee nation occupied long years before the white man came into their lives," Captain North says. "Of course we have no way of determining accurately how long ago it was, but we know that it must have been nearly two hundred years, because it was the home of the Skeedees before they were subjugated and absorbed by the other three Pawnee tribes—the Grand, Republican and Noisy Pawnees—about one hundred and fifty years ago.

"After I first saw the ruins in 1873 I stopped at the Pawnee village where Genoa now stands and asked an old Skeedee if he knew of it. He told me that long before the battle between the tribes, the Skeedees had lived there. On the occasion of one of their annual hunts northward, probably over on the Elkhorn, part of the Skeedees got away to an early start, and before the second band could overtake them their arch-enemies, the Sioux, cut in between them and turned the second band back to the village. The Sioux then rode north and engaged the first named in a running fight away over onto the Missouri somewhere. These Skeedees never returned to the village, but founded a new home for themselves on the Missouri and became known as the Arikaras. The last of their descendants are now on the reservation at Fort Berthold, No. Dak."

"I REMEMBER hunting buffalo with the Pawnees when there wasn't a gun in the party except mine and those of my two companions, Lute and Frank North.

"Four thousand Indians went out and we got five hundred buffalo for the Winter's supply. That was a great hunting trip. We used to get quantities of elk and antelope, too. I've shot elk many a time along the Republican river. I hear there are some antelope up around Scott's bluff, and I'm going to look for them this trip. . . ."

"A man must do something," he says, "so I grind out books. . . ."

"Bravery was of course the prime virtue of the Indian," says Mr. Grinnell, "and honesty ranked with it. The old-time Indian had a sense of honor not surpassed by any race. Of course there was one here and there who would lie and steal, but he was always quickly found out and much looked down on by his fellows; dishonesty never profited him very long. The Indian boy's education was largely a matter of advice and instruction by his elders, together with traditions of the tribe, and it was the rule for the boy to pay attention to these teachings. Tribes differed from each other, of course. The Pawnees were the best people I met up with, and the Cheyennes and Blackfeet were also desirable citizens."

BUFFALO BILL was another friend of Mr. Grinnell's in the days when he was a scout serving under General Marsh at Fort McPherson now no more. Frank North, one of his hunting companions, was a crony of Buffalo Bill, and a

partner in the original Wild West show that went out from Columbus, Neb. He trained with the Pawnees fifty years ago and became an adept in Indian modes of fighting and hence a great aid to United States troops in their battles with the Indians. Frank North died a few years ago but his brother, Lute, still lives at Columbus, where he is one of the main standbys of the state historical society.

HERE is a bit out of a letter from Hugh Pendexter after I'd sent him a copy of the above article:

Norway, Maine.

It's too bad there can not be some society to establish plates, or markers, preserving the knowledge or the early Indian villages. We have much Colonial Americana marked in this way, but I know of no systematic marking of historic Indian villages. The Pawnees ceded all their land south of the Platte by the treaty at Great Pawnee Village in 1833. In 1848 they sold a sixty-mile stretch on the Platte above Grand Island. In 1857 they turned over to the Government all lands north of the Platte except a strip on the Loup, running east and west thirty miles, and fifteen miles wide. This was their reservation. This piece was ceded in 1876 when they moved to Oklahoma.—HUGH PENDEXTER.

DON'T forget—*Adventure* will appear three times a month in accordance with our readers' vote. The dates are the 10th, 20th and 30th of the month. Yes, we know there are not thirty days in February. See page 183.

PROBABLY the only alibi I can claim for our magazine is that, as it happens, it hasn't printed many stories about the Mounties and so hasn't made so many mistakes about them as it might have. We've had one or two Mounty covers and there's another to come.

It's some little job to keep all mistakes out of a magazine like this, to make sure that out of 125,000 to 130,000 words every two weeks no one of them is used in the wrong way or place—words divided among places all over the world and concerned with the technicalities of thousands of pursuits. Some little job; too big a one for us here in the office; too big, I'm willing to bet, for any five of our readers, though there are undoubtedly many quintets of you who could avoid more mistakes than we do.

IN THIS case, for example, how many of *you* know that you mustn't say "bridle" in speaking of R. N. W. M. P. equipment? In their case it is a "headstall." Of course, some of you do know that. All right, the rest of the class is dismissed. How many of those who knew this point also know which term is current with each of the various South African and East African mounted police corps, past and present? Probably only a very small minority of the reduced class can answer for the word on both continents. Some can, however. But we've only started on your job as editor. What do the gauchos of the Argentine call it—how should we translate their term? The Texas rangers? The Australian sheep men; their police corps? The Pennsylvania and New York Constabulary? What is it called by the British cavalry in India? In various other parts of the English-speaking world? And in all other parts of the world by which of these words should we translate the term used locally? Not only present-day nomenclature, but the right name at any given period clear back through the centuries? Our stories are laid in all these places and in all times and you have to know if you're to avoid mistakes. There's always a good chance that some one who does know in any one of these particular cases will bawl you out.

Is there any one among our far-wandering readers who knows enough to run straight on this one simple little case of "bridle" *vs.* "headstall?" Well, editors are just like you—they don't know everything.

And all that's only one case out of thousands in any issue of our magazine and our magazine has twenty-four issues every year, soon to be thirty-six issues a year! Any of you think you can handle 4,500,000 words of fiction a year and not let any slips get by you? I know darned well I don't think you can, even allowing you two or three times the ability of the present editors.

MAYBE you say it's the writers' fault—that a man shouldn't try to write about a thing unless he knows about it. What do you mean "knows about it?" If you mean knows every phase and detail of it, then there would be very little fiction to amuse the reading public. Pretty nearly none. For do you know of any subject in the world, past or present, whose best experts do not differ as to details, with no one of them knowing more than all the rest combined?

Gentlemen, I move you that when one of our writers makes a mistake and the editors let it get by, it be made merely a misdemeanor instead of a penitentiary offense or a crime punishable by instant death without

trial by jury or benefit of clergy. Is there a second?

WHICH does *not* mean that we don't want you to point out mistakes when you see them. We both want and need that kind of help and guidance. Only we don't want to be jailed every time it happens. We haven't time to go to jail; we're too busy making more mistakes and avoiding occasional ones.

Please be sure that in all this there is no least breath of complaint against the frank, friendly letter that follows. We've learned something from it and are grateful, though, even if all five of us remember it always, some new men may come on the staff and make the same mistake over again. I merely seized on this chance example, "bridle" *vs.* "headstall," to make a plea for the tribes of writers, artists and editors in general. Now if you were in our place—

Detroit, Michigan.

I've been an interested reader of Camp-Fire for a long time, and of the magazine longer. I had it sent to me for years back, while I was in the Yukon, the R. N. W. M. P. and Belgium and France and to the hospital in England while in the Canadian Army, and I've seen a copy so badly thumbed from passing it along that I often thought you would like to see it yourself if you could only know the genuine pleasure we had out of it.

FOR years, one particular thing I have always noticed and remarked on, and have heard dozens of old Mounties speak about too, is that in all the stories I've seen or read about the Force, the writer in some way spoils his yarn for a man in the know with some remark that we knew was not right, for instance, calling a head stall a bridle or tieing a horse, something that is never necessary with a good patrol horse, or even in the illustrations, showing one or more pieces of dress or equipment that is all wrong and for us, spoiling an otherwise very entertaining yarn.

I don't mean to criticize any of the fellows who are doing their best to entertain us, but this is honestly a fact and I have often wondered why.

ANOTHER thing is usually that the Mounty is depicted as a sort of superman, doing all kinds of impossible things. All bunk, I assure you, having been one for years myself. We were just a happy-go-lucky bunch of ordinary fellows such as you might find in a crowd anywhere. We all tried, of course, to uphold the old traditions of the Force, but we were far from being the avenging Nemesis that we have so often been pictured.

Starting after your man I regarded as more or less a game of wits, sometimes with the luck against you and don't you ever believe there isn't such a thing as luck and as often with it with you, and the only one thing to do was to keep going. Somewhere, sometime and some place you were bound to catch up with your man and that was all there was to it.

If this little yarn should by any chance meet with the approval of the Camp-Fire readers I will be glad to send others, all true to the life of the Mounted, and the chaps with the big imaginations can add the trimmings as they read to suit themselves.

If you don't actually slip the boot to myself and my yarn I'll be glad to hear from you and to read what some of the other Camp-Fire readers think about the subject I have brought up.

With sincere wishes to yourself and all comrades of the Camp-Fire—GEORGE STANLEY.

BEGINNING with the next issue—the first of the three-a-month—we will publish in Camp-Fire in the first issue of each month a complete list of Camp-Fire Stations together with information for those who wish to extend this friendly service to the wanderers who come their way, as well as letters from Keepers whose Stations are already going strong.

SOME more concerning "The Doom Trail" and the facts that lie behind it:

Brooklyn.

The idea of the plot of "The Doom Trail" I discovered in a musty old book, with dog-eared, yellow pages, printed in London in 1747. It was a copy of "The HISTORY of the FIVE INDIAN NATIONS of CANADA which are dependant On the Province of New-York in America and Are the Barrier between the English and French in that Part of the World, By the Honorable Cadwallader Colden, Esq., One of his Majesty's Counsel, and Surveyor-General of New-York."

THE History, itself, is sufficiently interesting, but even more so is the contents of the last half of the volume, composed of papers dealing with the attempt by Gov. Burnet to regulate the fur trade and the clandestine intercourse with Canada and a number of records of councils held with the Indians and texts of treaties made with them. The papers dealing with the subject treated in "The Doom Trail" are six in number. The first, quoted in part in an early chapter of my story, is the petition of the merchants of London to his Majesty against Burnet's "act of the 19th of November, 1720, entitled An Act for the Encouragement of the Indian Trade, and rendering it more beneficial to the Inhabitants of this Province, and for Prohibiting the selling of Indian Goods to the French." This petition, which is signed by twenty names, is without date, but following it is a minute of the Privy Council of April 30th, 1724, signed by James Vernon, clerk to the Council, as follows, in part:

"At the Court of St. James's the 30th Day of April, 1724.

Present

The King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

"Upon Reading this Day at the Board the humble Petition and Representation of Samuel Baker, Samuel Storke, and several others, Merchants of London, trading to New-York, in behalf of themselves, and the rest of the Persons concern'd in the

New-York trade . . . It is ordered by his Majesty in Council, That the said Petition (a Copy whereof is hereunto annexed) be, and it is hereby referred to the Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations, to examine into the same, and report to his Majesty, at this Board, what they conceive fit to be done therein."

THE Lords of Trade evidently took up the matter in the ordinary routine of their duties, for an "extract of the Minutes of the Right Honorable the Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations, the 7th of July, 1742" cites the appearance of a Mr. Sharp—apparently as solicitor or legal advisor—"with several New-York merchants" and states that "their Lordships took again into Consideration the Order in Council of the 30th of April, mentioned in the Minutes of the first of May last."

After setting forth at some length the arguments for and against the Burnet Act, the five Lords of Trade, J. Chetwind, T. Pelham, M. Bladen, R. Plummer and Ed. Ashe, pointed out the disagreements involved as to facts and concluded with a recommendation for suspension of action until additional advice had been received from Gov. Burnet.

The action of the Lords of Trade reached New York without delay—by the way, I have taken some liberties in advancing slightly in the year the period through which the incidents developed—and on October 29th the Governor in Council referred it for detailed analysis to a Committee consisting of Colden, R. Walter, Rip Van Dam, John Barberie, Fr. Harrison, Ja. Alexander and Abraham Van Horne. This Committee reported at length on November 6th, and their arguments were unanswerable. The logic and array of evidence produced compel me to believe that the report was the work of the agile brain of Colden, a man who seems to have had some of the attributes of the true statesman. I have made use of certain of his arguments in the warp and woof of the story, and I only wish that exigencies of space permitted me to quote here as copiously as I should like to from the immense detail of his survey of the situation of the fur trade, and indeed, of general trade relations, as between France and England, in connection with their settlements in what is now Canada and the United States.

NOT content with this report, however, Colden filed with the Governor a personal Memorial "concerning the Furr-Trade of the Province of New-York," under date of November 10, 1724, in which with even larger detail he set forth the underlying conditions of the situation. Again I must put the brake on my inclination to pour out his remarkable presentation of the imperative need to advance the colonial frontier to the Lakes and the Mississippi and meet French imperialism with an aggressive front, a policy which was later to be adopted and crowned with success in his own lifetime. But I shall quote one paragraph. After Queen Anne's War, he says, "the clandestine Trade to Montreal began to be carried on by Indians from Albany to Montreal. This gave rise to the Kahnuaga, or Praying Indians, who are entirely made up of deserters from the Mohawks or River Indians, and were either enticed thither by the French priests, or by our Merchants, in order to carry goods from Albany to Montreal."

The last document I have to quote from is a letter from one "J. A. Esq.," who, from internal evidence I deduce to have been James Alexander, a member of the Governor's Council, to "Mr. P. C. of London, shewing the Success of the Measures taken at that Time" meaning in 1724. This letter, which was written in 1740, recites the growth of the fur-trade to five times its dimensions when Governor Burnet put through his Act and states in so many words "the French were chiefly supplied by one Gentleman at New-York, who almost entirely engrossed the Indian Trade of this Province, and thereby acquired a very great Estate and influence. But the prudent steps taken by our late worthy Governor, to open a free Trade, was the cause of the Engrosser's losing his."

I can not too strongly emphasize what I conceive to be the importance of this unwritten chapter of American history, a chapter which you will seldom find even referred to in standard works. I had to dig for years to corroborate or substantiate details, and was helped more than anything else by a study of the Niagara frontier prepared by Mr. Severance of Buffalo and contained in the publications of the Buffalo Historical Society. No historian, not even Parkman, seems to have appreciated the significance of the incident.—ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH.

IN MAKING the change from two to three issues of *Adventure* a month, there arose the problem of those of you who have subscribed to the magazine. You have paid for only two issues a month during the term of your present subscription, but, beginning with the October issues, out in September, there will be three issues a month, or 50% more than you paid for. The answer seems simple enough—charge you for the additional issues you get. It wouldn't be fair to send you what you paid for and hold out the other issues, for serial stories would thus be pretty badly ruined for you.

But we don't like to do business that way. Besides the friendly spirit that has grown up between you readers and us here in the office, it seems to us good business methods to give our readers a little more than they have a right to expect, instead of a little less, and to do this whenever possible. Accordingly, we'll *not* charge you extra for the additional issues, but will present them to you with our compliments and good wishes. It amounts to giving you a monthly magazine for the remainder of your subscription term and we're glad that we can do this. May you enjoy them as much as we believe you will.—A. S. H.

VARIOUS PRACTICAL SERVICES FREE TO ANY READER

These services of *Adventure* are free to any one. They involve much time, work and expense on our part, but we offer them gladly and ask in return only that you **read and observe the simple rules**, thus saving needless delay and trouble for us. The whole spirit of the magazine is one of friendliness. No formality between editors and readers. Whenever we can help we're ready and willing to try. **Remember: Magazines are made up ahead of time. Allow for two or three months between sending and publication.**

Identification Cards

Free to any reader. Just send us (1) your name and address, (2) name and address of party to be notified, (3) a stamped and self-addressed return envelope.

Each card bears this inscription, each printed in English, French, Spanish, German, Portuguese, Dutch, Italian, Arabic, Chinese, Russian and Japanese:

"In case of death or serious emergency to bearer, address serial number of this card, care of *Adventure*, New York, stating full particulars, and friends will be notified."

In our office, under each serial number, will be registered the name of bearer and of one or two friends, with permanent address of each. No name appears on the card. Letters will be forwarded to friend, unopened by us. Names and addresses treated as confidential. We assume no other obligations. Cards not for business identification. Cards furnished free *provided stamped and addressed envelope accompanies application.* We reserve the right to use our own discretion in all matters pertaining to these cards.

Metal Cards—For twenty-five cents we will send you, *post-paid*, the same card in aluminum composition, perforated at each end. Enclose a self-addressed return envelope, but no postage. Twenty-five cents covers everything. Give same data as for pasteboard cards. Holders of pasteboard cards can be registered under both pasteboard and metal cards if desired, but old numbers can not be duplicated on metal cards. If you no longer wish your old card, destroy it carefully and notify us, to avoid confusion and possible false alarms to your friends registered under that card.

A moment's thought will show the value of this system of card-identification for any one, whether in civilization or out of it. Remember to furnish stamped and addressed envelope and to *give in full the names and addresses of self and friend or friends when applying.*

If check or money order is sent, please make it out to the Ridgway Company, not to any individual.

Mail Address and Forwarding Service

This office, assuming no responsibility, will be glad to act as a forwarding address for its readers or to hold mail till called for, provided necessary postage is supplied. Unclaimed mail which we have held for a long period is listed on the last page of the last issue of each month.

Missing Friends or Relatives

Our free service department "Lost Trails" in the pages following, though frequently used in cases where detective agencies, newspapers, and all other methods have failed, or for finding people long since dead, has located a very high percentage of those inquired for. Except in case of relatives, inquiries from one sex to the other are barred.

Back Issues of *Adventure*

The Boston Magazine Exchange, 109 Mountfort St., Boston, Mass., can supply Adventure *back through* 1918, *and occasional copies before that.*

WILL TRADE: May and August, 1911, for August, 1913; or will pay fifty cents for this number.—Address J. A. REISCHMAN, 2170 North Maplewood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WILL SELL: May, 1915 to Jan., 1917, inclusive. In good condition except for a few covers. Best offer.—Address WALTER ELDER, Norwood, Colorado.

Expeditions and Employment

While we should like to be of aid in these matters, experience has shown that it is not practicable.

Manuscripts

Glad to look at any manuscript. We have no "regular staff" of writers. A welcome for new writers. *It is not necessary to write asking to submit your work.*

When submitting a manuscript, if you write a letter concerning it, enclose it with the manuscript; do not send it under separate cover. Enclose stamped and addressed envelope for return. All manuscripts should be typewritten double-spaced, with wide margins, not rolled, name and address on first page. We assume no risk for manuscripts or illustrations submitted, but use all due care while they are in our hands. Payment on acceptance.

We want only clean stories. Sex, morbid, "problem," psychological and supernatural stories barred. Use almost no fact-articles. Can not furnish or suggest collaborators. Use fiction of almost any length; under 3000 welcomed.

Camp-Fire Stations

In their homes or shops some members of Camp-Fire—any one belongs who wishes to—maintain Stations where wanderers may call and receive such hospitality as the Keeper wishes to offer. The only requirements are that the Station display the regular sign, provide a box for mail to be called for and keep the regular register book. Otherwise Keepers run their Stations to suit themselves and are not responsible to this magazine or representative of it. List of Stations and further details are published in the Camp-Fire in the first issue of each month.

Camp-Fire Buttons

To be worn on lapel of coat by members of Camp-Fire—any one belongs who wishes to. Enameled in dark colors representing earth, sea and sky, and bears the numeral 71—the sum of the letters of the word Camp-Fire valued according to position in the alphabet. Very small and inconspicuous. Designed to indicate the common interest which is the only requisite for membership in Camp-Fire and to enable members to recognize each other when they meet in far places or at home. Twenty-five cents, post-paid, anywhere.

When sending for the button enclose a strong, self-addressed, unstamped envelope.

If check or money order is sent, please make it out to the Ridgway Company, not to any individual.

General Questions from Readers

In addition to our free service department "Ask Adventure" on the pages following, *Adventure* can sometimes answer other questions within our general field. When it can, it will. Expeditions and employment accepted.

Addresses

Order of the Restless—Organizing to unite for fellowship all who feel the wanderlust. First suggested in this magazine, though having no connection with it aside from our friendly interest. Address WAYNE EASELY, 519 Citizens Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

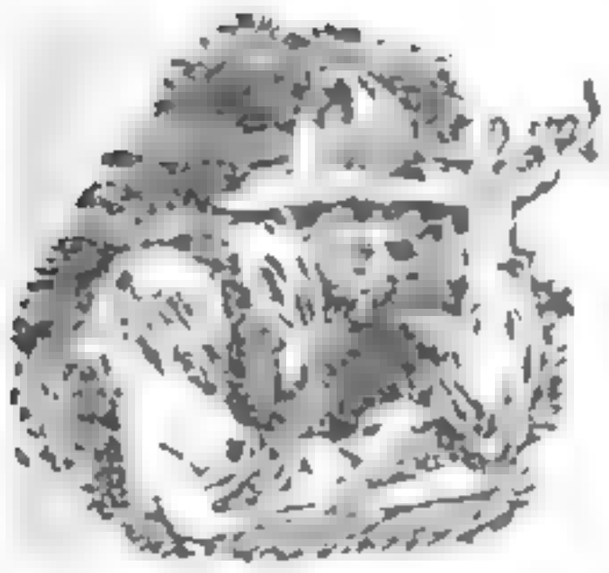
Camp-Fire—Any one belongs who wishes to.

Rifle Clubs—Address Nat. Rifle Ass'n of America, 1108 Woodward Bldg., Washington, D. C.

(See also under "Standing Information" in "Ask Adventure.")

Ask Adventure

A Free Question and Answer Service Bureau of Information on Outdoor Life and Activities Everywhere and Upon the Various Commodities Required Therein. Conducted for *Adventure* Magazine by Our Staff of Experts.



QUESTIONS should be sent, not to this office, but direct to the expert in charge of the section in whose field it falls. So that service may be as prompt as possible, he will answer you by mail direct. But he will also send to us a copy of each question and answer, and from these we shall select those of most general interest and publish them each issue in this department, thus making it itself an exceedingly valuable standing source of practical information. Unless otherwise requested, inquirer's name and town are printed with question; street numbers not given.

When you ask for *general* information on a given district or subject the expert may give you some valuable general pointers and refer you to books or to local or special sources of information.

Our experts will in all cases answer to the best of their ability, using their own discretion in all matters pertaining to their sections subject only to our general rules for "Ask Adventure," but neither they nor the magazine assumes any responsibility beyond the moral one of trying to do the best that is possible. These experts have been chosen by us not only for their knowledge and experience but with an eye to their integrity and reliability. We have emphatically assured each of them that his advice or information is not to be affected in any way by whether a given commodity is or is not advertised in this magazine.

1. **Service free to anybody, provided stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Correspondents writing to or from foreign countries will please enclose International Reply Coupons, purchasable at any post-office, and exchangeable for stamps of any country in the International Postal Union.**
2. **Send each question direct to the expert in charge of the particular section whose field covers it. He will reply by mail. Do NOT send questions to this magazine.**
3. **No reply will be made to requests for partners, for financial backing, or for chances to join expeditions. "Ask Adventure" covers business and work opportunities, but only if they are outdoor activities, and only in the way of general data and advice. It is in no sense an employment bureau.**
4. **Make your questions definite and specific. State exactly your wants, qualifications and intentions. Explain your case sufficiently to guide the expert you question.**
5. **Send no question until you have read very carefully the exact ground covered by the particular expert in whose section it seems to belong.**

1. ✱ Islands and Coasts
CAPTAIN A. E. DINGLE, Hamilton, Bermuda. Islands of Indian and Atlantic oceans; the Mediterranean; Cape Horn and Magellan Straits. Ports, trade, peoples, travel. (*Postage 5 cents.*)

2. The Sea Part 1
BERTAM BROWN, 1508 Columbia St., Olympia, Wash. Ships, seamen and shipping, nautical history, seamanship, navigation, yachting, small-boat sailing; commercial fisheries of North America; marine bibliography of U. S.; fishing-vessels of the North Atlantic and Pacific banks. (*See next department.*)

3. ✱ The Sea Part 2
CAPTAIN A. E. DINGLE, Hamilton, Bermuda. Questions on the sea, ships and men local to the British Empire go to Captain Dingle, not Mr. Brown. (*Postage 5 cents.*)

4. Eastern U. S. Part 1
RAYMOND S. SPEARS, Little Falls, N. Y. Mississippi, Ohio, Tennessee, Michigan and Hudson valleys; Great Lakes, Adirondacks, Chesapeake Bay; river, lake and road travel; game, fish and woodcraft; furs, fresh-water pearls, herbs, and their markets.

5. Eastern U. S. Part 2
HAPSBURG LIEBE, Orlando, Fla. Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, N. and S. Carolina, Florida and Georgia except Tennessee River and Atlantic seaboard. Hunting, fishing, camping, logging, lumbering, sawmilling, saws.

6. Eastern U. S. Part 3
DR. G. E. HATHORNE, 44 Central Street, Bangor, Me. Maine. Fishing, hunting, canoeing, guides, outfits, supplies.

7. Middle Western U. S. Part 1
JOSEPH MILLS HANSON (lately Capt. A. E. F.), care *Adventure*. The Dakotas, Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas. Hunting, fishing, travel. Early history of Missouri Valley.

8. Middle Western U. S. Part 2
JOHN B. THOMPSON, 906 Pontiac Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Missouri, Arkansas and the Missouri Valley up to Sioux City, Iowa. Wilder countries of the Ozarks, and swamps; hunting, fishing, trapping, farming, mining and range lands; big-timber sections.

9. Middle Western U. S. Part 3
LARRY ST. JOHN, Saugatuck, Mich. Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Lake Michigan. Fishing, hunting, trapping, lumbering, canoeing, camping, guides, outfits, motoring, agriculture, minerals, natural history, clamming, early history, legends.

10. Western U. S. Part 1
E. E. HARRIMAN, 2303 W. 23rd St., Los Angeles, Calif. California, Oregon, Washington, Utah, Nevada, Arizona. Game, fur, fish; camp, cabin; mines, minerals; mountains.

11. Western U. S. Part 2 and Mexico Part 1 Northern
J. W. WHITAKER, 1505 West 10th St., Austin, Tex. Texas, Oklahoma, and the border States of old Mexico—Sonora, Chihuahua, Coahuila, Nuevo Leon and Tamaulipas. Minerals, lumbering, agriculture, travel, customs, topography, climate, natives, hunting, history, industries.

12. Mexico Part 2 Southern and Lower California
C. R. MANAFFEY, Apartado 168, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico. Lower California; Mexico south of a line from Tampico to Mazatlan. Mining, agriculture, topography, travel, hunting, lumbering, history, natives, business and general conditions.

13. ✠ North American Snow Countries Part 1
S. E. SANGSTER ("Canuck"), L. B. 303, Ottawa, Canada. Height of Land and northern Quebec and Ontario (except strip between Minn. and C. P. Ry.); southeastern Ungava

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✠ (*Enclose addressed envelope with 3 cents in stamps NOT attached*)

and Keewatin. Sport, canoe routes, big game, fish, fur; equipment; Indian life and habits; Hudson's Bay Co. posts; minerals, timber; customs regulations. No questions answered on trapping for profit. (*Postage 3 cents.*)

14. ✣ North American Snow Countries Part 1
HARRY M MOORE, Deseronto, Ont., Canada. Ottawa Valley and southeastern Ontario. Fishing, hunting, canoeing, mining, lumbering, agriculture, topography, travel, camping, aviation. (*Postage 3 cents.*)

15. ✣ North American Snow Countries Part 2
GEORGE L. CARTON, Tweed, Ont., Canada. Georgian Bay and southern Ontario. Fishing, hunting, trapping, canoeing. (*Postage 3 cents.*)

16. North American Snow Countries Part 4
T. F. PHILLIPS, Department of Science, Duluth Central High School, Duluth, Minn. Hunters Island and English River district. Fishing, camping, hunting, trapping, canoeing, climate, topography, travel.

17. North American Snow Countries Part 5
ED. L. CARSON, La Connor, Wash. Yukon, British Columbia and Alberta including Peace River district; to Great Slave Lake. Outfits and equipment, guides, big game, minerals, forest, prairie, travel; customs regulations.

18. North American Snow Countries Part 6
THEODORE S. SOLOMONS, 2837 Fulton St., Berkeley, Calif. Alaska. Arctic life and travel; boats, packing, backpacking, traction, transport, routes, equipment, clothing, food; physics, hygiene; mountain work.

19. ✣ North American Snow Countries Part 7
REECE H. HAGUE, The Pas, Manitoba, Canada. Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Mackenzie and northern Keewatin. Homesteading, mining, hunting, trapping, lumbering and travel. (*Postage 3 cents.*)

20. ✣ North American Snow Countries Part 8
JAS. F. B. BELFORD, Codrington, Ont., Canada. New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and southeastern Quebec. Hunting, fishing, lumbering, camping, trapping, auto and canoe trips, history, topography, farming, homesteading, mining, paper industry, water-power. (*Postage 3 cents.*)

21. Hawaiian Islands and China
F. J. HALTON, 632 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Customs, travel, natural history, resources, agriculture, fishing, hunting.

22. Central America
EDGAR YOUNG, care *Adventure*. Canal Zone, Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, British Honduras, Salvador, Guatemala. Travel, language, game, conditions, minerals, trading.

23. South America. Part 1
EDGAR YOUNG, care *Adventure*. Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chile; geography, inhabitants, history, industries, topography, minerals, game, languages, customs.

24. South America Part 2
P H. GOLDSMITH, *Inter-American Magazine*, 407 West 117th St., New York, N. Y. Venezuela, the Guianas, Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay and Argentine Republic. Travel, history, customs, industries, topography, natives, languages, hunting and fishing.

25. Asia, Southern
CAPTAIN BEVERLEY GIDDINGS, 1315 Josephine Street, New Orleans, La. Arabia, Persia, India, Tibet, Burma, western China, Borneo. Hunting, exploring, traveling, customs.

26. Philippine Islands
BUCK CONNOR, 5444 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. History, natives, topography, customs, travel, hunting, fishing, minerals, agriculture, commerce.

27. Japan
GRACE P. T. KNUDSON, Castine, Me. Commerce, politics, people, customs, history, geography, travel, agriculture, art, curios.

28. Russia and Eastern Siberia
MAJOR A. M. LOCKWITZKY (formerly Lieut.-Col. I. R. A., Ret.), care *Adventure*. Petrograd and its province; Finland, northern Caucasus, Primorsk district, island of Sakhalien. Travel, hunting, fishing; explorations among native tribes; markets, trade, curios.

29. Africa Part 1
THOMAS S. MILLER, Carmel, Monterey Co., Calif Gold, Ivory and Pever Coasts of West Africa, Niger River to Jebba, Northern Nigeria. Canoeing, labor, trails, trade, expenses, outfitting, flora, tribal histories, witchcraft.

30. Africa Part 2 Morocco
GEORGE E. HOLT, Frederick, Md. Travel, tribes, customs, history, topography, trade.

31. Africa Part 3 Tripoli
CAPTAIN BEVERLEY GIDDINGS, 1315 Josephine Street, New Orleans, La. Including the Sahara Tuaregs and caravan routes. Traveling, exploring, customs, caravan trade.

32. ✣ Africa Part 4 Portuguese East Africa
R. G. WARING, Corunna, Ontario, Canada. Trade, produce, climate, opportunities, game, wild life, travel, expenses, outfits, health, etc. (*Postage 3 cents.*)

33. ✣ Africa Part 5 Transvaal, N. W. and Southern Rhodesia, British East Africa, Uganda and the Upper Congo
CHARLES BEADLE, Ile de Lerne, par Vannes, Morbihan, Brittany, France. Geography, hunting, equipment, trading, climate, transport, customs, living conditions, witchcraft, adventure and sport. (*Postage 12 cents.*)

34. Africa Part 6 Cape Colony, Orange River Colony, Natal and Zululand
CAPTAIN F. J. FRANKLIN, 40 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill. Climate, shooting and fishing, imports and exports; health resorts, minerals, direct shipping routes from U. S., living conditions, travel, opportunities for employment. Free booklets on. Orange-growing, apple-growing, sugar-growing, maize-growing, viticulture; sheep and fruit ranching.

35. ✭ New Zealand; and South Sea Islands Part 1
TOM L. MILLS, *The Feuding Star*, Feilding, New Zealand. New Zealand, Cook Islands, Samoa. Travel, history, customs, adventure, exploring, sport. (*Postage 8 cents.*)

36. South Sea Islands Part 2
CHARLES BROWN, Jr., 213 F St., San Rafael, Calif. French Oceania (Tahiti, the Society, Paumotu, Marquesas); Islands of Western Pacific (Solomons, New Hebrides, Fiji, Tonga); of Central Pacific (Guam, Ladrone, Pelew, Caroline, Marshall, Gilbert, Ellice); of the Detached (Wallis, Penrhyn, Danger, Easter, Rotuma, Futuna, Pitcairn). Natives, history, travel, sports, equipment, climate, living conditions, commerce, pearling, vanilla and coconut culture.

37. ✭ Australia and Tasmania
ALBERT GOLDIE, Sydney Press Club, 51 Elizabeth St., Sydney, Australia. Customs, resources, travel, hunting, sports, history. (*Postage 5 cents.*)

WEAPONS, PAST AND PRESENT

Rifles, shotguns, pistols, revolvers, ammunition and edged weapons. (Any questions on the arms adapted to a particular locality should *not* be sent to this department but to the "Ask Adventure" editor covering the district in question.)

A.—All Shotguns including foreign and American makes; wing shooting. J. B. THOMPSON, 906 Pontiac Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

B.—All Rifles, Pistols and Revolvers (including foreign and American makes). D. WIGGINS, Salem, Ore.

C.—Edged Weapons, and Firearms Prior to 1900. Swords, pikes, knives, battle-axes, etc., and all firearms of the flintlock, matchlock, wheellock and snaphaunce varieties. LEWIS APPLETON BARKER, 40 University Road, Brookline, Mass.

FISHING IN NORTH AMERICA

Salt and Fresh Water Fishing

J B THOMPSON, 906 Pontiac Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Covering fishing-tackle and equipment; fly and bait casting; live bait; camping outfits; fishing trips.

STANDING INFORMATION

For general information on U. S. and its possessions, write Supt of Public Documents, Wash., D. C., for catalog of all Government publications.

For the Philippines, Porto Rico, and customs receivorships in Santo Domingo and Haiti, the Bureau of Insular Affairs, War Dept., Wash., D. C.

For Alaska, the Alaska Bureau, Chamber of Commerce, Central Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

For Hawaii, Hawaii Promotion Committee, Chamber of Commerce, Honolulu, T. H. Also, Dept. of the Interior, Wash., D. C.

For Cuba, Bureau of Information, Dept. of Agri., Com; and Labor, Havana, Cuba.

The Pan-American Union may be called upon for general information relating to Latin-American matters or for specific data. Address L. S. Rowe, Dir. Gen., Wash., D. C.

For R. C. M. P., Commissioner Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Ottawa, Can. Only unmarried British subjects, age 18 to 40, above 5 ft. 8 in. and under 175 lbs.

For Canal Zone, the Panama Canal Comm., Wash., D. C.

For U. S., its possessions and most foreign countries, the Dep't of Com., Wash., D. C.

✭ (Enclose addressed envelope with 5 cents—in Mr. Mills' case 8 cents and in Mr. Beadle's 12 cents—in stamps NOT attached)
✣ (Enclose addressed envelope with 3 cents in stamps NOT attached)

An Overland Auto Trip

HERE'S a painless way to take the wife and kiddies from Ohio to California, seeing a score of wonders *en route*. Inexpensive, too; and as safe as any road journey can be anywhere:

Question:—"I am thinking very seriously of breaking loose from Ohio and cutting out for California, a dream of many years' standing. Of course I must make a living for myself and family, and I am going to take a chance that I can do so as well in your State as in Ohio.

I expect to motor through, and camp out on the trip. My family consists of my wife, three children from eight to thirteen years and myself.

Now I would ask you to please advise me which route would be the best to take from Ohio during the Summer months, the best kind of camp equipment, etc., including fishing-tackle and guns.

One thing my family fear is snakes. Are there any precautions one can take in making camp so as to avoid them?

Can one select a route so as to see Yellowstone Park, the Big Trees and Yosemite Valley?

This, of course, will be the one big adventure of my life, and I would be glad to make my preparations so that I can get a complete return on expectations. Any information you can give me will surely be appreciated."—E. E. Jones, Lima, Ohio.

Answer, by Mr. Harriman:—It is far better to keep well north during Summer travel. Certainly you can take in Yellowstone, Yosemite and the Big Trees. Also you can see Tahoe on the way. Get Auto Club maps that will show you the best roads into Yellowstone and go there. Then drop south from there till you connect with the road to Truckee, California.

Then as you top the divide at Truckee turn off south and go to Lake Tahoe, one of the most beautiful spots on earth. After seeing this you go up to the highway again, come through Emigrant Gap and roll along down to the paved State Highway.

Follow this south till you reach either of the three roads that center at El Portal, the Oak Flat road, the Mariposa or Wawona roads. Coming from the north you would best take the Oak Flat road. The Coulterville road is a good alternative. At Wawona you see just as big trees as you will find anywhere.

After seeing Yosemite and the Wawona trees, come south into Fresno County and go to Sanger. From there drive up to the Sequoia Camp, in the Sequoia National Forest, the farthest up a car can run, and see some more beauties. Leave your car there and get horses and a guide for going farther in. Take your time and see things.

After this, roll along south and see the seven southern counties. Take in Big Bear Lake, seven thousand feet up, going up by Little Bear and coming down Mill Creek road. Go in the stage, as it saves your car.

Take in the valley from here to San Diego, going down the coast road and coming back the inner route.

Visit Catalina Island from here, thirty miles out at [illegible]

Shucks! It would take me all day and half the night to tell you a portion of the things you can see on such a trip. Come ahead. There are about thirty thousand of us Buckeyes here to receive you.

What do you expect to do with guns in Summer? You are not allowed to kill game at that time of year. August fifteenth they begin shooting deer in some counties, September first in other parts. License to a non-resident ten bucks—and only two buck deer with horns allowed to one license. No small game till Fall.

As for fishing—any ordinary trout-rod. I have seen them taken with all sorts, from a stick cut in the forest down to a hundred-dollar split bamboo.

And don't waste time worrying about snakes. I have been here thirty-four years and have never seen but two rattlers in all my trips to the mountains and desert.

A light tent with a canvas bottom that turns up ten inches all around makes you safe from snakes; as no snake will cross that ten-inch canvas wall across the openings. Anyhow snakes are no more dangerous out here than they were in Ohio when I was a boy. Then we had the copperhead as a common thing, and he never was known to do as the rattlesnake does—"rings de bell."

On a two-day trip in the desert, May 1 and 2, I saw not one snake. In six days of horseback riding in the mountains, May 8th to 14th, not one. In a three-day trip, partly mountains and partly on the desert, May 22d to 25th, I saw two dead ones on the grade in Cajon Pass, killed by being run over by autos.

In all, I covered four hundred eighty miles by auto and one hundred ten in the saddle. Nearly six hundred miles and two dead rattlers. Not very numerous, are they?

As regards equipment—for a family like yours—one of these tents that cover the car and run out at one side, with a bed at the end and one that fastens to the running-board. A cupboard that fastens on the opposite running-board and is strapped to the body of the car. It should be made to conform to the shape of the mud-guards and as deep as they are wide, coming clear up to the top of door.

In a cupboard like this, with doors made dust-proof by packing and overlay, one can carry a large amount. An auto trunk of good size on a carrier behind will take care of the family wardrobe. The beds and tent roll up and strap on at each side of the hood.

We have many makes of camp outfits for auto parties here. I saw four or five being demonstrated along one block last Friday. All made up into compact bundles of small size.

It is well to have a good six-gun along for emergencies, such as an occasional snake or a light fingered tramp. Neither one is at all likely to bother you, but it is well to be prepared in case the unexpected happens. The tent I mention is absolutely snake-proof, so your wife need not fear snakes any more at night than in your home.

As for cooking by the way, a little gasoline camp-stove may be had in the stores that is fine. If you do not wish to buy one of these, get a folding camp-stove, a coffee-pot, frying-pan, camp-kettle, covered sauce-pan and the tools. Ask your wife about the latter. The gasoline stove saves a lot of soot and muss, though.

Carry as little as you can get along with. When you start look over the dunnage and see if you have anything you can discard, then throw out all you can.

Raymond S. Spears, his wife and two boys motored clear out from Little Falls, New York. Give your wife a chance to spend one night in a week in a hotel on the way.

Fishing and Hunting in Maine

TWENTY thousand deer killed in that State last season alone! Looks to me like a better record than the Indians ever hung up:

Question:—"I would like you to give me some information about hunting and camping in Maine.

What rifle should be used for the game of Maine?

What location for moose?"—COLIN MCLEAN, Jamaica, N. Y.

Answer, by Dr. Hathorne:—I hardly know just what information you desire regarding hunting and camping in the State of Maine. There is every opportunity for the camper in the State, and in the hunting season—October first to December first—there is much game to be had. I think a conservative estimate of the number of deer killed last season would be from eighteen to twenty thousand, and probably two hundred moose

The best season for campers is from July to October. This gives you the beat fishing. The best season for hunting big game is from the middle of October to the middle of November.

There is a book published by the Bangor & Aroostook R.R. called "In the Maine Woods," that will give you a lot of information about Maine's wilderness, and the best camping and hunting sections.

Individual tastes differ in regard to the rifle used. I use a .30-30 Winchester, and find it satisfactory.

Moose are found in various parts of the State. I think last year more were shot in Aroostook and Penobscot Counties than any other section, although they are said to be quite plentiful in Washington County.

The Horseman's Best Edged Weapon

MR. BARKER seems to have settled decisively the old argument, Which is the best bit of cutlery for mounted combat?

Question:—"In your opinion, which makes the best weapon in mounted combat, the thrusting sword or the cutting saber, and why?"—SGT. VICTOR W. HAMILTON, Cavalry School Detch. (W.), Fort Riley, Kan.

Answer, by Mr. Barker:—I think there can be but one opinion, which the history of arms amply bears out. The cutting saber is superior in mounted combat. To begin with, mounted combat does not permit of the niceties of fence, and does not rest entirely upon the wielder of the weapon, the action of his horse—not always fully under his guidance and control owing to the exigencies of such fighting—governing matters to a greater or lesser degree.

If one were confined to a thrusting weapon the opportunity to do injury to one's opponent would be greatly lessened. So much so that if obliged to choose between the two one would choose, as did the early Eastern nations, a weapon that cut only.

The saber, however, is capable of both thrusting and cutting, although in a mêlée the chances are that far more cuts will be made than thrusts delivered. It is obvious that a slashing cut aimed by a man, rapidly moving, at another also moving, is far more apt to take effect than a thrust under the same circumstances.

A cut delivered in this manner at a moving object, if it misses the point aimed at, is more apt to hit *something* than a thrust. Try it, and I think you will see what I mean. And, what seems to me to settle the whole question is, as I have said, that with the saber you have a choice of both. Now as to history and usage.

The early Easterns—that is, the Moors, the Saracens, the Turks and the Persians, all of whom fought on horseback—used a simitar, or tulwar, of different varieties, sacrificing point entirely to edge. The action of a curved edge, striking, presents an oblique, highly acute-angled section of the blade to the object struck, giving a cut with a finer edge than otherwise.

Such was their expertness and skill that we read of a Mameluke cutting his opponent entirely in halves in the saddle; or, what is probably more difficult, cutting a feather pillow in two. These nations, whose natural province is fighting in the saddle, have never abandoned the edge for the point.

The value of such a weapon was so much appreciated by Europeans that the French—mistakenly, to my mind—have made their sword bayonet by copying a yataghan. As one writer says:

"A compact and formidable hand weapon has thus been turned into a clumsy and top-heavy pike. If we try to make a bayonet that will cut cabbages we may or may not get a useful chopper, but we shall certainly get a very bad bayonet."

The Dahlgren naval bayonet of Civil War times was long enough, and, I think any one who has seen it will agree, will do ample execution.

Note the Mahratta gauntlet sword, used both by the Mahratta cavalry in the south of India and by the Sikhs and Rajputs in the north—better horse fighters never living.

This is an elongated double-edged sword with a cross-bar handle, and a gauntleted guard, protecting to the elbow. I have one, the blade of which is forty-five inches long, an inch and a half wide, the gauntlet being fourteen inches. Now as this weapon will bend double into a hoop on striking very solid resistance it is plain that the edge is to be depended on considerably.

Up to the middle of the sixteenth century, when all the chivalry of Europe fought on horseback, the sword, from sixty inches in length down, though straight and with a varying kind of point, was two edged, and used, when mounted, principally for the edge.

It was about this time, when the results of the battles of Crecy and Poitiers, the use of the long bow, and a little later gunpowder, had begun to show the value of footmen, that the straight two-edged sword of all work began to be narrowed, more finely pointed, and though still with cutting edges, used chiefly for thrusting. It was not until the early eighteenth century that the use of the edge was practically finally abandoned even in rapier play, and that the two-edged blade was supplanted for the bayonet-shaped French dueling-sword. And, mind you, that was for foot work, entirely.

In other words, all Eastern nations, who fight

principally on horseback, and the chivalry of the Christian Middle Ages, when fighting was mostly done mounted, have used, respectively, a curved simitar, and in the eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries a heavy sword, large, long, two-edged, with a rounded point—in both cases practically only useful for cutting or slashing.

Since then, while the thrusting sword has taken the place of these on foot, cavalry have universally been armed with the saber. Beside what I have said, there is this to be considered. The knight of the Middle Ages carried a mace or war-club, a battle-ax, or a horseman's hammer, all of which I have, and all of which were for the purpose of delivering heavy blows, and if possible knocking the foe out of his saddle. A thrusting sword could not do this, whereas a saber, heavy enough and properly handled, may combine the uses of all these, as well as both cut and stab when desirable.

I trust that my opinion, which seems to be upheld by the usage of the centuries, may be of use to you.

A Personal Note from Mr. Carson

AS IN the case of so many other "Ask Adventure" editors, Mr. Carson has found that inquirers whom he has helped are eager to reciprocate with information when occasion arises. It's this feeling of personal contact and mutual helpfulness that makes "Ask Adventure" what it is—a clubby clearing-house of outdoor news, rather than a cut-and-dried magazine department:

To My Host of Assistants and Encouragers:

I want to take this means of thanking the good scouts who, having made trips into the north at my instigation, have been good enough to send me up-to-date information as to game, fish, fur and so forth.

I also want to thank those who have expressed their appreciation of any assistance I have been to them through "Ask Adventure."

I realize that these letters deserve a personal reply, and at one time I made an effort to write each and all of you. Then they came so fast that I began to slip, and I am now so far behind that I have lost hope of ever catching up, so take this medium of expressing my gratification at your letters of appreciation.

Do you realize the compliment you have paid me in simply swamping me? I do, and I assure you that it has encouraged me to give A. A. the very best I have in the line of service. Thus, if A. A. is the great benefit your letters declare it to be you can thank yourselves for increasing its efficiency by your letters of encouragement to me.—Ed. L. Carson.

Hay Fever

A SUBJECT of widespread timely interest—ka-choo!

Question:—"I was discharged from the Army in good physical condition, and I am still but for the hay fever that got me this year. A friend of mine suggested that I move away from this part of the country and suggested also that I write to you for advice.

I am all alone, having no family at present. I am an all-around mechanic, have had several years' experience as mill-wright and automobile repairer, etc.

Can you suggest a place immune from this hay fever where I can make my home? What about the Hamilton County Adirondack north woods?

If I buy a little place up there are there any chances to make my living by cutting lumber, selling cordwood, trapping? Or is there any other way I can make my living? I am willing to work, and if it was not for this hay fever I am healthy and strong. One thing is positive: I have to get out of this part of the country; hay fever is very unpleasant."—Albert A. Urgan, Verona Sta., N. Y.

"P. S.—Do you know of a place free from hay fever where I can buy a lot with a house or a log cabin on where I can make a living some way? I would like a solitary life."

Answer, by Mr. Spears:—Hay fever is caused by the pollen of certain plants that irritates the membranes of predisposed or specially physically sensitive people. You might find it anywhere else, either in the woods or clearings. Probably you'll have to go looking for country where you'll be immune.

Instead of going away back in the woods by yourself you'd probably do better in some city away from the pollenized air of fields and woods. Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo—any large city like that, and a job in a shop or factory, metal working, where there isn't much dust, would probably help you more than anything else.

Hamilton County is in the midst of the Adirondack Mountains. Mostly State lands, and timber-cutting forbidden. Trapping about played out. And you'd likely run into hay fever there, as anywhere else out in the country, where flowers, especially ragweed, bloom.

Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and almost any of the larger cities would be better for you than going away off yonder by yourself and brooding over your troubles. And these are no days for young men to go into solitary lives, especially as your trouble is too much outdoors as it is.

You'd probably do better to go to the cities and go to work there, and in two or three years you would very likely become immune from hay fever through shop and factory work.

Put at least five cents postage on all letters addressed to "Ask Adventure" editors who live outside the U. S. Always enclose at least five cents in International Reply Coupons for answer.

Trade in Portuguese East Africa

LOOKS as if what this territory needs most of all is a few live wires:

Question:—"Would you kindly tell me the chief articles of trade in Portuguese East Africa, and something about the climate."—O. Sarrin, New York.

Answer, by Mr. Waring:—The chief articles of trade in Portuguese East Africa are as follows:

Exports.—Ground nuts, copra, mangle bark (for tanning), ivory, rubber and ebony wood.

Imports.—Practically everything required by the white man in eats, clothing, etc. Nothing of any consequence is manufactured there.

Tobacco and sugar are also grown, but not in sufficient quantities to figure in export of any account. What commodities the natives themselves require are largely imported from India and sold to them through Banyan traders.

Climate.—All along the fourteen hundred miles of coastline the climate is generally unhealthy, and malaria prevails. Farther inland, and generally speaking the higher you go from sea-level, the better for health.

The rainy season starts in the last months of the year, and lasts until April. This is the hottest time of the year, as also the most sickly. Around Mozambique the temperature sometimes reaches 116 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade.

Send question direct to expert in charge—NOT to the magazine.

Work of the Fruit-Picking Crews

WORK seems to be the wrong word. It's fun, that you get paid for having. If it's too late for you to take your vacation this way this year, think about it as a possibility for next year:

Question:—"Will you kindly inform me the best fruit belt in your State—peaches and apples; also the time picking begins. As a rule is labor in demand or not in the fruit season? I am riding a motor-cycle from here to California next Summer; therefore I want to stop in your State for fruit-picking on my way to the coast."—Wm. D. Horne, Indianapolis, Ind.

Answer, by Mr. Carson:—The Yakima district, which is known to us as "east of the Mountains," is the fruit-raising section of the State of Washington, especially as regards tree fruits. Small fruits, berries and so forth, also are grown in profusion in the Sumner and Puyallup districts south and east of Seattle.

Berry-picking begins about the middle of June; and any one can get a job who applies, since there never seems to be enough help. Strawberries come first, and these are followed by the raspberries. Then come the logan and blackberries, which last continue right up to the first of October or even later. At least four months of activity along these lines can be expected.

Apple-picking and sorting occupy the crews almost till Christmas; and last Winter I picked apples from the trees of the orchard at Burlington, Wash., on January 21st. This is unusual, however, and incidentally mighty poor husbandry.

Now as to how much money you will make. I really do not know. I never heard of any one who went at it solely for the financial profits. Some have told me about making as high as six dollars a day clear, and this is no doubt true; but it is a safe bet that this speed was not kept up. The climate is too languorous to maintain any such strenuous effort.

You can safely count on making three dollars a day without much effort; but while the profits are small you will sure have a swell time. As a matter of fact nine-tenths of the people who go to the berry fields are looking for a Summer's outing rather than a Winter's grub-stake. It may interest you to know the general routine of berry-picking, which is as follows:

A berry man wants a crew and advertises to this effect in the Seattle or the Tacoma papers, generally along about June first. These ads. will sometimes call for from twenty to fifty pickers for a single farm, the total demand from all points running well into the thousand mark.

As a general rule the employer furnishes cabins for camping, free utensils, firewood and vegetables. The picker brings his or her blankets and as much of a luxury outfit as personal tastes demand.

Payment is made by the crate, the count being taken at the end of the day's work and checks or tokens given for the number of crates turned in. These tokens are taken by the local merchants as cash, thus enabling the picker to come to work actually "broke" and make a grub-stake before the next meal-time comes around.

Meat and groceries are furnished by the pickers; and if one is anything of a camp cook he can live right royally, since the supply of fresh fruit, milk, eggs and vegetables is unlimited, while the necessary trimmings form a small item of the bill of fare. At the end of the season, or whenever the picker decides to take a look at some other part of the district, he turns in his brass checks or tokens and receives cash from the rancher for the amount represented.

Women and girls form the greater proportion of pickers; but at least a third of the crew is masculine. Many of the men are employed at straight wages in nailing and shipping the crates as they are gathered; but hundreds of them prefer the carefree job of picking.

Every large ranch has its chaperon, and the social life is perfectly respectable although unconventional. Each district pulls off at least two dances a week; but these affairs terminate strictly at midnight, since there will be ripe berries next day which must be picked or lost. Sunday is sometimes observed by the conscientious; but many of the godless ones regard it as a day of necessary labor and work seven days a week. Should a holiday be desired, a week-day when all the stores are open suits much better.

Write the *Times*, Seattle, Wash., for a sample copy and you will only have to choose your territory.

Meaning of "Maru" in Japanese

NEARLY any Pacific-Coast dweller will say that it means "steamship." Wrong. That's what it stands for; but the meaning is "something else again:"

Question:—"What is the meaning of *maru*, found on the last of the name of nearly all, if not all, of Japanese boats?"—J. R. Ricsby, Portsmouth, Va.

Answer, by Mrs. Knudson:—The name *maru* in its modern significance is "*steamship.*" It forms a part of the names of all merchant ships of Japan, but is not used in the names of naval craft.

The word itself does not mean steamship, but its

application in the names of merchant ships is somewhat after the manner that we designate a ship as "she." Formerly, according to one authority on Japanese subjects, the word *maru* was used as a term of endearment for any prized possession; then it slipped into a place in the language just as we apply "she" to a certain class of objects—including boats, the moon, etc. In modern Japanese use it means steamship as above explained.

It means, however, neither "she" nor "steamship," I understand, when literally translated. In fact, the authority I quote above says it is hard to translate since the origin of the word is somewhat vague; but it is probably a corruption of two ancient words in the language of the ancient Japanese, one of which meant "round" and the other was an old term of endearment. Rather interesting, isn't it?

Camping in the Middle West

LOTS of good places still left:

Question:—"Can you give me the names of a few good camping-places not very far from the State of Ohio where there is swimming, fishing and hunting?

Also please send me your booklet, and what to prepare for a two or three week camping-trip."—P. A. PERNACEK, Cleveland, Ohio.

Answer, by Mr. St. John:—If distance is to be considered it would simmer down to Ohio, northern Indiana or southern Michigan. In your own State you could try the vicinity of East Harbor in Ottawa County. Fair bass-fishing.

In northeastern Indiana I would suggest any of the lakes near Angola. Good bass and pickerel fishing. In Michigan there is a fine nest of lakes just north of Kalamazoo, among them Gun Lake, a fine piece of bass water.

Also north of Grand Rapids there are numerous camping-places. Near Newage there are several good bass lakes and the Muskegon River, offering good swimming, bass and pickerel fishing and camping-sites. There is no hunting anywhere in the Middle West in the camping-season.

You would want tent—or tents, depending on size of party—bedding, cooking-kit, provisions and personal stuff. I would suggest that you buy or borrow at the public library a copy of "Camping and Woodcraft," by Kephart, for hints on camping and camping out, as the subject is too large to cover in a letter.

LOST TRAILS

NOTE—We offer this department of the "Camp-Fire" free of charge to those of our readers who wish to get in touch again with old friends or acquaintances from whom the years have separated them. For the benefit of the friend you seek, *give your own name if possible.* All inquiries along this line, unless containing contrary instructions, will be considered as intended for publication in full with inquirer's name, in this department, at our discretion. We reserve the right in case inquirer refuses his name, to substitute any numbers or other names, to reject any item that seems to us unsuitable, and to use our discretion in all matters pertaining to this department. Give also your own full address. We will, however, forward mail through this office, assuming no responsibility therefor. We have arranged with the Montreal *Star* to give additional publication in their "Missing Relative Column," weekly and daily editions, to any of our inquiries for persons last heard of in Canada. Except in case of relatives, inquiries from one sex to the other are barred.

NORTON, MAJOR SAM and LIEUT. HAROLD. Sons of Prof. Walter Norton. Any information as to their whereabouts will be appreciated.—Address LAUREN L. BISHOP, Oberlin, Kansas. Route 1, Box 3.

SKOWRONSKY, JOHN. Uncle. Any information as to his whereabouts will be appreciated.—Address WILLIAM S. SKOWRONSKY, M.D. Station Hospital, Fort William McKinley, Rizal, P. I.

Please notify us at once when you have found your man.

FRANZEN, FRITZOFF F. Last heard from in U. S. Q. M. Corps, Pack Train Empire, Canal Zone, Panama, in 1918. Your old pals Gil and Kuller would like to hear from you.—Address OTTO KULLER, 738 W. Market St., Louisville, Ky.

HICKS, SYDNEY. Last heard from at Field, B. C., November, 1920. Age twenty-four years, five feet seven and one-half inches tall, clean shaven and well built. Any information will be appreciated.—Address FRANK MAKINSON, 332 Gove Ave., Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

KAFERLE, VICTOR. Thirty-two years old, black hair, slim and tall. When last heard of was working at the Democratic Club, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.—Address wife, MRS. ANNA KAFERLE, 86 E. 88th St., New York, N. Y.

GUNN, CORP. GEORGE. Of Co. A 6th U. S. Inf. Any information will be appreciated.—Address L. T. 427, care of *Adventure*.

WELLS, BURTIS E. Husband. We are in deep sorrow and trouble. Please write to me at once. Same address.—E. F. W., So. Lancaster, Mass.

WAGAR, FRANK or FRED. Last heard of in Bay City, Michigan and Alberta, Canada. Any one knowing the whereabouts of either, please communicate with J. P. WAGAR, 621 S. Cortez St., New Orleans, La.

HARRISON, WM. G. Was on the S.S. *Roosevelt* and Franklin Line, S. S. *E. L. Ford* in 1917. In Akron, Ohio, in 1920. Got your letter in April, 1921. I'm the fellow who traded you the loud tie. Wanted you to go to W. Va. with me. Going to Honolulu in July. Will you meet me in Frisco?—Address J. M. HOFFMAN, Jr., Gen. Del., Ocean Park, Calif.

SHAFFER, EDWARD. Any information as to his whereabouts will be appreciated by an old roommate of his.—Address RODNEY E. FARR, Gen. Del., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please notify us at once when you have found your man.

HUNT, ARTHUR. Telegrapher at Ibijay, Island of Panon, P. I. 1901-2. Signal corps man.—Address L. T. 427, care of *Adventure*.

RALEY, THOMAS KEYS. Age sixty-one. Probably in Alaska. Anybody knowing his whereabouts please communicate with his sister.—Address MISS CORA E. RALEY, 1117 Paul St., Ottawa, Ill.

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SANFORD, FAY. Do you recall Jim and Grand Rapids, Michigan? Please write.—Address J. I., care of *Adventure*.

GLADDEN, WILLIAM R. Write your pal of Chautauqua days.—Address J. I., care of *Adventure*.

CLYDE, LEWIS. About twenty-two years old, five feet six inches tall, 170 pounds, light complexion. Last heard from stationed in Naval Training Station on Goats Island, Calif. Any information as to his whereabouts will be appreciated.—Address GEORGE OLIVE, 714 W. Jefferson Street, Waxahachie, Texas.

LOCKWOOD, CHARLES A. Last heard of in 1912. Write your brother Llewelly the same old address.—MIANUS, CONN.

Inquiries will be printed three times, then taken out. In the first February issue all unfound names asked for during the past two years will be reprinted alphabetically.

TAYLOR, JIMPS. Last heard of in Harrisburg. Write to your unhappy wife. No reason for your absence.—QUINSY.

SAGE, F. L. Would like to hear from you. Your old friend.—W. J. CURRY, care of *Adventure*.

CURLEY. Six feet, 190 pounds, light hair and blue eyes. Please write your old friend DEWEY BELL, 608 King St., Charleston, S. C.

LANE, ROY M. Last seen in Muncie, Ind., 1919. Any information will be appreciated.—Address H. W. LANE, 437 Hurron St., Toledo, Ohio.

PATTON, FRANCIS E. Last seen in McClure, Ohio, 1902. Any information will be appreciated.—Address H. W. LANE, 437 Hurron St., Toledo, Ohio.

BOROMAN, LIEUT. CLARENCE L. Known as "Jack" also as "Liny" in the U. S. Navy. Last heard of with the fleet in European waters in 1918. Any one knowing his whereabouts please write.—Address BING B. FLAIG, 1080 Madison Ave., N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

SUMMERELL, W. E. Last heard from on the way to South America in 1913. Please write.—Address L. T. 426, care of *Adventure*.

YOUNG, FRANKLIN LE ROY. Last heard of in U. S. Navy, April, 1912. Served on the U. S. S. *New Hampshire*. Height five feet nine inches, weight 160 pounds, black hair, blue eyes. Has a scar on left cheek. Any information will be appreciated.—Address WM. H. YOUNG, 704½ E. 15th St., Kansas City, Mo.

THE following have been inquired for in full in either the Mid-August or First September issues of Adventure. They can get the names of the inquirers from this magazine:

BARKER, Robert; Bevans, Charles; Brown, D. B.; Brown, Mrs. Lottie Atkins; Browne, Sanford; Catchings, Jewel; De Hart, Buckey; Drew, William; Edmonds, Jack; Hanson, Mrs. Annie; Heald, Wesley or Henry; Hurley, Warner L.; Johnson, Ernest Lawrence; Jones, Melvin Mur; Leef, Harry; Lindsay, Willard C.; McGovern, John; Mills, Charles Foster; Perry, C. G.; Pfeiffer, H. A.; Pierce, Austin R. and Stanley J.; Rinckhoff, J. Allen; Roy; Ruiz, Jose; Russell, Wm.; Ryan, Robert; Sattur, Peter A.; Sherp, Wilhelm; Shirley, Alfred; Sperry, Frank E.; Stewart, Ernest J.; Stoodley, Virginia; Valimont, William; Walton, Theodore or Thad; Wilkins, Francis B.

MISCELLANEOUS:—Any of gang in A. C. No. 5 U.S.A. up to 1918: 140th Inf. Members.

A LIST of unclaimed manuscripts will be published in the January 10th and July 10th issues of Adventure, and a list of unclaimed mail will be published in the last issue of each month.

THE TRAIL AHEAD

OCTOBER 10TH ISSUE

In addition to the complete novelette and the new serial mentioned on the second contents page, the next issue will bring you the following stories:

SOLOMON — *Homer Irving McElhowney*
A king horse of the plains.

THE PICTURE — *Frederick Moore*
It became a mystery of the Zambales coast.

SAFE FOR SAM — *Russell A. Boggs*
On the night operator's trick.

THE SHELL-BACK — *Henry Leverage*
On a "tin-can" ship in the Bering Sea.

SHATTERED ALTARS — *E. O. Foster*
Where Filipino pagans sacrificed in secret.

THE DOOM TRAIL. A Five-Part Story. Conclusion — *Arthur D. Howden Smith*
The Long House on the war-path.

THE SIGN OF THE OOLAH — *Charles Tenney Jackson*
A secret society, a charity bazaar and a thirst.

THE GOLD CURE — *W. C. Robertson and Arthur Gilchrist Brodeur*
A salted souse in a Central American mine.

THE HOSTAGE. A Tale of the Brethren of the Main — *Rafael Sabatini*
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